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SERIOUS SHOOTING AFFRAY

BETWEEN

WELL KNOWN MINSTREL MANAGERS,

AT THE

FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE.

ONE MAN KILLED AND TWO MEN WOUNDED.

Full and Correct Statement of the Facts.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

THE TESTIMONY AND THE VERDICT.

A Minstrel Managers' melee of the most serious kind occurred in front of the Fifth Avenue Opera House in this city on Wednesday, the 11th inst., resulting in the death of one and the wounding of two others. As may be supposed, it created the greatest excitement amongst minstrel and show people in particular and the public generally, and as the fullest and most correct details of the affair will be eagerly looked for, we devote considerable space to the same, commencing with the

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE MEN.

SAMUEL SHARPLEY, whose right name is Sharpe, was born in Philadelphia, June 13th, 1831, and entered the burnt-cork profession when only sixteen years old. He made rapid progress in his profession, and in a brief period he was acknowledged to be one of the best general performers in the business. Our first recollection of him was at Samuel S. Sanford's Opera House, in Philadelphia, several years ago, where he established himself as a general favorite with his audiences. While at Sanford's he appeared on the "end" as tambo, also in the olio with one of his irresistible comic banjo solos. On the 19th of November, 1860, in company with Billy Birch, he leased Jayne's Hall, on Chestnut street above Sixth, Philadelphia, and opened it with a first-class minstrel band. Frank Brower and several other popular artists were in the organization. They remained there until January 2d, 1861, when they closed up and started on a short traveling tour. We next find Mr. Sharpley an established favorite at the Melodeon in this city, where his performances on the banjo, together with his songs and hits at the times (being of a local character), were some of the great features of that establishment. At the expiration of his contract he determined to organize a band and start out on his own hook; he accordingly got together a very good working company, and visited the towns and cities in the New England States. The success he met with was very flattering, and after a brief tour he returned to New York, reorganized his company, made many very valuable additions, and started for the West with one of the best bands on the road, and called them "Sharpley's Iron Clads." Being a thorough-going business man, he was successful almost everywhere. He continued on throught the Western country until the Spring of 1863, when he returned East, and after visiting a few of the Eastern cities, returned to New York and took a short rest. Having remained inactive as long as he wished, he again re-organized and started on another extended and brilliant campaign. As a performer he is one of the merriest men in the business. As him we present, while his caricatures of the contrabands are the richest and most laughable personations ever given. His banjo solos are immense, and always bring down the house. He is the wit of the company, who either is very ready and humorous with his replies, or has the great merit of firing off prepared retorts as naturally as if he had originated them at the moment. At present he is in partnership with Charles White and Ben Cotton in the management of the Theatre Comique, on Broadway, and is also the lessee of the Fifth Avenue Opera House. He is of medium height, of stout build and muscular proportions, has dark hair and eyes and resides at No. 325 West Twenty-seventh street.

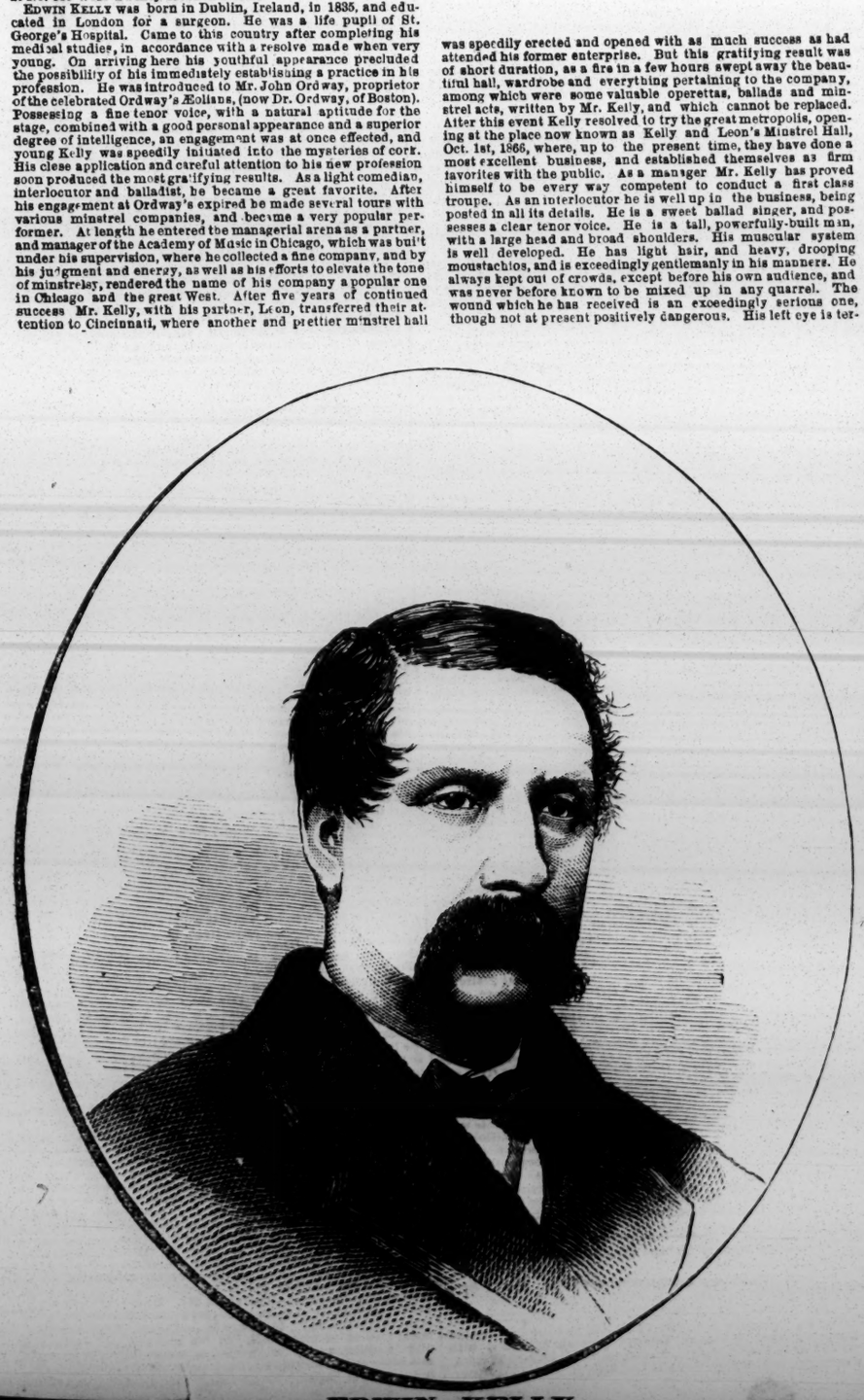
SAMUEL SHARPLEY.

EDWIN KELLY was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1835, and educated in London for a surgeon. He was a life pupil of St. George's Hospital. Came to this country after completing his medical studies, in accordance with a resolve made when very young. On arriving here his youthful appearance precluded the possibility of his immediately establishing a practice in his profession. He was introduced to Mr. John Ordway, proprietor of the celebrated Ordway's Æolians, (now Dr. Ordway, of Boston). Possessing a fine tenor voice, with a natural aptitude for the stage, combined with a good personal appearance and a superior degree of intelligence, an engagement was at once effected, and young Kelly was speedily initiated into the mysteries of cork. His close application and careful attention to his new profession soon produced the most gratifying results. As a light comedian, interlocutor and balladist, he became a great favorite. After his engagement at Ordway's expired he made several tours with various minstrel companies, and became a very popular performer. At length he entered the managerial arena as a partner, and manager of the Academy of Music in Chicago, which was built under his supervision, where he collected a fine company, and by his judgment and energy, as well as his efforts to elevate the tone of minstrelsy, rendered the name of his company a popular one in Chicago and the great West. After five years of continued success Mr. Kelly, with his partner, Leon, transferred their attention to Cincinnati, where another and prettier minstrel hall was speedily erected and opened with as much success as had attended his former enterprise. But this gratifying result was of short duration, as a fire in a few hours swept away the beautiful hall, wardrobe and everything pertaining to the company, among which were some valuable operettas, ballads and minstrel acts, written by Mr. Kelly, and which cannot be replaced. After this event Kelly resolved to try the great metropolis, opening at the place now known as Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall, Oct. 1st, 1866, where, up to the present time, they have done a most excellent business, and established themselves as firm favorites with the public. As a manager Mr. Kelly has proved himself to be every way competent to conduct a first class troupe. As an interlocutor he is well up in the business, being posted in all its details. He is a sweet ballad singer, and possesses a clear tenor voice. He is a tall, powerfully-built man, with a large head and broad shoulders. His muscular system is well developed. He has light hair, and heavy, drooping moustachios, and is exceedingly gentlemanly in his manners. He always kept out of crowds, except before his own audience, and was never before known to be mixed up in any quarrel. The wound which he has received is an exceedingly serious one, though not at present positively dangerous. His left eye is terribly swollen and entirely closed up, which is said to be the result of a kick received while down on the sidewalk. Mr. Kelly is a widower, his wife having died about six years ago, but he has two beautiful girls, residing in Chicago with his wife's mother, and a son in this city.

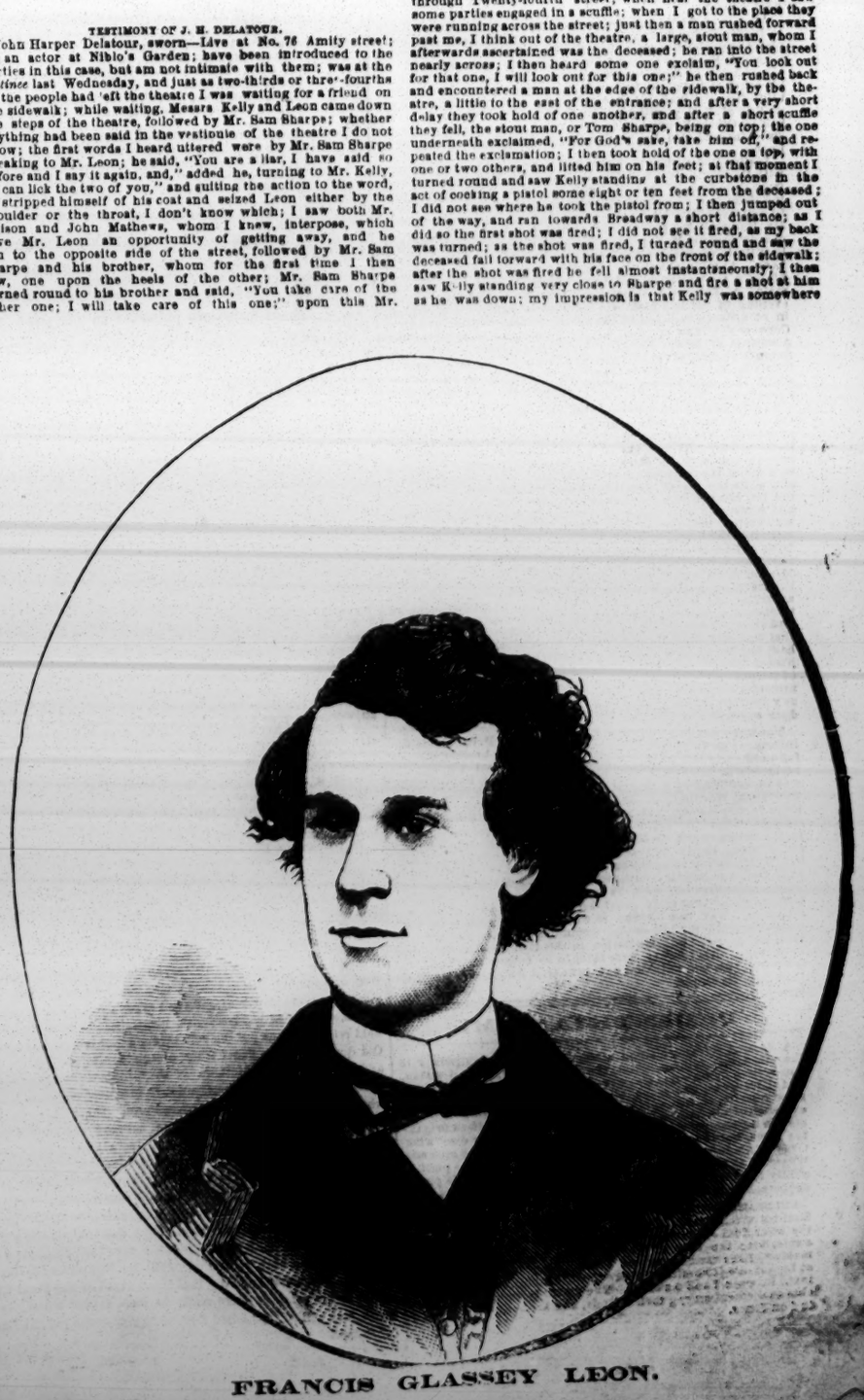
FRANCIS GLASSEY LEON was born in New York, Nov. 21st, 1844. He was educated at the Jesuit College, of Fordham, by the late Rev. Dr. Cummings. When only eight years of age he sang in the choir of St. Stephen's church, in this city. He sang with great success the first soprano in Mozart's Twelfth Mass. He first made his *debut* in the minstrel business at Wood's Marble Hall of Minstrelsy, on Broadway, when only fourteen years of age, in operatic burlesque. He made a successful first appearance and remained quite a favorite with the *habitues* for a long time. He subsequently appeared with various first-class troupes as *prima donna* and *danseuse* until we find him in partnership with Mr. Kelly in the West, as manager of the Academy of Music, Chicago, and afterwards in Cincinnati. He then came to this city, and, in partnership with Mr. Kelly, opened their present place of amusement on Broadway, where, up to the present time, they have been deservedly successful. Mr. Leon possesses a full soprano voice and can sing up to D in the ledger lines. As a dancer, he is one of the best at present in the minstrel business. His terpsichorean movements are executed with wonderful rapidity, and he does many steps that we have not seen attempted by any other performer in the same line of business. In his *prima donna* business he copies no one. His imitations of the principal operatic lady singers are very good. In addition to being well up in this business, he is also a clever impersonator of female characters, in light sketches written by himself, and in which he is ably assisted by his partner, Mr. Kelly. In the West, where Mr. Leon is well known, he is one of the greatest favorites that attempt to do his line of business, and, notwithstanding he has not been long in this city, he has already established himself as a great favorite with his audiences.

THOMAS SHARPE.—Mr. Sharpe, who was killed, was thirty-one years of age, had been but a short time in this city, having formerly lived in Philadelphia. He was married, and lived in Twenty-seventh street, near Fifth avenue. He was a stoutly built, finely formed man, and it is said by his friends was not given to getting into difficulties with other men, being a kind husband, loving father, and was beloved by all who knew him. He was a man of considerable means. He seems to have been a man of pacific character, and is stated not to have been engaged in an affray of any kind before that in which he lost his life, and to the cause of which he was an entire stranger.

THE LATE SHOOTING AFFRAY.—One of those terrible calamities which appear to fall upon the profession periodically, occurred on the afternoon of the 11th inst., at the close of the *matinee* performance at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, three of the four principals in this sad affair being well known performers and managers in the minstrel business. As none of the papers have as yet given the real cause of this affray, we will state it in brief. When Messrs. Kelly and Leon came to this city and leased Hope Chapel—their present Minstrel Hall—as a place of amusement, they met with every opposition from those in the same business in this city, and were looked upon with naught but jealousy. Thinking that there was room enough in this great city for another band of minstrels, they went to work minding their own business, opened their establishment, and were from the start a success, which added fuel to the already jealous fire of others in the business. They continued on in the even tenor of their way until last summer, when, wishing to make some alterations in their hall, they concluded to play a few weeks in Boston and Philadelphia, and accordingly rented the Theatre Comique, Boston, and the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Mr. Sharpley (whose right name is Sharpe), who was traveling with a minstrel company, had also leased the Howard Athenæum, Boston, for a few weeks during the summer season. Sharpley's Minstrels opened at the Athenæum on June 10, and, two weeks after Kelly and Leon's party appeared at the Comique. From this opening night quite a rivalry was kept up between the rival bands, and the merits of each were pretty freely canvassed by the public. The ill feeling existing towards the Kelly and Leon party grew stronger when it was known that Add Ryman, the end man with the Sharpley party, engaged with Kelly and Leon for one year, to commence with the opening of the season in this city, and, to make the matter still worse, Messrs. Delehanty and Hengler, two clog dancers, whom Sharpley had hired from Lloyd's Minstrels, and whom Sharpley considered big cards, also went over to the Kelley and Leon party, and engaged for a year, to commence in this city. This annoyed Sharpley very much, as he had depended upon them for his opening at the Fifth Avenue Opera House. When the two companies returned to this city Delehanty and Hengler were extensively carded to appear at each establishment, but only appeared at Kelly and Leon's establishment. From this time up to the day of the occurrence of the sad affair quite an ill feeling has existed between the managers of the two places, occasioned by some one reporting to Sharpley that Leon had prejudiced Delehanty and Hengler against him (Sharpley) by saying that he (Sharpley) was an irresponsible party, and that all his property in this city was mortgaged, which Leon denies ever having said. This brings us up to the fatal day. It appears that the afternoon mentioned was the first time that Kelly and Leon had ever been in the Fifth Avenue Opera House, and had gone at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Leffingwell to see the new burlesque. Singular to relate, it was also the first time that Sharpley has visited the establishment to see a performance since he closed there with his minstrel band. The following evidence was adduced at the Coroner's inquest on the morning of the 13th inst., held at the Twenty-ninth precinct station house, where the prisoners were confined:—



EDWIN KELLY.



FRANCIS GLASSEY LEON.

TESTIMONY OF J. H. DELATOUR.

John Harper Delatour, sworn—Live at No. 76 Amity street; am an actor at Niblo's Garden; have been introduced to the parties in this case, but am not intimate with them; was at the *matinee* last Wednesday, and just as two-thirds or three-fourths of the people had left the theatre I was waiting for a friend on the sidewalk; while waiting, Messrs Kelly and Leon came down the steps of the theatre, followed by Mr. Sam Sharpe; whether anything had been said in the vestibule of the theatre I do not know; the first words I heard uttered were by Mr. Sam Sharpe speaking to Mr. Leon; he said, "You are a liar, I have said so before and I say it again, and," added he, turning to Mr. Kelly, "I can lick the two of you," and suiting the action to the word, he stripped himself of his coat and seized Leon either by the shoulder or the throat, I don't know which; I saw both Mr. Allison and John Mathews, whom I knew, interpose, which gave Mr. Leon an opportunity of getting away, and he ran to the opposite side of the street, followed by Mr. Sam Sharpe and his brother, whom for the first time I then saw, one upon the heels of the other; Mr. Sam Sharpe turned round to his brother and said, "You take care of the other one; I will take care of this one;" upon this Mr. Tom Sharpe ran over to Mr. Kelly and closed with him; they struggled together and Mr. Kelly went down, Tom Sharpe on the top of him; Mr. Kelly said, "For God's sake take him off, I'm down;" I saw Tom Sharpe kick Kelly; then I saw no more, the crowd increased so much, until I heard the shots fired, several people standing in front of me and concealing the view; from the time that Kelly was seized until the firing of the shots occupied but a very few seconds; then I heard two or more rapid shots—I can't say exactly—and, looking suddenly up as I was standing on the steps of the theatre, I saw Tom Sharpe fall over the edge of the sidewalk; I then heard another report and saw that Mr. Kelly was walking away and a police officer holding Sam Sharpe's wrist, as he fired a second barrel in the air; then saw Kelly walking quietly into Broadway, and Leon with him; Leon said, "By God, Kelly, you're shot, come to a doctor;" I saw no more of them then that time; Mr. Sam Sharpe was then taken into custody; I then saw the officer raise the body of Tom Sharpe; in my opinion he was then quite dead; am sure I saw Mr Kelly kicked as he was getting up.

Mr. Kelly's friends asked that Mr. Leon might be allowed to take the stand, but the Coroner said that as Mr. Leon was an interested party he could not admit his testimony.

TESTIMONY OF GEORGE JORDAN.

George Jordan, being sworn—I reside at 210 Mulberry street; am employed at the Broadway Theatre as an actor by Mr. Barney Williams' management; I was in the Fifth Avenue Opera House, in Twenty-fourth street, on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 11; after the performance was over I came out and stood on the stoop; had been there about three minutes when Messrs. Kelly and Leon came out; they got about two yards from me, and then they were followed by Mr. Sam Sharpe, who stopped them by addressing them, but in what language I do not know; after they had talked a little while, Messrs. Kelly and Sharpe took off their over coats and handed them to me, and prepared for fighting; they fought for about two minutes; Messrs. Kelly, Leon and Sam Sharpe all struck out, but where they hit each other I did not see; as soon as Mr. Tom Sharpe came out, Mr Leon ran across the street, and Mr. Sam Sharpe pursued Mr. Leon; Mr. Sam Sharpe had got about in the middle of the street, nearly opposite the Opera House, when Mr Sam Sharpe turned to his brother and said, "you take care of that one and I will attend to this one," or language similar to that; after these words were spoken, Mr. Kelly called out, "That man is too small for you," and then some words were spoken by both parties, but I don't know what they were, and then Mr. Samuel Sharpe kept in pursuit of Mr. Leon till he reached the sidewalk; there they commenced fighting again; after that my attention was called to Mr. Kelly and Mr. Tom Sharpe fighting near where I was; after they had fought for probably three or four seconds they commenced wrestling and fell to the ground, Mr. Tom Sharpe on the top of Mr. Kelly; Mr. Tom Sharpe was getting up off Mr. Kelly when some one in the crowd said, "Don't let Tom Sharpe kick Mr. Kelly," though to my knowledge Mr. Tom Sharpe made no attempt to kick Mr. Kelly as he was getting off him; after they arose, Mr. Tom Sharpe retreated toward the gutter, and had not got off the sidewalk when Mr. Kelly drew a revolver, and I believe, shot Mr. Tom Sharpe in the head; where he drew the revolver from I cannot tell, for the first I saw of it was in his hands; I saw Mr. Sharpe after he was shot, stagger, and then I ran across the street; I ran to the vestibule of the hotel on the corner of Twenty fourth street and Broadway; I think it is the Hoffman House, but don't know the name for certain; it is opposite to the Opera House; when I was running across I heard the report of firearms, two shots I believe; when I reached the vestibule of the hotel the shooting had ceased, and then I returned to the spot and saw Mr. Tom Sharpe lying in the gutter; while I was crossing the street I saw no other blow; there was time enough for me to get across the street between the first shot and the time when the two last were fired; the blows which were struck first were given right out in the street, when they first commenced fighting; I do not know who struck the first blow; I believe Mr. Tom Sharpe was lying on his back when I returned, after he was shot; I do not know whether Mr. Sharpe knew me when he handed me his coat.

TESTIMONY OF DR. H. M. COHN.

Dr. Henry M. Cohn sworn—I reside at No. 404 West Twenty-second street; am a physician by profession; on the afternoon of the 11th December, 1867, I was, at about four o'clock, P. M., coming eastward from the Sixth avenue towards Broadway, through Twenty-fourth street; when near the theatre I saw some parties engaged in a scuffle; when I got to the place they were running across the street; just then a man rushed forward past me, I think out of the theatre, a large, stout man, whom I afterwards ascertained was the deceased; he ran into the street nearly across; I then heard some one exclaim, "You look out for that one, I will look out for this one;" he then rushed back and encountered a man at the edge of the sidewalk, by the theatre, a little to the east of the entrance; and after a very short delay they took hold of one another, and after a short scuffle they fell, the stout man, or Tom Sharpe, being on top; the one underneath exclaimed, "For God's sake, take him off," and repeated the exclamation; I then took hold of the one on top, with one or two others, and lifted him on his feet; at that moment I turned round and saw Kelly standing at the curbstone in the act of cocking a pistol some eight or ten feet from the deceased; I did not see where he took the pistol from; I then jumped out of the way, and ran towards Broadway a short distance; as I did so the first shot was fired; I did not see it fired, as my back was turned; as the shot was fired, I turned round and saw the deceased fall forward with his face on the front of the sidewalk; after the shot was fired he fell almost instantaneously; I then saw Kelly standing very close to Sharpe and fire a shot at him as he was down; my impression is that Kelly was somewhere

behind Sharpe when he fired the first shot; I then heard another shot, but did not see where it came from, and as I turned I saw a policeman taking a pistol from Sam Sharpe; Kelly then passed me and I saw that he was wounded in the temple; a little boy standing by me picked up a pistol, which he said Kelly had just dropped, and handed it to me; I took charge of it and handed it to the authorities; I then looked at the body, satisfied myself that the heart had ceased to pulsate, and ordered that the body should be taken into the vestibule of the theatre; I have seen Kelly since then, and recognize him as the man whom I saw shoot Tom Sharpe; after we had removed Tom Sharpe from Kelly I don't think he attempted to touch him again, though he looked around to see what he was doing.

As the balance of the testimony is but a repetition of the above we shall, for want of space, have to omit it. The above covers the whole ground.

THE VERDICT.

The Coroner then delivered his charge to the jury, who returned, after a few minutes spent in deliberation, with the following verdict:—"That the deceased came to his death from a pistol shot wound at the hands of Edwin Kelly on December 11th, 1867. We also recommend that the police authorities give instructions to their subordinates for the enforcement of the law in regard to carrying concealed weapons." The Coroner then stated that, according to the verdict, he had no further control over Sharpe and Leon, and that they were therefore discharged. Immediately afterwards, however, Leon and Sharpe were arrested by Captain Speight and taken before Justice Dodge.

STATEMENT OF SAM SHARPLEY.

I went to the *matinee* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre this afternoon, having some business to attend to with Mr. Garland, and on entering, an usher recognising me, wanted me to take a front seat, but I refused, and sat down in one of the seats not far from the door. If I had taken the front seat, perhaps what has happened would not have occurred. I had scarcely been seated a minute when a few seats to my left I saw Kelly and Leon, and as I had been told that the latter had been spreading about the untruth that all the property I had was mortgaged, I determined at the end of the performance to give him a piece of my mind. Besides, we had rival houses in Boston at one time, and Kelly and Leon had induced two or three of my people (minstrels) to leave my house. When the people were coming out after the *matinee* I stepped up to Leon, tapped him on the shoulder and told him I had heard he had been talking so and so about me, and I wanted him to understand it was a d—d lie. He called me by an opprobrious name, and on my daring him to repeat it and his doing so, I took off my coat and we began to quarrel, Kelly joining Leon against me. Suddenly my brother Tom came up, he having been at the *matinee*, I suppose, without my knowing it, and I told him to manage Kelly while I would attend to Leon. The latter started to run then, and I after him, when I heard the report of a pistol, turned round, saw my brother fall, and Kelly stand over him and shoot at him while he was down. I then drew my revolver, fired at Kelly, and was about to fire again when the officer seized my hand, and the bullet went through my own finger. I never had any ill feeling against Kelly personally.

When before his Honor, Mr. Sharpe expressed his desire to withdraw that portion of the complaint charging Mr. Leon with any felonious intent in the act which caused the death of Thomas Jefferson Sharpe. It was also stated that Mr. Kelly had no intention of preferring a charge against Mr. Sharpe, and the complaint which had been made on his behalf he desired to have withdrawn. Accordingly, after some deliberation, his Honor decided upon calling at the Twenty-ninth precinct station house and taking Mr. Kelly's deposition in the matter. The parties were then remanded back to Captain Speight.

At the close of the business of the court Judge Dodge, accompanied by Thomas W. Pittman, clerk of the Second District Court, repaired to the station house, where the following

DEPOSITION OF EDWIN KELLY WAS TAKEN.

Edwin Kelly being sworn, says:—That while he was on West Twenty-fourth street, near Broadway, Samuel M. Sharpe discharged a pistol at him, the ball of which struck him on the head, between the eyes and ear, from the effects of which wound he is now lying in the Twenty-ninth precinct station house; that he is inform ed that Officer Freese arrested said Sharpe for said shooting, and that said Sharpe is now confined in the said station house, an affidavit having been made in said matter by said officer Freese and officer Kennedy, of the Twenty-ninth precinct, and that said Sharpe was committed by Justice Dodge for examination. Deponent further says that his wound has been examined by Dr. Lewis S. Sayre and Dr. N. Argyle Watson, and that they have informed him that it is not of a dangerous character, and that deponent now believes himself to be out of danger from the effects of said wound. Deponent further says that he did not direct or request the said Freese, or Kennedy to make any charge against said Sharpe before Justice Dodge, and that he now voluntarily says that he does not desire to prefer any charge against the said Sharpe for said shooting as aforesaid; that he will not prosecute him, either now or when he entirely recovers from his wounds, and that it is his request and desire, after fully understanding all the circumstances of said case, that the said Samuel M. Sharpe shall not be further held or detained for so shooting him as aforesaid, and that he prays that all proceedings had against said Sharpe shall be dismissed, and said Sharpe duly discharged from arrest by said Justice Dodge so far as he is concerned in the said shooting of deponent.

During the inquest Mr. Kelly was lying upon a lounge in a small room adjoining the one in which the jury was seated, beside an open door, in order to enable him to hear the proceedings. He was attended by Leon, his friend and partner, and seemed during the examination to be suffering considerably from nervousness produced by his wound, and the natural excitement consequent upon his situation. Sam Sharpley was seated in the main room of the Station near the jury, and appeared to be considerably affected during the examination at the frequent mention of his deceased brother's name, to whom he is said to have been very warmly attached. The attendance of spectators was not very large, being confined almost exclusively to the personal friends and acquaintances of the several parties involved in the affair, but the most intense interest was manifested throughout by all present.

THE WEAPONS.

The weapons used during the affray were here exhibited, and were identified by the officers making the arrests. That used by Kelley, which caused the death of Sharpley, was a medium-sized four-barreled revolver, numbered 6587, and was small in the bore, the cartridges being quite small. Three shots were found to have been fired from it. That used by Sharpley was of larger size, being a six-chamber Smith & Mason revolver, No. 9640. It was found to contain four loads, two having been fired from it.

After the rendition of the verdict, representations were made to Justice Dodge that Sharpley wished to withdraw the complaint against Leon, and that Kelley declined peremptorily to prosecute Sharpley for the felonious assault upon himself. In consequence of these representations, upon the adjournment of his court at 4 o'clock, Justice Dodge proceeded to the Twenty-ninth Precinct Station-house, where he took the declaration in writing of Kelley, withdrawing the complaint made in his behalf by Officer Kenney against Sharpley, and declining to prosecute him, and also the declaration of Sharpley with regard to Leon.

Justice Dodge then took the full papers in the case, together with Dr. Watson's certificate declaring Mr. Kelly out of danger from the effects of the pistol-shot which he received, and placing them in the hands of Mr. Pitman, requested that gentleman to wait upon District-Attorney Hall, and lay them before him. Mr. Hall read the papers and authorized Justice Dodge to discharge Samuel M. Sharpe on his own recognizance, as Mr. Kelly entirely exonerates him, and to discharge Francis Glassey Leon. At midnight on the 13th, Mr. Sharpley was discharged on his own recognizance, and Leon entirely discharged. The remains of Thomas J. Sharpe were taken to Philadelphia on the evening of the 13th inst. On Saturday morning, the 14th inst., in accordance with and by the advice of District Attorney Hall, Coroner Schirmer accepted bail to the amount of $5,000 for the discharge of Edwin Kelly. Peter Hynes, residing at No. 245 Seventh avenue, gave the necessary bonds for his reappearance before the Court of General Sessions, to answer any indictment which they might bring against him, on the first Monday in January next.

Nothing of its kind that has ever transpired in this city has caused so much excitement as this, and the most intense excitement has prevailed throughout the city ever since its occurrence. It was the principal topic of conversation in saloons, hotels, on the street, everywhere. The affair occurring as it did in the fashionable neighborhood, and early in the day, and while the street was filled with the audience leaving the theatre, created intense excitement. The ladies ran shrieking and screaming through the streets. Great sympathy has been manifested towards all the prisoners by their friends, the station house being crowded all day. While Mr. Sharpley had hosts of friends calling upon and sympathising with him in his misfortune, the station house was besieged by the friends of Messrs. Kelly and Leon, including a delegation of the Jesuit Priests of this city; in order that they might give him the assurance of their regret that he had been so unfortunate, although they believed, judging from their feelings towards him, and the good character they had always known him to bear, that he would not have resorted to so extreme a measure as he had, had he not felt that the circumstances in which he was placed fully justified him in his conduct. They were in receipt of telegrams from C. H. Duprez and Doctor Ordway, well known minstrel managers, offering to come on, if needed, and render any assistance that was required. In fact, all parties have the deep sympathy of the public in this the hour of their affliction.

THOMAS SHARPE'S remains were forwarded to Philadelphia for interment on the night of the 13th inst., and his brother Samuel followed early the next morning. On Sunday, at 1 P. M., the residence of his father, No. 933 Marshall street, Philadelphia, was surrounded by a host of friends and acquaintances from New York, Washington, Baltimore and other cities, who were there to witness the last sad rites, the Rev. Mr. Kennard presiding. After the ceremonies at 2 P. M., they followed the remains in carriages to Monument Cemetery, Alderman Mullin and Messrs. Frank Brower, Ed Price, Andrew Sheehan, Tobin and Kirby, acting as pall-bearers. The *cortege*, as may be readily supposed, was largely composed of members of the minstrel and dramatic profession, who, as well as the deceased's intimate friends, manifested their great sorrow for his sudden and sad taking off. May the bourne to which he has gone more than compensate him for his sudden summons thereto, and his relatives and friends find consolation in the thought that such may be the case. His brother Sam intends to retire from the stage *pro tem*, as his late affliction has rendered him incapable of attending to its duties.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A LENTLE PREVIOUS.—The statement in a contemporary to the effect that William Fleet, the famous English pedestrian, had arrived by the same steamer which brought over O'Baldwin and Hicks, was, like many other reports originating in the same quarter, entirely without foundation, furnishing another evidence of the unreliability of said sheet. It doubtless originated in a commendable effort to head off everybody else with the news, but the item hunter should be assured of the authenticity of his information before he communicates it to the public. We would it were so, but we understand that there is little probability of Fleet visiting the States, although Teddy Mills had expressed such a desire since Harding's challenge was issued.

SMITH AND JONES MATCHED.—Two members of the numerous families of Smiths and Joneses, the former christened Abe and the latter Tom J., have been matched to run 100 yards, for $150 a side, near the City of Smoke. $50 a side was staked at the making of the match, and the second deposit was to be tabled at Lige Hall's 145 Smithfield street, on Saturday night last, 14th inst., between 7 and 9 o'clock. The match is creating considerable excitement among their friends, and the betting rules at 6 to 4 on Jones.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

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No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

VOCAL MUSIC Pittsburgh, Pa.—J. M. Boulard organized the Alleghanians in 1845. They are the oldest quartet in America. Their Swiss Bells were manufactured in Berne, Switzerland. Write to their agent, D. G. Waldron, care of this office. He will perhaps give you the desired information.

JAMES, Pittsburgh.—We know of no other way except by advertising or through a dramatic agency, but being a green hand at the business you will find it very difficult to obtain such a position, as there are a number of good agents at present out of a situation.

W. H. HURRY, Jr., Wilmington, N. C.—1. A string of ten pins of ten frames may be rolled with as many as thirty balls, or as few as twelve, and almost any intermediate number. It depends on the number of "strikes" or "spares" made. 2. We cannot answer such questions by mail.

FLATBUSH.—John R. Scott *did* play at the National Theatre in this city, after the great run of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but it was for one night only, January 28, 1856, as Sir Wm. Wallace, in the play of "Wallace." The run of "Uncle Tom" was stopped on April 18, 1854, but was played several times afterwards. Mr. Scott died March 2, 1856.

B. D. C., Boston, Mass.—John Sheffield's half hour feat consisted of hopping 50 yards, walking backwards half a mile, running half a mile, leaping over ten hurdles ten yards apart, walking half a mile, throwing 20 half cwts. over his head, picking up 15 eggs with his mouth, trunoling a carriage wheel half a mile, and picking up 20 stones one yard apart.

S. E. C., Brooklyn.—'In playing euchre, my opponent goes it alone; I play alone against him and make all five tricks. How many points do I count?"..... If your opponent took up, or made the trump, you can only score two points for the euchre; if *you* made the trump, or took it up, you are entitled to four points.

H. E., Ilion, N. Y.—"At cribbage, A plays an ace, B a tray, C a five, D a six, A a deuce, B a four, taking a run of six; then C plays a tray. What is C entitled to for his tray?"..... He made a sequence of 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, which entitled him to five points. We know of no such game as the other to which you allude.

NORTON, Newark, N. J.—Your question is fully answered by the following figures:—There are 71 banks of deposit in this city, with an aggregate capital of $90,000,000. The savings banks of the city number 25, having 300,000 depositors and $93,000,000 on deposit.

MCKEE CLUB, Birmingham.—1. The circus company lately known as Mike Lipman's is now the property of old Dan Gardiner, who is exhibiting it in Philadelphia. 2. A letter sent to Cincinnati will reach Mike Lipman.

DRAMATIC, Lynn.—1. There is no theatre west of New York larger or handsomer than the Boston Theatre. 2. There is no theatre in the United States that equals Selwyn's Boston Theatre in its decorations and completeness.

THOMAS ATKINS, La Salle, Ill.—Tom Jennings beat Bill Blake, *alias* "Dublin Tricks," at Gabre Island, near St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 20, 1857. Jennings was seconded by Mike Trainor and Matt Conley, Blake by Jack Taylor and a friend.

THOMPSON WITH A P., Chicago, Ill.—Fred. Bussey, who defeated Andy Duffy, stands 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 150lbs. He was born in New York State and is said to have been one of the parties who backed Dunn against Davis.

B. W. W., Chattanooga, Tenn.—1. We know so little about the institution that we have no opinion to advance, either for or against. 2. We cannot endorse any firm, but refer you to our advertisers.

H. B. J., Covington, Ky.—"In playing a four-handed game of euchre, it was my deal; I turn down the trump; the player to my left makes the trump. Can I play it alone on his make?" .....No.

INQUISITOR.—1. The feat of turning a double somersault has never been accomplished with a run and from a spring board. 2. He is considered a first class comedian. 3. With two each to go, A's high, Jack, took him out before B's low, game.

CORPORAL, Louisville, Ky.—1. The one for gift and one for low put B out, as low counts before Jack made in play. 2. We cannot decide questions where the game is not played according to rule.

STRAIGHT BLUFF, New York.—It is immaterial what a player calls his hand, but if it is better than his opponent's when shown, he wins, notwithstanding he may have called it wrong. Bluff is a *show game*.

R. MC., Guelph.—You are correct. A cocked die is when one die leans against another in such a manner as to expose two faces equally or nearly so; as well as when the dice are on the top of each other.

H. R. F., Forge Village.—The Jack, queen, king, ace and deuce, do not constitute a straight, and have never in any place or by any authority been regarded as such.

FAT JACK, Utica.—1. Tom Thumb was born in Bridgeport, Conn., in January, 1832. 2. We have not the back numbers of that date.

VETO, Washington, D. C.—"In a game of forty-fives, if an ace of hearts is led and his opponent has no trump, is he compelled to play a heart?"..... Yes.

AN OLYMPIC, New Orleans.—1. Never having heard Mr. Parker on the banjo we cannot decide the bet. 2. Dan Bryant and Billy Birch are the two best end men.

SEVEN YEARS READER, Raleigh, N. C.—Guess your memory must be at fault. Heenan never fought Jem Mace. He is at present located in this city.

OLD SLEDGE, Johnstone, Pa.—The hand must be played out, notwithstanding the dealer having given the begger one makes the latter out.

YOUNG MAN, Lawrence, Mich.—1. Collyer did not lose an eye in his last fight with Barney Aaron—he had his left orb closed. 2. The gentleman who presides in the lower regions.

C. B. N., Chicago.—"Undine" is nothing else but the old spectacle of the "Naiad Queen," and has been played all over the country.

AMATEUR.—We know nothing about it except that it is located at the place you mention.

GEO. C., Boston, Mass.—We cannot bother about such ridiculous questions.

PRIMO BUFFO, Aneysville.—We know nothing of the enterprise except what appears in their advertisement.

F. T. W., New York.—You had better apply to some one skilled in the art.

P. P., Philadelphia.—We published no biography in our last issue.

FARMER, Ilion.—See answer to Bob Brierly in the CLIPPER of Nov. 30th.

H. S. C., Chagrin Falls, N. Y.—We don't know anything of papers of that character.

J. O. B., Dayton, O.—See notice of "Black Crook" in last week's City Summary for answer.

HOYLE.—The straight of king, queen, etc., beats the straight of ace, deuce, tray, etc.

PACIFIC, St. Louis.—There is no game out. We don't understand your query about B going back two.

CLIPPER SALOON, Chicago, Ill.—One hundred rats were killed in 5 minutes 30 seconds, by the dog Billy, in England.

R. H. C., Philadelphia.—Mr. Pickering sent for his letter last week.

X. Y. Z., New Orleans.—Send the letter to this office and we will forward it to the lady.

Y., Lexington.—Alice is at present resting in the West from her professional labors.

GRUBSLAS, St. Louis, Mo.—1. Kilduff's in this city. 2. Merriam's Saloon in New Orleans, we believe.

JOHN O. T., Richmond, Va.—We believe them to be O. K. Write them again.

W. H. P.—Make inquiries at the Internal Revenue Office, Pine street, near Broadway.

A CLIPPER READER, Boston.—Cannot say positively, but think not.

L. C. CLUB, Allegheny City, Pa.—The dealer only having had one to go, turning up Jack put him out.

THOMAS R., Jamestown.—Neither we nor anybody else can answer your question.

A PATRON, Norfolk.—The Persia was always and is now a side wheel steamer.

LEROY MONTAGUE, Boston.—One hundred yards was accomplished in England in 9¾ seconds.

W. H. S., Michigan City.—The player who makes the trump can go alone, but no other.

C. TUTTLE, Amesburg.—Capt. Luce was lost on the Arctic and not the Atlantic, which is still running.

J. T. FANNIN, Vicksburgh.—For 13 times, $7.60.

INFORMATION, Philadelphia, Pa.—Not that we are aware of.

J. L. R.—The right name of "Jingles" was Wm. Whalen.

INQUIRER, Philadelphia.—Heat expands and cold contracts.

L. Y. F.—Patsey Foy was never beaten by Bill Blackwood.

BALD EAGLE, Limmit Hill, Pa.—See last week's paper.

OLD BOREAS AND JACK FROST.

Just as fall had come to a close, and the public, through motives of economy, had begun to fall back on last winter's old clothes to ward off the nipping and eager air of bleak December, in came a regular old-fashioned blustering snow storm, which held reign without pulling rein through hours four and twenty. Old Boreas and the Frost King determined to make a day of it, and despite the predictions of the prophetic Thatcher, they gave us a high old blow out, much to the inconvenience of those who ride not in their own conveyances. There was considerable hard swearing indulged in by railroad conductors at the haste of their passengers, and by drivers at the obstinacy of their horses, while patient wives were calmly awaiting the coming of their husbands, "or any other man." Old Boreas swept around the corners with great vindictiveness, while the frozen particles clogged up all the avenues of travel, rendering pedestrian matches almost impossible. Coal dealers were in a high state of excitement, and fairly gloated over the prospect of human misery and high prices of coal. Doctors and undertakers were also hilarious, knowing that the advent of the Frost King would bring grist to *their* mill. It was a nice storm, so to speak, and will be cushioned forever in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

DRAMATIC FUND BALL.

The *bal masque* and carnival for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund, which sadly needs replenishing, "came off" at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, December 12, and the affair is *supposed* to have been a pecuniary success, albeit these Dramatic Fund carnivals do not receive that support which they are entitled to. There were present "ladies and gentlemen of respectability," holding the position of "utility" and "responsibility" in the dramatic field. There were ladies of the *ballet*, some with dresses cut low to the waist. Then there were damsels with abbreviated skirts, disclosing to the rude gaze of unfeeling man legs of "sculpturesque" symmetry, and ankles small. Many of us went in disguise. Our new dress suit rendered us free from recognition, even though we wore no mask. The vile door-keeper demanded our ticket, or, rather, said he'd take it. We spoke about the invulnerability of the press. He retorted with that worn out joke about "no pressing in there," etc., and murmured something about "a dress suit which no member of the press can afford even to borrow." We made an address suitable to the occasion, and after smiling together we and the door-keeper understood each other, and we passed in, as you will understand. And what a scene of dazzling light and effulgence burst upon our view; the combined beauties of both hemispheres floated by us to the dreamy music of a "full band." It was a scene of Oriental splendor, we guess, unequaled in the annals of *bals masque*, perhaps; and "the managers of the affair have reason to congratulate themselves on the superb manner in which," etc., etc., as you have all, no doubt, read in the usual twang of the dailies. Other reports have been given of the *bal*, but all of mere common-place descriptions, none telling of the gorgeous mythological characters that assembled on that eventful occasion. We have read of the usual Hamlets, Ophelias, etc., but it is left for us to speak of the mythological characters. Among others we noticed the Goddess of Morning, Aurora, with a rorarer who was *not* mourning, but who was draped as a gay Knight. We saw, also, Ajax, the Lightning Defyer, with a couple of queens, making all sorts of tricks—in fact, raising the deuce, 'tis true, although we do not mean to *traduce* by recording the fact. Dido, Queen of Carthage, was there, cutting up didoes with a young friend of Mars, named Gallus, who was a gallus boy, and stood on a par with even Mars, of whom there were many present, with marriageable daughters, each of whom they called Medea, and who kept an eye on all the men of all degrees, but more particularly high men. Pan, the country sport, was on hand, raising pandemonium among the "sticks" who stood around the doors dressed in coats black as the river Styx. Old Bacchus was there, too, offering to back us to any amount if we'd bet he was drunker than any one at the *bal*—but as we only bet on sure things, *we declined;* he then offered us a lunch—for he had Bellona on his arm. About this time one of the committee took us in a side door, and invited us to take a cigar, etc.; this was a new way to get a puff; then we drank everybody's health several times; he then took us out and introduced us to any number of Dry-ads, and with these nymphs we spent the rest of the evening tripping the light fantastic, and with our eyes looking "soft love to eyes that spake again." Occupied with these things we no longer noticed the costumes, but our readers can see by our brief description what a hunky old party of gods and goddesses were there, not to mention the orthodox histrions. From our poetic machine we gather the following rude verses about

THE DRAMATIC BAL MASQUE.

The masquerade, or carnival dramatic,
To raise the now too low dramatic fund,
Has come and gone with all its joys erratic,
And was not by the thoughtful public shunned,
Nor Pleasure's children, who, in costumes attic,
Ancient, modern, from costumes dunned,
Who do at all the grandest *bals masque*
Appear and help to make the scene so gay.

The "moody dane," in sombre suit of woe,
There "shook" the blues and went in for a dance;
While Dicky three times, the fantastic toe
Did trip with Topsey, and did Leah entrance;
King Lear the trumpeters bade "to blow
And crack their cheeks," and took, right glad, his chance
With Old Dame Quickley, or with Juliet's nurse,
Or daughter Goneril, and sometimes worse.

Old Mephistopheles, of course, was there;
And gentle Eva, and good Uncle Tom;
And Horace Greeley, with a 'yaller fair,"
And others (Frenchified) who are *sans nommes*.
Elizabeth (Ristoried) in the square,
Dances did face the Queen of Scots quite calm,
And chat with Sussex, and not even dart nor
Cast a glance to see Earl Leicester's partner.

All kinds were there, all classes representing;
Demons and Fairies, Lords and Bootblack Boys,
Old Pantaloons and Clowns the dance preventing,
Houris and Biddys, Psuedo babes with toys,
Ragpickers, too, some grandest dames contenting,
And Harlequin and "Gal," all bell's and noise.
The things all showed that they who run the *bal*
Did name it properly the Carnival.

THE MINSTRELS' AFFRAY.

We devote considerable space in this issue of the CLIPPER to the details of an unfortunate affray which occurred in this city on the afternoon of the 11th inst., in which Messrs. Kelly and Leon and Sam Sharpley and brother were the parties directly concerned, and during which affray Mr. Thomas Sharpley was shot to death, and Edwin Kelly and Sam Sharpley were wounded. From the evidence thus far elicited, it appears that a bad feeling has for some time existed between Sam Sharpley on the one side, and Kelly and Leon on the other, engendered by a rivalry in business. The quarrel is said to have had its origen several months ago, when Sharpley was giving minstrel entertainments at the Fifth Avenue Opera House. A couple of clog dancers, we are told, were under engagement to Sharpley; but, the latter claims that they were induced by certain misrepresentations on the part of Leon to break their contract with Sharpley, and to sign articles of agreement to appear at Kelly & Leon's establishment. Had those clog dancers acted in good faith toward Mr. Sharpley, and fulfilled the conditions of their contract with that manager, the unfortunate occurrence—which has resulted in the death of one person, the wounding of others, and plunging several families into the deepest distress—would have been avoided. The non-fulfilment of a *bona-fide* contract on the part of the two dancers has led to a terrible tragedy. Sharpley felt nettled at the double-dealing of these men, and when told that Kelly and Leon had instigated them to it, he naturally became embittered against *them*, and this feeling was not lessened when he was told that Leon had given publicity to a report that he, Sharpley, was bankrupt, or that his property was mortgaged, etc. Smarting under the pain caused by such reports, he determined, as soon as the opportunity offered, to have an interview with Leon, and make him retract the words imputed to him. This opportunity did not offer until Wednesday, Dec. 11th, when Messrs. Sharpley and Kelly and Leon attended a *matinee* at the Fifth Avenue Opera House. At the close of the entertainment, and as the audience was passing out, Sharpley and Leon met on the sidewalk, whereupon the former charged Leon with having put false reports in circulation; Leon denied that he had done so; Kelly, observing the threatening attitude assumed by Sharpley, interposed in behalf of his partner, who is quite a delicate young man. At this juncture, Thomas Sharpley, Sam's brother, appeared on the scene, and at once the parties became engaged in a fight, Sam making short work of Leon, and Tom worsting Kelly in the fist-fight, when the latter, drawing a revolver from one of his pockets, fired at Thomas Starpley with deadly effect, the first shot, probably, taking effect in a vital part, as Sharpley immediately fell, and as he lay dying and helpless, the infuriated Kelly fired again at his victim, who died almost instantly. In the meantime Sam Sharpley—who had been in pursuit of Leon, who fled at the first note of danger—hearing the reports from the revolver, turned and beheld his brother down, with Kelly still firing at the prostrate man. Sam immediately drew a revolver and fired at Kelly, the ball taking effect in the latter's head, producing a painful if not dangerous wound. He was about to fire a second time at Kelly, when his arm was arrested by a policeman, and the ball wounded Sam in one of his fingers. All this took place within a few minutes and while the street was filled with men, women and children.

It is a deplorable affair, and adds another tragedy to the long list of homicides resulting from the carrying of deadly weapons. As long as these men confined their hostile operations to the fist there was little harm done other than a breach of the peace, and had Kelly and Sharpley been without deadly weapons on their persons, this fearful tragedy would not have occurred; but having concealed weapons about them, and their passions becoming aroused, on the impulse of the moment the pistol was drawn, and the bullet sent crashing into the body of a fellow being. Kelly claims that he acted entirely in self defence; if he can produce evidence to prove this, the law will hold him guiltless. We do not believe that homicide was intended by either of the parties concerned in this lamentable affair, although it may be urged that the carrying of deadly weapons would imply that such was, in reality, the intention. We see already a disposition to let the matter rest where it is, instead of pushing a charge of homicide against one of the parties implicated. Sam Sharpley has withdrawn his complaint against Leon, and Kelly, who was shot by Sam Sharpley, refuses to make any charge against the latter, and therefore Sharpley and Leon were both released. Kelly was afterwards admitted to bail in the sum of $5,000, to await the action of the Grand Jury in January next. If the sad lessons of the 11th inst. can be made instrumental in deterring boys and men of the day from carrying concealed deadly weapons about their persons, it will have accomplished *some* good.

A PITIFUL CASE.—Weston, the pedestrian, when he set out from Portland, on his pilgrimage to Chicago, could have had no idea of the *furore* which his long walk was destined to create, nor of the many disputes, quarrels, and free fights which his pedestrian tour has given rise to. We have been told of the extraordinary scenes witnessed along the route of the walker; of the enthusiasm of the vast assemblage who met him at the outcome; of the wrecks of buggies, and horses, and men, to be found all along the line of travel; of the wagers made on his doing one hundred miles in twenty-four hours—which he *didn't* do, much to the disgust of those who invested their little pile on him; and of much more of the same sort. But the most sad result of Weston's trip has just eventuated in Chicago, it being nothing less than a fist fight between two women, and all owing, no doubt, to Weston's tramp. One of these beauties, it appears, in a discussion with the other, called the latter a "pedestrian." Just to think of the viciousness of the sex! The insulted party, not being very well up in Webster, denied the slander, and gave the nasty hussy a welt across the face, at the same time stating that she would permit no one to call *her* such a name, for she had always been a respectable woman, and *not* a "pedestrian." The police, we believe, appeared on the scene in time to prevent further bloodshed. Ah! Weston, you have much to answer for.

PREPARING FOR THE FRAY.—Now that the reign of the ice monarch has been fully inaugurated, and the noble Hudson has experienced his chilly breath, the Ice Boat Association, of Poughkeepsie, are making preparations for the winter's sport. They are busily engaged in getting their craft in order for the frosty campaign, and as many improvements have been made in this species of boating architecture conducive to increased speed, it is confidently expected that the figures will be marked down as low as sixty miles within the hour.

A SALUTARY CHANGE.—The fashionables are making efforts to become sensibles, inasmuch as they are about to try and have balls and parties commence at 8 o'clock instead of 10 P. M. It would be a wise change, and we sincerely hope it will be carried out, for the late hour business is exceedingly detrimental to the health of the ladies and lassies who "don't go home till morning."

WHAT TWIN SISTERS ARE GOOD FOR.—"Our Jim" says he heard a *ballet* girl wishing she had a twin sister, the other day. "Why so?" says Jim, indifferent like. "I do' no," she responded, "but they'd be good to wear one's stage-boots a week or two to take the creak out."

MY!—On the Saginaw River, Mich., within a space of twenty-two miles, there are seventy-two saw mills. "Our Jim," who is an ignorant person in household affairs, says *board* ought to be very cheap out there.

FATHER AND SON.—While John Brown's body "lies a mouldering in the tomb," his son's body lies in a lunatic asylum in Ohio, where he has recently been placed for safe keeping.

OLD FATHER TIME ALMOST ANNIHILATED.—On the 12th inst. a message was sent by the Atlantic Cable to London, Eng., at 5.33 A. M., and the reply received at 10 o'clock the same morning.

UNDERGROUND.—The reason why so many strangers patronize our Broadway basement concert saloons, is traceable to their love of music, especially of the "Cellar-us."

THE LAFAYETIE CLUB, of this city, hold their regular annual ball at the Germania Assembly Rooms on the 18th inst. We thank them for an invitation to be there.

A DUTCHMAN accounts for the recent defeat of Fernando Wood by saying that he had too "Tam many mens agin em."

SKATING.

MITCHELL'S FIFTH AVENUE POND.

The skating at this pond was excellent the fore part of last week. Tuesday and Wednesday large crowds were in attendance day and evening. A fine band of music occupied the pagoda, and played all the popular airs of the day. The New York Skating Club were present in full force, and the expert skaters who belong to the club attracted much attention. The snow storm of Thursday laid an embargo on the sport for a couple of days, but on Saturday it was again resumed. During the day and evening the pond was thronged with crack skaters, among whom were quite a number of ladies. From present appearances the skating bids fair to last for a number of days at this favorite resort.

MAC MILLAN'S FIFTH AVENUE RINK.

The new Fifth avenue rink at 46th street, is in the full tide of success. The central location gives it a decided advantage over its up-town rivals, while the experience of its managers is a guarantee that it will be conducted in a liberal spirit. The refreshment, skate and reception rooms are fitted up in a comfortable manner. All the modern appliances are used in keeping the ice in good condition, while the style of lighting the pond is decidedly unique. The proximity of the rink to the avenue is not the least thing in its favor, as it gives the skaters an opportunity to watch the numberless sleighs that constantly pass and repass on the road. At the same time the patrons of the rink are the observed of all observers, for the sleigh-riders take in the graceful evolutions of the skaters as they fly along at a 2:40 pace.

OATMAN'S FIFTH AVENUE POND.

The gallant Major had his colors flying in the early part of last week, and a carnival of fun and enjoyment was the result. The snow storm put an end to the sliding, and played the deuce with the ice. At the present time the skating surface is a mixture of snow and ice, and will have to be pretty well scraped before it can be used.

THE CENTRAL PARK PONDS.

The snow storm of last week put a damper on the prospects of good ice at the Park ponds for some time to come. At the present writing, bipeds and quadrupeds, in large numbers, are busily engaged in clearing off the large mass of snow. The snow, once removed, two or three days of cold weather will give the general public a chance to enjoy themselves free gratis, for nothing.

OUT OF TOWN ITEMS.

Brooklyn suffers from an accumulation of snow on the ponds. The Jersey City ponds are in a similar fix.

The Wabash Avenue Rink, at Chicago, was destroyed by fire on Thursday, Dec. 13. There was a rumor to the effect that several lives were lost. Some 300 persons were on the ice at the time, and as the building was a mass of ruins in twenty minutes, there are fears that the rumor may prove true.

The National Base Ball Club, of Washington, talk of turning their ground into a skating park.

Hartford is to have a rink.

The citizens of Easton, Penn., have raised a fund for building a skating park, and workmen are already busy.

Indianapolis has got "rink on the brain."

The Madison Avenue Skating Club is a new institution at Baltimore. One of the ball grounds has been leased for their use. The Monumental Skating Club have their pond on Franklin street, west of Fulton.

The Allegheny River, at Pittsburgh, Penn., was crowded with skaters last week.

SLEIGHING AND SKATING IN CANADA.

They are having some sport in the way of sleighing and skating in the new Dominion of Canada. A correspondent—"Arthur"—in Montreal, writes to us as follows, concerning the favorite winter pastimes of our Canadian cousins:—

"Sporting items, aside from skating, are scarce. With the opening of our great Carnival de Canada, we have in our winter programme, skating, sleighing, snow shoeing and tobogganing, or sliding down hill on Indian sledges. The two last named are delightful moonlight sports, especially when in company with ladies. King Boreas has already sent his white clown, "snow," as *avant courier*, announcing the coming of the carnival season, and Jack Frost is also here to superintend the inauguration of his winter season. Canada, undoubtedly, affords all the advantages requisite—it's steady frost, yet—beautiful and bracing in the constitution; its beautiful skating rinks, among which the Victoria Rink is noted, for the display of splendid costumes (as skating masquerades) music, and aristocratic attendance. It is a spacious and well built brick building, and during the summer season is used for agricultural exhibitions and promenade concerts, capable of seating comfortably 4,000 persons, and for skating purposes, 1,500 skaters, and 1,000 spectators. The interior is well lighted, and of a very lively and picturesque appearance. Another rink of note, spacious and always well attended by all classes, and where some of the best skating can be seen, is Guilbault's, in the Zoological Gardens, under the same proprietor, Mr. Guilbault, a very enterprising French Canadian, who is well known to our American circus managers, and who deserves great praise for his liberal spirit and energy. The majestic St. Lawrence, when covered from shore to shore with Jack Frost's Canadian carpet (ice) from two to four feet thick, offers another splendid field for outdoor skating and other sports. Sometimes fine tracks are laid out on the smooth ice from a quarter to a half mile in length, where some fine specimens of Canadian trotters can be seen. Moreover, regular roads for traffic across the river can be cleared, leading to the various small towns and villages on the opposite shore, the shortest of these being nearly two miles, from Montreal to St. Lamberts, others reaching as far as nine and twelve miles. You may imagine from this what fine sleighing is afforded, not to speak of the beautiful city drives, and around Mount Royal, from which the city derives it's name, or to Lachine, a smart little village about nine miles out from the city. The sleighing season opened under most auspicious weather, having had a fall of several inches of snow, and good steady frost since, which has put the roads in fine condition. The rinks have been put in trim for the approaching gala times."

THE SKATING RINKS of Chicago were formally opened on the 9th inst.

THE HOT SKATE is a recent invention, being heated by a chemical arrangement.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ATHLETIC CLUB, composed of marines and sailors stationed off Norfolk, Va., has just been organized with the following named gentlemen as its officers:—Edward Howard, President; J. C. Sherry, Secretary; Hugh McBride, Treasurer.

BILLIARDS.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

DION BEATEN BY MCDEVITT—THE GOLDEN CUE AGAIN IN THE STATES—HISTORY OF THE MATCH AND PARTICULARS OF THE CONTEST—MCDEVITT CHALLENGED.

Just after the 10th of June last, whereon Joseph Dion, by a fortunate "jaw" or "locking-up" of the red balls, which gave him a closing run of 616, defeated John McDevitt for the American Championship and $1,000, the latter, causing to be recorded a deposit on his part of $250 with Messrs. Phelan & Collender, the authorized stakeholders, challenged again. In this matter, McDevitt, though a stranger to the stakeholders themselves, was fully known to a member of their firm, and also to five other gentlemen. In observance of the rules the challenge had to await the expiration of ten days, when, no other challenger intervening, it became fully operative, and McDevitt stood bound in the sum of $250 to play either Joseph Dion or Edmund H. Nelms (who were at that time matched), for $1,000. Prior to McDevitt

a few refreshments. The game was here—McDevitt, 532; Dion, 761.

On the resumption of play, McDevitt shot twice for safety, and at his next attempt he got the reds near the cushion and put in a run of 181. Dion was now only 36 points ahead; and Mac throwing all the "safety" he could at him and making him either play "French" or else resort in self-defence to pockets and misses, he was unable to score double figures more than once in about twenty innings. After awhile he got in 57, which made his lead 100; and on the 77th inning a telling run of 157 made his backers feel good, his lead being now 188. Safety was still paramount until the 84th innings, when McDevitt, who had had "fearful roots" all through, "got the balls" and was booked by everybody for a long run. But when he had made 43, his balls froze, and he had to give up and play for safety. On the 90th innings, he again got the balls together. This time he had better luck, and the heart that had been made sick with hope oft deferred, was gladdened with a run of 152, before he was forced, in self-defence, to drive his ball into a pocket for safety. Dion was now 1,191, and McDevitt 1,142, and the latter being decidedly the more composed of the two, it was an even thing he would win. On the 105th innings, he tied Dion, both standing at 1,294. It was now anybody's game, sure—if anything, a little in favor of McDevitt, who had been playing quite as well as his opponent around the table, and besides was more likely, luck being equal, to run 200 than Dion. The excitement was extreme at this juncture. In a few minutes McDevitt obtained a lead of 33 points. He was, however, destined to meet with another piece of ill-luck. Being in hand, and having "banked," his ball was kissed, and all four were left well up on the lower cushion for Dion, who availed himself of the fortunate situation to the extent of 110, and thus regained the lead. Dion's supporters were jubilant almost beyond control, and the scene was fairly Babelian, until one or two gentlemen suggested that the stranger should be given fair play. The cheers and other exclamations of joy were redoubled when, five innings afterward, Dion started on a "scratch," and got the balls in fair position for a "run out." McDevitt was told that the game was over; but he refused to credit it, and quietly remarking, "Oh, there's a chance for him to slip up," bided his time. Dion scored 46 and missed a comparatively easy shot, having but 12 to go. McDevitt lacked 128. The two reds were near together within about a foot of the lower right hand cushion, and Dion's ball opposite, and near the left-hand cushion. McDevitt's ball was near to the light-red spot. Paying no attention to the inviting caroms offered by the reds, McDevitt, determined to be Cæsar or nothing, played on the white and brought the balls all together, though, as fate would have it, in such a manner that they were almost useless to him, three being in a straight line and the other a foot or more above, and about six inches to the left of the one-ball. Risking everything again, he play'd an oblique "draw"—one of the most difficult to make—sending the ball further from him up the table and back again along the side cushion. It was "neck or nothing." If he missed, the game was Dion's. If he counted, he would, as he had remarked to a group of well-wishers near by, "run it out, if it was a mile long." He had not missed a draw shot all night, and was determined to risk this one as a forlorn hope. Chalking his cue resolutely, he laid himself down to the shot. His ball came back just as he wished, while the first object-ball, force enough having been imparted to it to cause it to return, ranged itself alongside of the other three, and the game was McDevitt's, even if he had had three hundred to make. It was the first time he had got three balls nicely together, and an exclamation of triumph burst involuntarily from his lips. Dion heard it, and turned his cue over to Mr. Hogan. Then rising from his seat, he passed up and around the table in mental agony pitiable to behold. When the last hope of McDevitt slipping up on a miscue or hasty play had fled, and the realization that he was a beaten man, came to Dion in all its terrible force, he raised his hands to his head and pressed it tightly, as if in fear it would burst asunder, while a ghastly paleness overspread his countenance. What torture the great player must have suffered in those few moments of suspense, during which he had time to call to mind the look of withering scorn that, while making the score of 46, he cast upon McDevitt—a look prompted by pride and intensified by a false feeling of security, and so scathing, that McDevitt declared he would carry the memory of it to his grave—who can say what Dion did not suffer? If there was one in that vast audience that pitied him more than another, it was McDevitt. Ever and anon, as he made carom upon carom, he would cast a glance at the grieved player moving unsteadily about the table, and at one time was almost moved to forego the chance of victory. The one hundred and twenty-eight points were at last made; and at twenty minutes past one, on the morning of the 12th, the player Dion had been publicly assured he was "about meeting *and beating*," and who was to be consoled for his defeat by a complimentary dinner already arranged for, was declared by the verdict of the balls, "Champion Billiard Player of America." McDevitt stood in danger of being seriously injured by his congratulation, which poured upon him from every quarter, and, escaping as soon as possible, he repaired to his room in St. Lawrence Hall, wherein, badly beaten and rendered penniless by an unexpected turn of Fortune, he had last sought refuge on the 10th of June.

But few more remarks are necessary prior to giving the score. It is agreed upon all sides, and admitted by the Canadian newspapers, that, as he has almost invariably been in his matches, McDevitt was most unfortunate throughout. Dion, on the other hand, was, as he usually is, rather lucky—in one respect surprisingly so, making no less than eight unmistakable "scratches." The great nurser, as McDevitt is called, did scarcely any nursing worth speaking about, but owes his success wholly to his composure and his unexpectedly good play around the table. On the score of nerve he had decidedly the best of it. Dion was most unfortunate in allowing himself to be irritated by his opponent's cautious, deliberate and wearisome play; and while, had Dion himself played differently, it is probable that McDevitt would have oftener got the balls together and made larger runs, we think it would have been quite as well, if not better, for the ex-champion, had he cut and slashed away at the ivories in his usual vigorous style.

SCORE.

McDevitt.—14, 7, 11, 0, 0, 10, 113, 25, 3, 0, 3, 2, 5, 9, 9, 0, 0, 6, 9, 2, 0, 11, 9, 0, 2, 5, 4, 8, 9, 21, 6, 17, 19, 17, 40, 7, 6, 2, 3, 0, 32, 23, 16, 2, 23, 1, 1, 16, 181, 0, 2, 3, 1, 2, 0, 5, 7, 0, 3, 0, 3, 6, 3, 0, 11, 6, 1, 8, 0, 24, 6, 2, 0, 1, 3, 56, 21, 2, 11, 2, 1, 3, 0, 0, 43, 7, 3, 6, 6, 1, 152, 19, 5, 0, 24, 30, 0, 0, 0, 3, 1, 1, 4, 3, 0, 64, 0, 61, 0, 8, 1, 1, 3, 13, 128—1301.

Dion—0, 21, 12, 4, 7, 6, 0, 2, 3, 4, 290, 0, 5, 0, 31, 3, 0, 13, 3, 0, 5, 26, 0, 0, 0, 86, 34, 0, 3, 36, 1, 9, 22, 26, 0, 17, 0, 0, 75, 6, 0, 9, 4, 3, 1, 2, 0, 4, 3, 0, 0, 0, 3, 6, 0, 8, 4, 0, 1, 4, 2, 6, 9, 67, 6, 12, 0, 24, 3, 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 157, 3, 4, 0, 0, 5, 3, 8, 39, 20, 3, 3, 0, 2, 6, 3, 0, 6, 21, 15, 0, 3, 20, 4, 0, 2, 2, 3, 22, 1, 0, 21, 6, 110, 3, 1, 6, 0, 46—1,486

SUMMARY.—Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, Dec. 11th.—Match for the championship of America, between Joseph Dion, of Montreal, and John McDevitt, of New York. Carom game, 1,500 points up, on a full-sized four-pocket Phelan & Collender table. Score—McDevitt, 1,500; Dion, 1,488. Averages—McDevitt, 13⅓; Dion, 13 1-6. Best runs—Dion, 290, 157, and 110; McDevitt, 181, 152, 128, and 113. Umpires—for Dion, Henry McVittie, of Montreal; for McDevitt, Thomas Foley, of Chicago. Referee—William Charlton, of Montreal.

THE CHAMPION CHALLENGED.

Early on the morning of the 12th, Melvin Foster deposited $250 with the stakeholders, and challenged McDevitt. Two hours afterwards the stakeholders received a challenge from Joseph Dion; and on the following day John W. Coon, of Chicago, telegraphed a challenge to this city. Foster is therefore first, Dion second, and Coon third. McDevitt gives notice that so long as he holds the champion cue he will, in deference to the declared wish of the American Billiard Players' Association at their meeting in Montreal, play only on a second-sized four-pocket table.

WILLIAMS AND MICHAELS MATCH.—There was a goodly number of the up-town sporting element at the St. Charles Billiard Rooms, 8th avenue, near 42d street—and the largest establishment of the kind above 14th street, excepting Kidnuff's, 90 by 50 feet, and containing ten first class tables—to witness the playing of the match, 21 points, French caroms, between Charley Williams, the famous bagatellist, who recently played Tim Flynn, and Frank Michaels, the Frenchman. The game was the first of a home-and-home match, billiards and bagatelle, made for $50 a side, Johnny Black backing Michaels, and Bill Cleaver, the eccentric, finding the paper for Williams. The play on both sides was very good, but Williams proved himself the most expert, manipulating the ivories to much better advantage than in his encounter with Lester's "novice," and eventually winning, after half an hour's play, by the subjoined tally:—

MICHAELS.—0 2 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 3 1 0 0 0—Total, 17.

WILLIAMS.—1 0 0 3 4 2 0 0 3 1 3 5 2 0 0 0 1 5 1 1 3 0 3 0 0 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 3—Total, 51.

Captain Jas. M. Byrnes officiated as umpire satisfactorily to all parties, while J. J. Drake kept the score. After the game was concluded, those present whiled away the remaining hours until the "witching" time, in a sociable manner, mirth and jollity being at a premium, and Cleaver proving himself a trump card by the gusto with which he warbled, in tones mell fluous, a brace of popular refrains; several other jovial spirits coming in for a round of applause for like favors. Altogether it was a period of enjoyment not soon to be forgotten, and a repetition may be looked for when Williams and Michaels meet to play their bagatelle match, upon same conditions as the above, at the Half Way House, 320 Eighth avenue, on Wednesday evening, 18th inst. Williams and Clark Wilson have made a match to play the French game, 50 points up, at the St. Charles rooms, a few evenings hence.

WICKS AND ISIDORE'S MATCH.—The deciding game between these players, 300 points French, for a purse of $50, was played at McDevitt and Wizeman's rooms on the 10th inst. Wicks, who received 50 points odds, was beaten 82 points in addition. Isidore's average was 3⅓.

DION AND DANIELS' MATCH.—Cyrille Dion, champion of Canada, and Edward Daniels, champion of Massachusetts, are to play their match, 1000 points, push shots barred, for $500, on the 18th inst., in Boston.

A BILLIARD EXHIBITION is to be given at Goldthwaite's saloon, No. 186 Fulton street, N. Y., on the evening of Friday, the 20th inst., at which John McDevitt, the champion, M. Geary, D. Kavanagh, Frank Denison, Tim Flynn and R. E. Wilmarth are announced to appear and handle the cue.

JENNINGS ACCEPTS BROWN'S CHALLENGE.—Seeing no prospect of getting on with the Rolling Mail dog at 29 lbs., or Johnny McMann's at 30 lbs., Harry Jennings says he will make a match to fight the New York dog Brandy against Jack Brown's, or any dog in America, at 28, 29, or 30 lbs., for $500 or $1,000 a side, and leaves $100 in our hands for that purpose. If Brown don't take this up, here's a chance for Duffey, who challenged at 28 lbs. some weeks since.

OLYMPIC CRICKET CLUB is the title of a new organization in Troy, N. Y., of which Eli Hancock is President, and W. Douglas Keith Secretary. Their headquarters are at Captain W. Ball's London House. Although a young club we learn that they have a good membership list, some of whom are skilful with the willow and leather. They anticipate good times during the season of 1868.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT CRICKETER.—Isaac Hodgson, the celebrated bowler, died on Sunday, Nov. 24th, at Bradford, Eng.

DEBILITY AND EMACIATION result from a lack of ability in the stomach to convert the food into nutriment. Strengthen the digestive powers with HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, and vigor will return to the muscles, flesh reclothe the attenuated frame, and the cadaverous complexion lose its sickly tint. •

BALL PLAY.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BASE-BALL PLAYERS.

TWELFTH ANNUAL SESSION.

The delegates to the Convention of 1867 assembled in the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, December 11. There was a large and enthusiastic representation from eight State Associations, and about sixty individual clubs. The stage of the theatre was used by the officers, the parquet by the delegates, and the dress circle by the spectators. At 11 A.M., Mr. A. P. Gorman, President of the Convention, called the delegates to order. In doing so he took occasion to address the Convention at some length. He gave a brief history of the progress of the game of base ball from its commencement, with the Knickerbocker Club, of New York, in 1847, to the present time, and, in conclusion, suggested the establishment of a sinking fund for the purpose of defraying expenses incurred in spreading the principles of the game abroad. He thought it would be productive of good to send eighteen representative players to Europe to show what progress has been made, and the expense could be met from the sinking fund.

When the roll was called each prominent club was applauded. The Athletics, Quaker Citys, Keystones, Nationals, Mutuals, Atlantics, Unions, and other well known clubs, received an ovation; also the delegates from Oregon and Omaha. The report of the Nominating Committee in which they decided not to admit clubs with colored delegates, was adopted. Mr. Rogers, the Recording Secretary, made a verbal report, in which he stated that he had received and answered 379 letters during the past year. The Treasurer's report showed that the cash received at Clinton Hall, Dec. 12, 1866, was $764; cash received by mail and otherwise, $339; total, $1,103. Cash paid out, $78 24; balance on hand, Dec. 11, 1867, $320.76. Cash received, Dec. 11, $701; balance in treasury, $1 021.76. Mr. Rogers briefly alluded to the defalcation of his predecessor, and it was decided to give the Eagle Club a year to make up the deficiency. The reading of the report of the Committee on Rules was postponed till evening, and that of the Judiciary taken up. The Neptune and Americus case was disposed of, the Committee's decision being sustained. In the case of the Monmouth Club, of Greenport, the Committee's decision was reversed. The Union and Mutual case was then taken up, but the hour for adjournment having arrived, it was postponed till evening.

The theatre being engaged for theatrical purposes, Athletic Hall, near Jefferson and Thirteenth streets, was used at the evening session. The Mutual and Union case was resumed. The debate was limited to one member from each club, and to ten minutes time. Judge George M. Curtis opened the argument in behalf of the Mutual club, and gave a clear and succinct review of the case. He was followed by Mr. Albro, for the Union club. Mr. Herring, chairman of the committee, closed the debate. He endeavored to reply to the strong points of Mr. Curtis, but failed to do so successfully, and his argument was notably weak. Upon taking the vote, 451 was recorded in favor of reversing the decision and 143 against it. The announcement of the result, which was so nearly unanimous, called forth applause. The report of the committee on rules was postponed till Thursday, and the convention proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year. The principal candidates for the presidency were Judge Rose, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. George F. Sands, of Ohio. The following gentlemen were chosen officers for the ensuing year:—

President, George F. Sands, of Cincinnati.
First Vice President, Manning Treadway, of Madison, Wis.
Second Vice President, Frank B. Wood, of Jersey City, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary, E. H. Griggs, of Rockford, Ill.
Recording Secretary, A. H. Rogers, of Brooklyn.
Treasurer, Mortimer Rogers, of Lowell, Mass.

By a piece of sharp practice on the part of the Washington delegates that city was secured as the next meeting place of the association. After this the convention adjourned until Thursday, at 9 A. M.

At about 10 o'clock the association got to work. The report of the committee on rules was taken up, and Dr. Jones, the chairman, proceeded to read the following amendments to the Constitution:—

Article 3, Section 4. No club shall be represented in this Association, unless composed of at least eighteen active members, and no State Association shall be represented in the Association unless composed of ten clubs.

Article 3, Section 5. Any Club or State Association organized after the adjournment of the annual meeting of the Association, may be elected probationary members thereof, after conforming to the requirements of sections 2, 3, and 4, by the Nominating Committee. They shall be subject to the payment of dues and assessments, and be eligible to all the privileges of regular members of the Association until the next annual meeting, at which time they must be duly elected in the same manner as all regular members. The District of Columbia and each Territory shall be considered a State.

Article 5, Section 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate record, etc., and publish the decisions of the Judiciary Committee once, in two leading journals making a specialty of base ball, within ten days after the rendition of the decision.

Article 6, Section 2. Special meetings shall be called by the President at the written request of five clubs; provided that at least one week's notice of such meeting shall be given by publication in at least two leading journals making a specialty of base ball, notifying each Club and State Association represented in this Association.

Sec. 8. All charges against any member or club belonging to any State Convention must be submitted in writing to the Secretary of such State Association belonging to the National Association, within thirty days from the occurrence of the causes upon which they may be predicated; and the member against whom such charges are preferred shall be provided with a copy thereof at the same time by those belonging to the State Association. The Secretary shall record the same, and forthwith submit the original charge to the Judiciary Committee. The Judiciary Committee shall investigate all complaints or charges thus submitted to them, and render judgment thereon within fifteen days from the date of said charges, which decision shall be binding and final upon the parties concerned, until and unless reversed upon appeal by this Association, at the next ensuing annual meeting. A vote of two-thirds of the members present at said meeting shall be necessary to reverse the decision of said Committee.

Section 8 of By-Laws was amended to read: "In those States where no State Association exists all charges against any member of a club must be submitted in writing to the Secretary of this Association within thirty days."

Section 9 was added, as follows:—"All charges against any member or club belonging to any State Association must be submitted in writing to the Secretary of such State Association belonging to the National Association within thirty days from the occurrence of the causes on which they may be predicated; and the club or person against whom said charges are made shall be furnished with a copy thereof at the same time by those belonging to State Associations making them. The Secretary of said Association shall record the same, and forthwith submit the original charges to the Judiciary Committee of said State Association. Said committee shall investigate all complaints or charges thus submitted to them, and render judgment thereon within fifteen days from the date of said charges; which decision shall be binding and final upon the parties concerned, until and unless reversed upon appeal to the Judiciary Committee of the National Association. The Judiciary Committee must render a decision upon all cases thus submitted to them within ten days from the date of the reception of all appellate cases. All cases of appeal thus submitted must be in writing, and set forth all the facts upon which the members of the State Judiciary Committee based their decision. The Judiciary Committee of the National Association shall entertain all charges submitted to them in writing by any member or club belonging to any one State against any member or club belonging to any other State, each being a member of the National Association; and the same rules must be observed by them in their procedure, as far as practicable, as are laid down for the Judiciary Committee of each State Association. Each State Association is hereby authorized and directed to appoint a Judiciary Committee, who are authorized and directed to try all charges against clubs or members belonging to their respective State Associations. The decisions of the Judiciary Committee in all appellate cases shall be final."

When that portion of the report referring to club representation was reached, the trouble commenced. The State delegates present, having the preponderance of votes, voted down the idea of club representation, and carried a resolution instructing the members of the committee present to report in favor of State representation. Dr. Jones, the Chairman of the Committee, became incensed at this, and resigned his position and left the hall. He was sent for by unanimous consent, but refused again to act with the committee. Two or three of the committee who had signed the majority report were found willing to stultify themselves by signing a minority report, and accordingly the matter was patched up in this way. Provision was made for Oregon, Kansas, Nebraska, and the District of Columbia. The balance of the committee's report was then gone through with, and adopted with few alterations. The most important amendments made were in regard to the pitcher. The words, "or off the ground" were struck out, which allows him to lift his foot in delivering the ball, but not to make a step. "Place or emolument" in the rule referring to professional players was struck out.

The report of the committee on Rules concluded the business before the association, and at 6 P. M., it adjourned *sine die*.

Previous to the adjournment the President announced the following committees:—

Judiciary—W. H. Murtha, J. W. Dawson, G. W. Thompson, J. F. Pearson, P. H. Hall, W. H. Holmes, C. Lambert, Col. Moore, J. C. Scarrett. The above delegates represent Brooklyn, Newark, Harlem, Irvington, New York, Philadelphia, and one Western member.

Rules—F. K. Boughton, J. S. Page, A. P. Gorman, W. R. Macdiarmed, G. M. Curtis, A. Peck, E. Jenkins, D. D. Darmer, W. C. Hudson, Dr. Hudson, T. O. Barber, H. J. Reeder, H. Chadwick—representing Brooklyn, New York, Washington, Hartford, Easton, Pa., and one Western member.

Printing—John Wildey, J. S. Beardsley, C. D. Simonson.

Nominations—W. P. Vaughan, James Duffy, Judge Rose.

The following are the names of the clubs represented in the Convention, together with the list of delegates:—

Active, New York City—H. A. Rogers, J. S. Page.
Alaska, Brooklyn, N. Y.—E. J. D. Seve, J. H. Kerline.
Alpha, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Wm. D. Jones, E. R. Kennedy.
Amateur, Philad'a—J. W. Greeman, P. W. Wienewaugh.
Americus, Newark, N. J.—A. P. Mayhew, J. D. Leotard.
Arctic, Philad'a—Wm. F. Shaier, E. J. Karcher.
Armstrong, Philad'a—A. Gray, W. M. Corson.
Athenian—J. T. Hall, G. C. Sherminstine.
Athlete, Washington Heights, N. Y.—J. Goodwin, J. B. Aitken.
Athletic, Philad'a—D. W. C. Moore, E. H. Haynurst.
Atlantic, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Thomas Tassie, F. K. Boughton.
Baltic, New York—G. Latham, H. Belke.
Bachelor, Philad'a—H. A. Macomb, J. Rogers.
Belmont, Penn.—W. H. Scott, M. S. Moore.
Bergen, Bergen, N. J.—J. H. Westervelt, T. D. Harrison.
Brandywine, Westchester, Pa.—B. T. Hoops, C. B. Shepard.
Capitol, Washington, D. C.—H. Chadwick.
Camden, Camden, N. J.—G. H. Knight, T. B. Reed.
Central City, Syracuse, N. Y.—G. A. Porter, D. Sanford.
Champion, Jersey City, N. J.—Frank Wood, D. John on.
Chestnut Street Theatre, Philad'a—S. Hayhurst, Wm. Gallagher.
Columbia, Bordentown, N. J.—A. Waterman, E. Clift.
Commonwealth, Philad'a, Pa.—Edward A Pharo, C. Adams.
Dirigo, Philad'a, Pa.—G. W. Allen, G. W. Cogar.
Eagle, New York City—S Yates, A. Peck.
Earnest, Riverhead, N. Y.—E. H. Murphy, J. Biers.
Eckford, Brooklyn, N. Y.—E. Jenkins.
Empire, N. Y.—T. G. Voorhies, J. Cameron.
Empire, of Washington, D. C.—G. Sellers.
Endeavor, N. Y.—E. P. Leary, C. Lambert.
Enterprise, Clifton, N. Y.—George W. Dix, William H. Clark.
Equity, of Philadelphia, Pa.—W. L. May, E. E. Carpenter.
Eureka, of Newark, N. J.—J. W. Dawson, C. E. Thomas.
Excelsior, Brooklyn, N. Y.—W. H. Murtha, J. B. Jones.
Expert, of Philadelphia, Pa—William Moffatt, T. E. McIlhenny.
Geary, of Philadelphia, Pa.—F. Fitzgerald, H. R. Hellier.
Harlem, N. Y.—T. C. Freeborn, G. W Thompson.
Henry Clay, of Philadelphia—G. D. Kleinfelder, W. A. Heats
Independent, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—H. H. Beadle, J. F. Pearson
Irvington, N. J.—P. R. Hall, H. Eyes.
Jefferson, N. Y.—A. Gadsby, J. D. Barclay.
Keystone, of Philadelphia—J. Duffy, J. H. Mahoney.
Keystone, of Harrisburgh, Pa.—D. D. Dorner.
Kickenepawling, of Johnstown, Pa.—C. W. Wilson, H. J. Roberts.
Knickerbocker, of Albany, N. Y.—W. P. Quinn, J. G. Dougherty.
Knickerbocker, of New York City—J. Y. Davis, W. T. Avery.
Liberty, of New Brunswick, N. J.—George Thomas, A. Cortelyou.
Liberty, of Jamaica, L. I.—T. Keeler, C. Lewey.
Liberty, of Norwalk, Conn.—C. H. Street.
Lowell, of Boston, Mass.—M Rogers, J. Richards.
Malvern, Pa.—W. L. K. Howe, A. McElvenny.
Meteor, of Adisons N. Y.—F. S. Belton, J. E. Jones.
Minerva, Pa.—H. K. Fox, A. J. Carrmony.
Mohawk, Brooklyn, N. Y.—W. C. Hudson, A. Steiner.
Monitor, Waterbury, Ct.—H. Smith.
Mountain Star, Altoona—B. F. Rose, S. M. Buhl.
Mutual, N. Y.—John Wildey, George McCurtis.
National, of Washington, D. C.—A. P. Gorman, C. E. Coon.
National, Pa.—Charles A. Porter, T. P. Shields.
Neptune, of Easton, Pa.—W. J. Reeder, J. L. Mingle.
Omaha, Nebraska—Michael Smith, J. H. Lynch.
Olympic, of Paterson, N. J.—William J. Buckley, M. Toomey.
Olympic, Pa.—C. D. Anspach, A. Thatcher.
Olympic, of Washington D. C.—W. McGorman, I. F. Allen.
Oriental, of Brooklyn—W. H. Holmes, Elijah Holmes.
Pacific, New Utrecht, N. Y.—J. Weir, R. O. Curry.
Pacific, Pa.—J Scott, R. P. Cochrane.
Pastime, Pa.—J. E. Riley, D. M. Grimes.
Peconic, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—C. Davis, C. C. Brady.
Philadelphia, Pa.—A. T. Ord, B. C. Jones.
Pioneer, N. J.—Theo. F. Menor.
Potomac, of Washington, D. C.—E. Allen, S. C. Sheriff.
Powhattan, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—A. V. Bergen, Geo. K. Dick.
Princeton, of Princeton, N. J.—C. O. Hufnut, C. H. Allen.
Quaker City, of Philadelphia, Pa.—E. A. Brown, F. O. Pratt.
Ralston, Pa.—Thomas H. Lynch, J. C. Scanlan.
Reno, Pa.—F. K. Gumper, H. A. Merkel.
Resolute, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—A. H. Rogers, C. D. Simonson.
Rittenhouse, of Philadelphia, Pa.—A. W. McDermott, P. H. Gillin.
Sans Souci, Conn.—Theodore Searles.
S. J. Randall, Pa.—H. Donnelly, H. Coyle.
Social, N. Y.—P. F. Bravo, S. D. Lay.
Sparta, N. Y.—J. C. Guyer, J. Hoogland.
Star, Brooklyn, N. Y.—W. R. McDiarmid, J. Sterling.
Star, N. J.—M. Ross, A. Moore.
Suffolk, N. Y.—E. B. Dusenberry, E. R Aitkens.
Typographical, of Philadelphia, Pa.—T. McCusker, C. H. Grellen.
Union, N. J., of Camden.—S. E Radcliffe, L. Homer.
Union, Morrisania, N. Y.—G. H. Albro, W. Herring.
Union, St. Louis, Mo.—H. Grappen, P. S Bell.
Union, of Washington, D. C.—J. J. Beardsley, J. M. Harmon.
Unionville, N. Y.—J. J. Millard, S. S. Williamson.
Wawasset, of Wilmington Del.—J. S. Valentine, A. D. Vandever.
West Philadelphia, Pa.—Wm R. Milligan, J. R. Smith.
Wm. H. Patterson, of Philadelphia, Pa.—Wm. H. Patterson, J. Bloomer.

The following are the names of the State Associations represented and their delegates. The aggregate of votes they had was 456:—

Connecticut Association.—J. A. Sterry, Wm. M. Hudson.
Illinois Association.—E. H. Griggs, J. J. Gillespie.
Maryland Association.—Wm. P Vaughen, R. M. Smith.
New York Association.—Wm. Herring, A. C. Davis.
Ohio Association.—George F. Sands, J. A. Scerritt.
Pennsylvania Association.—Wm. R. Ellis, D. D. Downs.
Wisconsin Association.—Manning Tredway.
Indiana Association.—Thomas D. Barbour.

SNOWED UP.—The delegates to the National Association, who left Philadelphia on Thursday afternoon, were snowed up (or under) about half way between New York and the City of Brotherly Love. Eighteen hours on the road, with a pitiless storm warbling round you, would seem to be anything but funny. There was fun aboard the cars, however, and jollity too. Plenty to eat, drink and smoke, and good companions, made the hours pass quickly. Euchre parties were all the go, and story tellers found plenty of listeners. About noon on Friday they were landed in Jersey City.

THE RING.

ED. O'BALDWIN CHALLENGES JEM MACE.

He Will Fight Him In America, for $5,000, and Allows Him $250 for Expenses.

WILL THE EX-CHAMPION ACCEPT THE DEFI?

Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, a notice of whose arrival appears elsewhere, called at our office last week, in company with his *compagnon du voyage*, Jack Hicks, and Prof. Watts, of Houston street, who was plotting the stranger around, and left the subjoined challenge to Jem Mace, which we trust the "severest man in England" will accept, although he will surprise everybody here if he does so. Read what the Giant has to say:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1867.

ED. NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR,—Jem Mace having announced, at Bob Travers' recent benefit, at the Raglan Music Hall, London, England, his intention of following me to America, where he would be willing to meet me, I herewith challenge him to fight me for the sum of five thousand dollars, two thousand five hundred dollars a side, at any place in the United States that may be mutually agreed upon, and I will allow him two hundred and fifty dollars for expenses. I have been twice robbed of the stakes in matches for the British championship, but here we will be on an equality—strangers in a strange land, which will insure impartiality and a fair show, which is all I ever desired—and if Mace is not afraid to meet me, he can offer no plausible excuse for refusing to accede to this proposition. Trusting that Mace will keep his promise by giving me the chance I have so long wished for—and I leave you and the public to judge whether I have not done all in my power to obtain it—I close by saying that an answer through the CLIPPER will be at once attended to.

Yours respectfully, EDWARD O'BALDWIN.

The above is to the point and does credit to the courage of the Giant, but we question very much whether the man of Beeston has the slightest idea of crossing the briny to meet a man whom he had every opportunity to encounter on the other side, where the odds were certain to be in his favor in any case. There he could enter the ring with the assurance that he wouldn't lose a copper in any case, and if under these circumstances, he was unwilling to subject himself to a pummelling it aint likely that he will risk it here where the best man would be bound to win. We hope we are mistaken in our reasoning, but the chances are decidedly against it. However, if O'Baldwin fails to get on a match with the Gipsey, he will no doubt be willing to try the mettle of any man breathing, according to the terms of his bold challenge issued after the late fizzle, and there's a possibility that some of the heavy weights on this side may accommodate him by treading on the tail of his raglan. Time will tell.

MORE BOXERS FROM ABROAD.

ARRIVAL OF NED O'BALDWIN, THE IRISH GIANT, AND JACK HICKS.

The sporting fraternity of the metropolis and vicinity are at present in a fever of excitement over the arrival of the celebrated Irish Giant, Edward O'Baldwin—the story of whose systematic and barefaced robbery by the custodians of "that belt," which has been allowed to rest in peace for so long a time, is still fresh in the memory of our readers—and that clever, experienced British boxer, Jack Hicks, who trained the great O'B. for his late *fiasco* with the tricky Mace. They landed at this port from the steamer Etna on the morning of the 11th inst., after a pleasant passage of fourteen days, and were met at the dock by Bob Smith, Dooney Harris and Tommy Burns—a committee of reception which would have been greatly augmented had it been generally known that the "distinguished foreigners" were on board, for great has been the desire to see and greet O'Baldwin, arising from the sympathy awakened by the fleecing he has been subjected to, his manly conduct, extraordinary size, and the boldness of his challenge to any man in the world. After shaking hands all round, the party jumped into the carriage in waiting and proceeded up town, calling in at the Nautilus Branch and other prominent sporting houses, at each and all of which the new-comers received a gramakill welcome, and finally bringing up at the House of Commons, where they are at present stopping. The news of the arrival of the notables spread like boarding house butter on smoking buckwheat cakes, and when we looked in at the Houston street free-and-easy that night we found the place packed well nigh to suffocation by the boys, who had come to pay respects to, and take stock of the Waterford Giant and *compagnon du voyage*, the former of whom occupied the head of the table, with Jack in the seat of honor on his right, both appearing to enjoy most heartily their first night's experience in Gotham. During the evening O'Baldwin, in responding to a toast, made a neat little speech, thanking one and all for the cordiality of the reception extended himself and friend, and stating that he had come over for the express purpose of fighting Jim Mace, who had promised faithfully to follow, and he hoped and prayed that he would keep his word. He was honored with three hearty cheers as he took his seat. Hicks was now called upon, and "spoke a piece," similar in substance to that of his more ponderous side partner, except that *his* object in coming was to train O'Baldwin, and if possible, get up a match with Pooley Mace, Jem's cousin. Three cheers were, in turn, proposed for the gallant Jackward, which were given with a will. Since then the strangers have made the round of the sporting houses throughout the metropolis, making friends wherever they went, by their unassuming, gentlemanly deportment, and adding by their appearance to the good opinion already entertained regarding their capabilities as delineators of the art manly. Pressure upon our columns precludes the insertion of sketches of the men, which are now in type, and will appear next week.

LOOKING AT THE SIGHTS.—That clever, game and unconquered boxer, Jerry Donovan, before whose scientific arm fell Jim Burns, Johnny McGlade, Johnny Gallagher, and Steve O'Donnell, and who received forfeit from Barney Ford, arrived in Gotham on the 9th inst., and the following day called at the CLIPPER office, in company with Mike Geary, the cueist. Jerry is well and favorably known throughout the west, personally, as likewise in the east by reputation, having, besides the battles mentioned above, been engaged as second in others, the last of which was between Bussy and Duffy, when he waited upon the winner, to whom his experience and judgment were of much benefit. There was also some talk of a match between him and Butt Riley, but it never came to anything, greatly to the regret of the friends of each. For some years past he has made his habitation and home in the Garden City, where he is very popular, and always ready to extend a cordial welcome to any worthy brother boxer who may cast his lines in the pleasant places to be found in the metropolis of the west. Here it was that he formed the acquaintance of poor dead and gone Jim Heenan, whose bosom friend he became, was with him when he died, and attended to seeing the last sad rites paid to his remains. He comes to New York by invitation of Joe Coburn and Hen McDermott, to whom he showed many kindnesses while they were in Chicago. He will probably take a benefit during his sojourn if a suitable hall can be engaged, and if he does the boys should turn out strong.

JOINT TESTIMONIAL TO O'BALDWIN AND HICKS.—Arrangements are now on foot, having for their object the rendering of a complimentary benefit to the newly-arrived meteors of the British P. R., Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, and Jack Hicks, whom many still think is the unknown destined to encounter Barney Aaron on All-Fools' Day, and it is probable that a commodious hall, centrally located, will be secured for the occasion. As much sympathy is expressed for the great O'B, owing to his shameful treatment in his matches with Jem Mace—whom he has traveled all of 3 0 0 miles to fight—this, combined with the universal desire to see him and Hicks "perform," and the fact that they have created a very favorable impression and made hosts of friends by their civil, quiet, gentlemanly demeanor, will ensure them a packed house. All the notables in the metropolis and vicinity may reasonably be expected to show on the occasion. Notice of time and place will be given in due season.

ROUGH ON THE CLEVELANDERS.—The Forest City has for months past been the abiding place of numerous members of the fistic fraternity, and they get along there so swimmingly that every body who took a jaunt to the "western wilds" made it a rule to show up in Cleveland, certain that they would be well received and, if worthy, make a few stamps during their sojourn. Things have underwent a change for the worse, however, for a few days since the city fathers passed an ordinance prohibiting sparring exhibitions in the place, the result, no doubt, of the high-handed manner in which the boys have conducted themselves thereaway of late.

RUMORED SHOOTING OF PATSY FOY.—A letter received by a gentleman in Chicago, states that Patsy Foy, who fought Bill Blackwood, F. Bradley, Harry Cooper, Jack Killehar, Patsy Marley and Jimmy Dwyer, was shot in San Francisco, Cal. by a friend of a man with whom he had a turn-up a few days previous. As our latest advices from that section make no mention of the circumstance, the statement is probably unreliable, and we trust it may prove so.

BILLY MCLEAN IN PHILADELPHIA.—As announced last week this skilful exponent of the art *fistique* proposes giving a sparring entertainment in the Quaker City anterior to his departure for the great West and the reconstructed district. O'Neill's Hall, corner Broad and Lombard streets, has been secured for the event, and Saturday evening, Dec. 21st, is the fixture. A host of the division have promised to assist.

THE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR MATCH.—The third deposit of $500 a side, making a thousand in all, in the important light weight match between Barney Aaron and Jim Collins' Unknown, was tabled at Peter Mitchell's all in good season on the evening of the 11th instant, in the presence of a large gathering of the fraternity.

THE FIGHT FOR THE 18TH INST.—Considerable flutter has been created among the fraternity by the light weight match fixed for the 18th inst., between Harry Hicken and Dutchy, at catch weights for a purse of $500.

☞ We have letters for John Goulding and Jim Turner.

Siberian Blood Hound For Sale.
A full blooded Bitch about fifteen months old. Can be seen and particulars ascertained at
37-2t* 194 BLEECKER STREET, New York City.

DOING A MERCHANT.—"Reckon I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day, Square," said a genuine specimen of the Yankee peddler, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis. "I reckon you calculate about right, for you can't, nowais." "Well, I guess you needn't git huffy 'beout it. Now, here's a dozen ginooine razor-strops—with two dollars and a half; you may have 'em for two dollars." "I tell you I don't want any of your traps, so you may as well be going along." "Wall, neow, look here, Square. I'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops

DERE VAS ONCE A FIRE IN PITT STREET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GUS. PHILLIPS.

It vas midnight, und der psebles all
Vas shnoring in deir beds;
Der firemens, too, dey vash ashleep
Mit deir fire-shirts under deir heads;
It vas a loafly moonlight night,
Und dere vas no noises at a l,
Oxcept it vas der kitten-cats
Dot squeallin in der hall.

Der Dutchmans dat vork der midnight vagons,
Mit der big numbers on der side,
Could neider been seen or shmelled or heard,
Cause dey vas not oud dis night—
Hans Breitman, he vas a tailor feller,
Und he did vork ver sheap,
Und he built dot corduroy suits ot close
By his shop, dots in Pitt shtreet.

Now Hans dot day vas vorking hard,
He vas tired and his arms vas sore;
Und so quick he laid him mit der bed,
He didn't know someding more.
He dream such a kind of bully dream,
So quick dot he got ashleep;
He dream his name it "Norfull" vas,
Und he feed dot pigs and sheep.

Hans dreamed he vas up mit der top of a hill,
Mit Harrows and Axes and Ploughs,
By a place vere dere vasen't some Councilmens,
Und der vasen't some Swill-milk Cows.
He dreamed dere vas such a man comed along
Dot looked so almighty queer,
Un he asked dot Hans of he can't drink
Such a glass of Lager Bier.

Yust den Hans git a awful punch,
Dot most made him lost his breath,
Und he shouted oud "Vat der duyvil is dot!"
Dot afraided him most to death.
He put oud his hands und feel his wife,
Und she holler mit all her might:
"Hans someding bites me by der back!
Git up und made a light!"

Hans he git up right off der bed,
Makin' grumballs like a bear,
Und he says "Vy couldn't you let me went
Till after I got my beer."
Hans he vas mad, und he shwear und curse,
Und he calls his vife a "Vitches;"
He shtick oud his hands und hurt his head
In tryin' to find der matches.

After a vile he git dot dings,
Und he made der candle lighted,
Und his vife she maked her stickpickles on
To find der dings vot bited—
She find by her back a big Pea-roach,
Of she didn't I'm been a liar—
She gived one jump und der candle fell down
Und made der bed a fire.

Katrina she scream und holler un I dings—
Hans says "Shut up you mouder—
Go get some vater so quick like you can
Und help made der fire played ouder."
Der Policemens vas fast ashleep
So shnug like pigs mit clofer,
But ven dey hear Katrina scream
Dey jump up und run all ofer.

Day rub deir eyes und blow dot visties
So quick dot dey hear dot scream,
Und ven dey look up und see dot blaze
Dey run for der Fire-machine—
Hans find der place vas gettin' too hot,
Und he made up his mind dot he quit it,
So he shtick somedings in a old Band-box
Und run down shtairs und forgit it.

Dot Hooks und Ladders dot seon comed along.
Und der feller vats got der Rudder
He didn't shteer der Ladders straight
Und he knocked Hans in der gutter—
Hans he vas hurded, und up he springed
Und hese nose dot comes oud blood,
Und he says you do "a dam wrong ding,
Ven you knocked me by der mud."

Der firemens voorks und holler und shout,
Und der Vater vas awful shtream,
Und der only Fire-vagon dot vas'nt by vork,
Vas der von dot don't vork mit shteam;
Der fellers dey laugh und shout oud loud:
"Dot ding you gots played ouder—
You better took dot by Uncle Simpson,
Und jab it up der spouder."

"PRINCE JOHN;"

OR,

DIARY OF A NEW YORK "FANCY MAN."

HISTORICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ST. GEORGE METCALF, ESQ.

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER MAN'S BOOTS.

Life is a risk! Men and women run a great many serious risks, the married ones in particular, when, bird-like, they are caught and caged. In other words, when found where they ought not to be—anything but being all in the family. The thief, in his vocation, is bad enough, but the seducer runs chances of life to-day and death to-morrow. There are thousands of persons, be it said boldly, who throughout all the diversified channels of society, take it upon themselves—married and single—to run dashing risks of assignation, feigned love, and high-bought pleasures. The object is bad—the will is vicious—the deed wicked. Passion is a mighty swayer of enticements.

"Underwood," said the Prince, jocosely, "our young friend here, Billy Okie, has got it into his head that, to me, a New York expression, it's a h—— of a thing to be one of the boys, and to live fast. I tell him that, as he is young, has a good reputation, has money, he had better keep the choice selection together, and dethrone at once all these energies, desires of fast proclivities, and so on. What say you, as a pilgrim traveler?"

"Do it, by all means," rejoined the senior fancy man of the two. "Do it, by all means, for only one out of eighty can ever see themselves through. I had the same big idea of city sporting life when I jumped into the arena—but put me back in my boots five and twenty years ago, yes more, and I would lead another vocation."

"Oh, that's very fine to say now," interrupted Okie.

"And I would make a man of myself," continued Underwood.

"So would I," added Sam.

"No wonder, for you, too, have been through the mill; but I haven't. Why, I've hardly seen the elephant, tusks and all. It's in me, and it has got to come out, that's the all about it! You two gents might talk till the wind hangs northeast for forty successive days and for forty successive nights, but I'm bound to see high life—go it while I can—and there's a big thing in my favor—I've got the money to do it with, too. The Prince says to me— Go into some kind of first class business, have something to take my time up, and that I can have all the fun I want.'"

"Your friend gives you a good piece of advice. Pray, how old are you, Mr. Okie?"

"I'm twenty-one," was the dry reply: "old enough to carry my points as far as you two gents can; and, although I'm quite a novice there seems to be ample room for improvement."

Billy shook his curly head significantly.

"And why not invest your money in some safe business?"

"That's what I intend to do, and I intend to speculate heavy on a small amount of money—mostly invested in two articles—for the next year to come, and while I'm sure of one, I shall take advantage of the other—until I play myself out of society, if not out of money."

"What the d—l can it be?" asked the Prince, smilingly.

"Yes, name the all important topic," added Underwood.

"WINE AND WOMEN!" Okie brought the words out with bold effrontery—with an air of triumph. "Gentlemen, you may smile and wink, and bite your lips—but it's in me. I'm all life, excitement, passion, full of imaginary wishes, a fond devotee of charming women, particularly those who sway beauty and voluptuousness, and swing pretty, well made ankles. That's my style."

"You will get sick of all such vanity, such nonsense in a year's time. With you, petticoats and dimity, and crinoline will be at a discount."

"Then, Sam, so much the better, for it will either kill, cure, or break me."

"Perhaps the whole three," interposed Underwood, with a grin.

"That's got to be found out yet, gentlemen. Both of you have tested it for years and years, and I can't see but what each of you look about as fair and healthy as the generality of good looking men—even your juniors."

"Perhaps we are exceptions to the general rule, Mr. Okie? What preserved us might kill you, young man," said Underwood, seriously, placing his hand upon the shoulders of Billy—"banish from your mind all these wine and women thoughts, for its no honor in tracing those days to a man, or a woman, to be called fast. This being one of the boys is done away with—in fact, Mr. Okie, its a played out thing in cities—and in New York, particularly! Things, customs, usages, have changed. Go into some legitimate business, and, well located, look about you, select some precious little flower, and take it home to your bosom."

"Pah! Never, Mr. Underwood, while milk is so cheap; never!"

Both fancy men laughed heartily.

"Your ideas are good, your advice honorable, but I can't see it just in your light. I've got only one life to live—can't die until my time comes—so I'm bound to go it, to see life in my way of thinking—whole hog or none! That's me."

"Okie, if it's a fair question, how much money can you command?"

"Sam, it's a fair question, and I'll answer it right up to the handle, like an honest man. Sixty thousand dollars, easy."

"In your own right and title?"

"Yes, sir-ree! Well invested, and will average 8 per cent. interest. Oh, I'm no *stouck*, if I am full of h——l."

"Then you can live on the interest in fair, handsome style; can't he, Underwood?"

"Should think so. Let me see—eight per cent. Why it's as good as four thousand eight hundred dollars interest money, per year! Well, well, and can't go in business and have your fun included?"

"Can't see it—wouldn't care a d—— if the interest amounted to twenty thousand dollars. I'm going on a traveling expedition, have my own circus, performers and all. This money, you see, was left me by an old maid aunt. Privateering in the War of 1812 hauled the money into the family coffers. My other aunt is feeble, very feeble; in fact, pills and strong green tea are the two main requirements that keep her up. You see she is the only relation on earth that I have living. I'm the only chicken left, and

Oh, won't I go it,
O yes, I will.

But gentlemen, I never intend to gamble at cards, I hate, yes, detest the sight of a pack of cards—have from a child up—and that's one feather in my cap. Then, I never intend to get drunk—I never was, and the Prince, at this early day, pronounces me a capital good drinker. So, it my head is well enough balanced, there will be feather No. 2 in my cap. Nobody shall *beat* me out of my money, not if I have my eyes opened."

"If you intend to speculate in those two articles you spoke of, you'll find it very expensive."

"Yes, sir; that's true as preaching, for we know it to be a fact. Why, Okie, *wine and women* have been the means of ruining more persons, rich and poor together; more good characters; sacrificing more lives and getting more men of all classes, ages and conditions into serious trouble than any other two articles in the civilized world. History has an account of it, the world knows it, and it's a history that don't *lie!* It is a terrible thought when investigated, and we know what old heads do know, don't we, Sam?"

"Too true, too true," Sam sighed.

"Well, I can but try, if I *haven't* got either of your precious good looks. I have got the money to back me—that's more than half the battle any how. I confess I'm green, but you know civilization is a mighty big word—so's enlightenment."

"I can't help laughing," remarked Underwood, "for you talk so *earnest*."

"Don't he," spoke forth the Prince.

"And I mean just what I say. I was born to live just here in this little town—*I know I was*, and I'm bound to see through it thoroughly by daylight and by gaslight."

"Then, if you won't listen to us, and if you intend to put on a full head of steam, don't run away with yourself."

"And our friend Okie must never jump out of a third-story window and break an ankle, for the sake of saving himself from being discovered, eh?"

"No, that's so; especially when the husband's well-known footsteps are heard coming up the stairs."

"And he mustn't take a wrong pair of boots and leave his own, when hard pressed for time in making his escape down the back stairs."

"Just so! Oh, how many times I've thought of it! Say, Okie, and then after you felt safe—after you had reached a vacant lot—you set down to put on *your* boots, and you find them big enough to take your younger brother right along in 'em."

"Yes, Okie and on the following Sunday, when the *husband* goes to put on *his* Sabbath boots, so as to correspond with his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, he finds at the foot of his bed a nice little high-heeled, delicate, fashionable pair of gentlemen's patent leathers—too small even to think of admitting even five toes—but wouldn't you have smelt a very big rat had you, unfortunately, been the husband?"

"Yes, but I don't care how many hair-breadth escapes you two *sinners* have run—I shall be more cautious."

"Above all things, Okie, never leave your overcoat in a gentleman's parlor, with love-letters in the side pocket from his own wife, as he comes *in* one door and you go *out* of another."

"And, Okie, never get locked up in a seven by nine closet, as you hear the absent husband putting his key, very unexpectedly, in its proper place so as to admit him to his own premises."

"No; and Billy Okie, good, clever soul, don't get shot at as you are running down a circular spiral stairway in one of their nineteen and-a-half story tenement houses, as an injured husband sees you (from three stories above), making love to his wife on the stairs."

"But, Okie," interrupted Underwood, hurriedly, "if you *should* ever happen to take fashionable board in one house, and there are a couple of pretty girls residing next door, don't get caught near daybreak walking from one roof to the other, with nothing but your shirt and drawers on, coming up one pair of stairs and going down the next door skylight."

"Oh, what do I care for your devilish frolics? Neither one of you ought to die a natural death."

"Above all things Okie, if you do intend to be a brick, never repose on one of those patent alarm bedsteads, when, at an hour desired, it wakes you up by throwing you out of bed."

"I've heard of 'em, and those with an alarm clock attached."

"Never mind about the alarm clock arrangement, for there's alarm enough in arousing up a whole house full of people, and you overhear the women talking, then pouncing at the door. 'Pray, what's the matter, madam?' 'Oh, why *don't* she open the door? Something must have happened to the lovely widow!' 'Poor soul—and all *alone*, too.'"

"There, there, if you two will just let up," ejaculated Okie, "I'll take you forthwith to Delmonico's, stand dinner, champagne and cigars."

CHAPTER X.

THE FINAL WIND UP.

Five years have come and gone! The reader may think it is a long time, between Time and the parties, since they met and discussed the merits and demerits of fast life in our last and memorable chapter. But it was willed so to be. Soon after the trio parted, circumstances placed Bob Underwood in such a juxtaposition as to deprive him of choice female society in this country. Revelations had taken place wherein his head would be worth more in some foreign clime than in his own America. And woman had done it all! Jealous of rivals, she betrayed him, and the husband, thirsting for blood, made New York too hot a place for the body and soul of the handsome seducer. Hence his hasty return to Europe.

Soon after Underwood's sudden disappearance from the circle of fast men and fast women, the Prince himself sought the German spring waters on account of failing in health. Not only was this excuse used in smoothing and paving the way, but Madam Rumor declared also that Sam was *forced* to seek other quarters where a less display of daggers and revolvers would ensue. Even Bond street had gone back on him, but not until he had unwarrantably disgraced the household in such a manner as to call down vengeance upon his reckless head. He had been too bold in his assignations—too careless in his triumphs—too thoughtless in his progressions. Hence, all his grand moves upon the chess-board of seduction had been terrible, and those connected with him had been wofully deceived.

During these long five years Billy Okie had led a changeful life. After the retirement of his two companions, he went forth on his half wild, rampant way, seeing what he could see, hearing what he could hear, doing what he could do, to aid his cause along as the proud *devotee* at woman's shrine. To-day, he was well; to-morrow, he was sick. Yesterday, he was a miser at heart, while on the following day, a foolish spendthrift. Sober one day, drunk the next. His companions made him *the banter*. Smart men led him into unprofitable speculations, and during a run of eight short months, the managers of a regular system of black mail fleeced him out of as many thousands of dollars! Yes, he was *frightened* into the snare. Dissipation had her powerful clutches upon the *victim*—he knew it, realized it, but had not moral courage to shun the wrath to come. He fell, addicted to the gambler's passion, thereby overruling all his early propensities when he swore never to yield to such a transaction! Enticements had led him away, and within the first three years' time, after the departure of the Prince, Billy Okie had changed greatly. Wine, women, endorsements, giving bonds in behalf of other loose parties, gambling, policy and lottery tickets, together with late suppers, had almost ruined him socially and financially. He had no real, honest friend, to warn him of the coming danger—for his companions were friends of his pocket. He promised to marry this girl, that woman and such a certain young widow, and went back upon his assertions, and the three were of *loose* character. Yet, to keep himself out of the raw clutches of the law, he had to pony over a goodly amount of his world's goods. Next, arrested for seduction—then for conspiracy—together with minor assignations—Okie soon found, without any friend telling him of it, that a fast life cost money, and to be a fancy man of the first dip demanded a strong constitution as well as a strong vault of money. He possessed the latter, but not the former.

"I'm about satisfied—ought to be—must be," said Okie to a friend of ours, as he gradually became reduced. "I have been ruined by my professed friends! I thought I was smart, but no, I'm a fool! My money has gone fast, and my character can't be more than two days behind! I've been in some great speculations."

"Mammoth would be a better word."

"Just so, my friend—you're right there. I set a gal of mine up in the millinery business, big as life, and right on Broadway, too! I paid four thousand dollars, all in one bill, for ribbons, straws and silks—and one day I went to call on her, when lo, I found the place vacant, and no one visible save an ancient nig, who was whitewashing away like a good fellow. No one knew anything, or anybody—so I says to myself, as I whistled myself out, taken in and done for—nobly!" Well, I had another institution—one of these tasty, gaudy segar stores, kept by another gal of mine, No. 2, and she had under her jurisdiction some six or eight ladies of easy virtue—what you might style companions in arms! So I goes over to the *ranche*, when, lo, and behold, it had been all cleared out, and the old gal and chickens had been sent up on Blackwell's Island for six months. I left the quarters in disgust, and did not desire to ask any more questions concerning the subject. In short, my friend, I was satisfied!"

"I should think so," was the response.

"But you haven't heard all. I had an interest in No. 3, an investment a d——d sight poorer than the other two! I bought a farm, in trade, situated in Michigan—a farm purporting to contain 1,000 acres, more or less. I went out to look after it, took a young East Broadway widow along, and what do you think I found? One mammoth space of water—as the Irishman said, *four-thirds* covered with water! This satisfied me that No. 3 beat No 1 and No. 2, and that real estate agents were swindlers of the very first water. Then a *friend* of mine got into serious trouble, and as woman was at the bottom of it, of course, in accordance with my religious belief, I was bound to help a fellow colaborer in the vineyard out of it. Bail was required—two sureties, each eight thousand dollars. I volunteered to go one if the party had a friend to go the other. The friend was found. Mine was good bail—his proved to be straw bail. Therefore, your uncle was the victim. Next, I went into a copper mine speculation, and that waxed me. It was the heaviest beat of the season—beat all the rest on the catalogue. It brought me from the St. Nicholas Hotel away down to anybody's. A clique of half decayed paupers wanted me to go in with them on an immense thing—buy a charter of a bank, a Rhode Island bank—be the President of it—head director—high-cock-o-lo-rum of the thing itself. At that time they believed I was wealthy. *I didn't!* Had I touched the swindle I should have been forced to remove myself still lower down. But let me go on," said Okie, "and see what has brought me almost to the common level of, of—well, I will leave that for you to guess. To-day I'm a broken down sport, with a delicate constitution, with a blotched face and a rum blossom on the tip end of my nose, and not a second suit of clothes to my back. And this is Billy Okie, hail fellow well met, as long as his money held out. My aunt, knowing of my rash dissipations and my reckless expenditure of money, changed her will, laid down one afternoon, with a pinch of yellow snuff between thumb and forefinger, and gently died! The Baptist church took the pile, to a dollar! Supposing we go into this Dutch grocery and take a nice little private drink 'mong ourselves!"

"Agreed—certainly," was the response from a party looking about as seedy as himself.

"You have traveled pretty fast I should judge, from what I have seen and heard of you! But my respects."

"Drink hearty, old boy, and let's feel thankful that we are able to drink—poor as Hance's gin is."

"When I commenced," said Okie, after he had seated himself on the top of a potato barrel, "I had two famous companions—rich, handsome men. Money was no object to either of us."

"And where are they now?"

"The Lord only knows—somewhere in Europe—had to leave—got into trouble, and I hear that neither of them will ever *dare* to put foot in the United States again."

"Bad business, that."

"Oh, yes, rough, rough—but I didn't think they would carry things so far into the heart of transgression! But so it is, so it is!" Okie sighed.

"Do you ever go up in the country, up home, now-a-days?"

"No—not in three years. Never expect, never intend, and never want to go either. *I shall see it out here*, in New York City! Physicians say I am consumptive—but I don't! My disease is *Gin*—the petroleum of the soul! When I get tight, I am intellectually drunk—that's all. Take another drink, old fellow—don't be coaxed."

Months have passed! Okie still lives, but his purse has gone—so has his health. He has heard from Sam, the Prince, who was then, at the time of writing, in a hospital in London, striving to regain his health, having had two bullets—one in his shoulder, the other in his ankle—introduced in his person by an infuriated husband, as the Prince was escaping from a lady's chamber! He writes:—"I run a narrow chance," &c. Okie has also heard from Bob Underwood, who was in Spain, having eloped with a rich dowager of Paris. He writes:—"Good-by to America forever!"

"No wonder," says Okie, "the d——d fool *dare* not show his face here. Why didn't both of 'em stay and fight it out like brave Okie, instead of shunking out of the country? Why, I get any quantity of letters from any quantity of wives, and have for years. One says—'Bubby boy wants fifteen dollars for a drum.' Another writes—'Your child needs clothes.' A third partly hints—'Send me fifty dollars to dress the twins up with;" while No. 4 delicately informs Mr. Okie that 'Lawful proceedings have been already commenced against you.' Say, mister, do you know that this getting into law is d——d poor business? I've made up my mind to keep out of it. But let's have a respectable drink—a social smile together—before Billy Okie leaves you—perhaps for good."

"What! do you intend to leave the country, too, for your country's good?" asked an old pot bummer.

"Yes, and I want to get the right kind of fellow bummer to write my *obit*—in other parlance, obituary. I think I shall take a shower bath before long—get on to the cow-catcher of some locomotive, dive into some leather vat, climb Trinity church steeple, and jump off with an open umbrella—emigrate to the Dead Sea."

"Don't talk so randomish, strange, Okie, for you make my blood run cold."

"You know what it says in the Book of Job—'And the gin shall take him by the heels!' Well," says Okie, smilingly, "and it's got me—*sure!*"

Twenty-one days after this grocery controversy, Billy Okie was conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum and straight-jacketed! In his delirious scenes his mind seems bent upon one subject only. On an average of sixty times per day, at the last accounts, he lifts his glass in his hand, and, bowing, gives the same stereotyped toast:—

"HERE'S TO WINE AND WOMEN!"

THE END.

A ROBBER'S GRATITUDE.

Louis Dominique Cartouche, one of the most celebrated of robbers, was born in Paris in 1695. His parents, who were honest citizens, were in good circumstances, and sent him to the College of Clermont. Cartouche was one of those who prefer the great men of Plutarch to their historian. He had more taste for action and intrigue than for the quiet and monotony of study.

He early showed a passion for thieving, which was rapidly developed at Clermont. He stole his companions' pens, rulers, knives and books, which he sold to buy marbles and other playthings. At one time he made a sweep of all the cotton nightcaps in the dormitory. He was suspected; and, as he had left his own, probably from fear of taking cold without it, the omission was strong proof against him. His comrades punished him by tossing him in a blanket, and then beating him with their fists.

One of the boys, named Ernest de Lusbert, instead of taking pleasure in tormenting him, tried to calm the rage of the others; and his zeal in defending Cartouche excited in him the most lively gratitude.

Long years after, when he had become the captain of a formidable band of robbers, while making his escape from a house where he had been surprised, flying from roof to roof, he saw, through an open window, a man sitting by a table loaded with papers which he was reading with great attention. By his side was a bag of Spanish leather, the mouth of which was open, showing a large amount of gold. He quickly scaled the window, entered the chamber without arousing its occupant, and was preparing to spring upon him, knife in hand, when, at a turn of the head, he saw before him his old and beloved schoolmate, Ernest de Lusbert.

At sight of a man armed with a poinard, De Lusbert sprang to his feet, and grasped his sword.

"Ah, Lusbert!" exclaimed Cartouche, lowering his knife, "do you not know poor Dominique Cartouche? He remembers you most surely."

Lusbert had lost sight of Cartouche on leaving school. He had left Paris for a military life, and the identity of the famous robber with his schoolmate never presented itself to him. But the remembrance of his early trickery and his present strange appearance before him made him receive Cartouche with coldness. Cartouche, ashamed to disclose himself a robber, or fearing the prejudices of his old comrade, pretended that he had been engaged in another adventure than that of robbery, and as he knew that the street was guarded, demanded hospitality for the remainder of the night.

They conversed together; the old freedom returned, notwithstanding all scruples; the memories of school companionship soon stirred the soul of Lusbert. Besides, he was suffering from an event too recent not to bless a circumstance which gave him an opportunity to pour out his heart into that of another. One is not diffident about excuses at such a time. The noble young man believing Cartouche worthy of his friendship, confessed to him that he was so unhappy that even this very night he was going to destroy himself.

The uncle of a young lady whom he loved and was about to marry had that morning commissioned him to receive in his name two thousand dollars. He received, and was conveying it to him, when one of his friends, having met him, had wished to buy a servant brought him a letter from his missing friend, in which he told him that, having betrayed his friendship by risking at the gaming-table the sum of which he was only the depository, he was, at the very moment, on his way to throw himself into the Seine.

"I was reading this letter for the third time," said De Lusbert, "when I felt some one touch me on the shoulder. I turned, and met another uncle of my beloved, who, laughing, said to me, 'Ah, ah, my good fellow! do you frequent this robber's den of Madame de Livray? I never shall trust you with my strong box, and I doubt whether my brother will do well to trust you with the pretty dowry of his daughter. You will waste her patrimony on a turn of cards.'

"I declared that I had not set foot in the house of this miserable creature. The uncle shook his head and went away without wishing to be undeceived. I went everywhere to procure the thousand pistoles that had been taken from me. I found my friends absent, or without money. If I cannot return the sum lost before ten o'clock to-morrow, my marriage will be broken off; for the uncle who saw me at the door of the Countess de Livray will be sure to say that I lost it in that pit, and my word of honor will avail nothing. When you entered, I was writing to my betrothed, her father, and my own, what I have to'd you; and that duty done, this pistol would have ended my life."

As Lusbert finished these words, he showed a pistol that had lain hidden under some papers.

"Indeed!" replied Cartouche. "Well, I thank the fortune which has procured me the happiness of serving the only one of my schoolmates to whom I owe any gratitude. It is, then, a thousand pistoles that you want?"

"Yes, and if you will lend them to me you will preserve my life."

"Listen; take this ring and be careful not to lose it. At seven o'clock in the morning, go to the Rue Beaubourg; take the passage along the river; count nine doors; at the tenth, enter into the alley; ascend the staircase to the fifth floor; a deer's hoof will there indicate to you where you shall knock; a portress will demand your business; ask for M. Loiseau, and show the ring. The old portress will question you, not failing to examine the ring with extreme care. She will then introduce you to a rich Jew, with whom I have deposited my funds. Give him a line which I will write for you. When he has read it, he will give you a thousand pistoles to meet your present need, and a set of diamonds valued at sixty thousand livres. I obtained it in England at so good a bargain, that I can give it to you for ten thousand. Take it; it will win you favor with your lady. It is, as I have told you, worth six times the amount I ask, and as to the payment, you can make it at your pleasure and convenience."

The old friend, delighted by this unexpected aid, refused to accept so much.

Cartouche then said to him—

"This night I owe you my life. I have been closely pursued, and even now they are waiting in ambuscade for me. I can leave here only on your return. Would you not do as much for me if I had rendered to you the service you have rendered me? Friends are rare on whom we can count in all circumstances. Leave me free to express my thanks."

Having, at last, concluded to owe everything to Cartouche, DeLusbert obeyed his directions, and received the thousand pistoles and diamonds.

On his return, he found Cartouche gone. A suit of his best clothing had also disappeared. The robber had judged it for his safety to change his dress before appearing upon the street.

"Friend," he had written, "what I have taken will serve as payment for what will be given you this morning in my name. If I die before you, you will have a thousand masses said for my soul, and all will be settled between us."

Lusbert never saw Cartouche again, and it was many years after his death, that, returning from Martinique, where he had gone to receive an inheritance, he learned the history and fate of his benefactor. He gave to the poor a sum of money equal to that he had received from him, and had as many masses said for his soul as he had desired. The chronicler of this story remarks: "It is certain that knaves are extraordinary men in the matter of friendship. It ought to be their special virtue, for how could they hold up their heads without it?"

ASTLEY THE EQUESTRIAN.—Astley was a tall, strong man, and loud of voice, who gave up cabinetmaking to enlist in the Fifteenth, or Elliott's Own Light Horse. He served seven years, was made rough-rider, teacher and horse-breaker to the regiment, and when, after seeing service in Germany, he obtained his discharge, he made his living out of horses. General Elliott gave him a charger as a mark of esteem, and with this and a horse bought in Smithfield, he began to exhibit to all comers in an open field near the Half-penny Hatch at Lambeth, for whatever he could get when he sent the hat round. Then he engaged part of a large timber yard which stood where the theatre now stands. Here he boarded in a circus, charged sixpence for admission, placed a pent house roof over the seats, and performed of mornings to the music of a drum and two fifes, within a rope ring open to the sky. In the evening he had Chinese shadows, a learned horse and tricks of sleight-of-hand, in a large room at No. 22 Piccadilly. The owner of the timber yard was in difficulties, and Astley saved money enough to lend him two hundred pounds, on a mortgage of the yard, with all the timber in it. With the two hundred pounds the timber merchant went abroad, and was no more heard of. Astley thus got in due time lawful possession of the place. He sold the timber, and with the produce of it, and sixty pounds, the value of a large diamond ring which he picked up at the foot of Westminster Bridge, and found no owner for, he built in the timber yard what he then called "The Amphitheatre Riding House." This building he enlarged as he got means, until the whole ground was roofed in. Astley's wife was a good horsewoman. His son also rode well as a boy. When the Royal Circus, the late Surrey Theatre, was being built, Astley, to compete with it, added a stage and scenery to his Riding Circle, which he then called, first the "Royal Grove"—from the painting, grove fashioned, of the house before the curtain—and afterwards "The Amphitheatre of Arts."

THE GHOST ROBBER.

On a fine evening in the spring of 1830, a stranger, mounted on a noble-looking horse, passed slowly over the snow white limestone road leading through the Black Forrest.

Just as the sun was going to rest for the day, when gloomy shadows were beginning to stalk, he drew rein as he said—

"This must be near the spot, surely. I'll stop here, anyhow, for awhile and see what I can learn."

He thereupon dismounted and entered the parlor of the inn, where he sat down before a small table.

"How can I serve you, meinheer?" said the landlord.

"See to my horse, outside," replied the guest, carelessly, but at the same time eying the landlord from head to foot; "and let me have some wine—Rhine will do."

The landlord was turning to withdraw from the stranger's presence, when he stopped and said—

"Which way, meinheer, do you travel?"

"To Nanstadt," replied his guest.

"You will rest here to-night, I suppose?" continued the landlord.

"I will stay here for two or three hours, but I must then be off, so as to reach my destination in the morning. I am going there to purchase lumber for the market."

"And you have considerable money with you, no doubt?" asked the landlord, innocently.

"Yes, considerable," replied the guest, sipping at his wine disinterestedly.

"Then, if you'll take my advice," said the landlord, "you'll stay here till morning."

"Why?" queried the stranger, looking up curiously.

"Because," whispered the landlord, looking around as if he were disclosing a great secret, and was afraid of being heard by somebody else, "every man who has passed over the road between this and Nanstadt at night, for the last ten years, has been robbed or murdered under very singular circumstances."

"What were the singular circumstances?" asked the stranger, putting down his glass empty, and preparing to fill it again.

"Why, you see," the landlord went on, while he approached his guest's table and took a seat, "I have spoken with several who have been robbed, and all I could learn from them is that they remember meeting, in the lonesomest part of the wood, a something that looked white and ghastly, and frightened their horses so that they either ran away or threw their riders; after that all was confusion with them; they felt a choking sensation and a sort of smothering and finally died, as they thought, but awoke in an hour or so to find themselves lying by the roadside, robbed of everything."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the stranger, looking abstractedly at the rafters in the ceiling, as though he were more intent upon counting them than he was interested in the landlord's story.

The inkeeper looked at him in amazement. Such perfect coolness he had not witnessed in a long time.

"You will remain, then?" suggested the landlord, after waiting some time for his guest to speak.

"I?" cried the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction as though he were not sure that he was the person addressed. "Oh, most certainly not; I'm going straight ahead, ghost or no ghost, to-night."

Half an hour later the stranger and a guide, called Wilhelm, were out on the road, going at a pretty round pace toward Nanstadt.

During a flash of lightning, the stranger observed that his guide looked very uneasy about something, and was slackening his horse's pace as though he intended to drop behind.

"Lead on," cried the stranger, "don't be afraid."

"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the person addressed, continuing to hold back his horse, until he was now at least a length behind his companion. "My horse is cowardly, and becomes unmanageable in a thunder storm. If you will go on, though, I think I can make him follow close enough to point out the road."

The stranger pulled up instantly. A strange light gleamed in his eyes, while his hand sought his breast pocket, from which he drew something. The guide saw the movement, and stopped also.

"Guides should lead, not follow," said the stranger, quietly, but with a firmness which seemed to be exceedingly unpleasant to the person addressed.

"But," faltered the guide, "my horse won't go."

"Won't he?" queried the stranger, with mock simplicity in his tone.

The guide heard a sharp click, and saw something gleam in his companion's right hand. He seemed to understand what it meant perfectly, for he immediately drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and shot ahead of his companion without another word.

He no sooner reached his old position, however, than the stranger saw him give a sharp turn to the right, and then disappear, as though he had vanished through the thick foliage of the trees skirting the road.

The stranger dashed up to the spot, and saw that his guide had turned down a narrow lane leading from the road into the heart of the wood.

He heard the clatter of his horse as he gallopped off. Without waiting another instant he touched his horse lightly with the rein, gave him a prick with the rowels, and off the noble animal started like the wind in the wake of the flying guide.

The stranger's horse being much superior to the other's, the race was a short one, and terminated by the guide being nearly thrown from his saddle by a heavy hand which was laid upon his bridle, stopping him.

He turned in his seat, beheld the stranger's face, dark and frowning, and trembled violently as he felt the smooth, cold barrel of a pistol pressed against his cheek.

"This cursed beast almost ran away with me," cried the guide, composing himself as well as he could under the circumstances.

"Yes, I know," said his companion, dryly; "but mark my words, young man, if your horse plays such tricks again, he'll be the means of seriously injuring his master's health."

They both turned and cantered back to the road. When they reached it again, and turned the heads of their animals in the right direction, the stranger said to his guide, in a tone which must have convinced his hearer as to his earnestness—

"Now, friend Wilhelm, I hope we understand each other for the rest of the journey. You are to continue on ahead of me, in the right road, without swerving either to the right or to the left. If I see you do anything suspicious, I will drive a brace of bullets through you without another word of notice. Now push on."

The guide started on as directed, but it was evident from his movements and his mutterings that he was alarmed at something else beside the action of his follower.

In the meantime the thunder had increased in its violence, and the flashes of the lightning had become more frequent and more blinding.

For about a mile the two horsemen rode on in silence; the guide keeping up to his directions to the letter, while his follower watched his every movement as a cat would watch a mouse.

Suddenly the guide stopped and looked behind. Again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol and saw his uplifted arm.

"Have mercy, meinheer," he groaned; "I dare not go on."

"I give you three seconds to go on," replied the stranger, sternly—"One!"

"In heaven's name, spare," implored the guide, almost overpowered with fear; "look before me in the road and you will not blame me."

The stranger looked. At first he saw something white standing motionless in the centre of the road, but presently a flash of lightning lit up the scene, and he saw that the white figure was, indeed, ghastly and frightful enough looking to chill the blood in the veins of even the bravest man. If his blood chilled for a moment, therefore, it was not through any fear that he felt for his ghostly interceptor, for the next instant he set his teeth hard, while he whispered between them, just loud enough to be heard by his terror-stricken guide—

"Be it man or devil—ride it down—I'll follow. Two"

With a cry of despair upon his lips, the guide urged his horse forward at the top of his speed, quickly followed by the stranger, who held his pistol ready in his hand.

In another moment the guide would have swept by the dreaded spot, but at that instant the report of a pistol rang through the forest, and the stranger heard a horse gallop off through the wood riderless.

Finding himself alone, the stranger raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at the ghostly murderer, and pressed his finger upon the trigger.

The apparition approached quickly, but in no hostile attitude. The stranger stayed his hand. At length the ghost addressed him in a voice that was anything but sepulchral—

"Here, Wilhelm, je mope out of your perch this minute and give a helping hand. I've hit the game while on the wing, haven't I?"

The stranger was nonplussed for a moment, but recovering himself, he grumbled something unintelligible and leaped to the ground. One word to his horse, and the brave animal stood perfectly still. By the snow-white trappings on the would be ghost, he was next enabled to grope his way in the dark toward that individual, whom he found bending over a black mass about the size of a man on the road.

As the tiger pounces upon his prey, the stranger leaped upon the stooping figure before him, and bore him to the ground.

"I arrest you in the king's name," cried the stranger, grasping his prisoner by the throat and holding him tight. "Stir hand or foot until I have you properly secured, and I'll send your soul to eternity."

This was such an unexpected turn of affairs that the would-be ghost could not believe his senses, and was handcuffed and stripped of his dagger and pistol before he found breath to speak.

"And you are not my Wilhelm?" he gasped.

"No, landlord," replied the individual addressed, "I'm not. But I'm an officer of the king, at your service, on special duty to do what I have to-night accomplished. Your precious son, Wilhelm, who thought he was leading a sheep to the slaughter, lies there in the road, killed by his father's hand."

Two weeks later, at Bruchsale prison, in Baden, the landlord of the Sign of the Deer, and the Ghost Robber of the Black Forest, who was the same identical person, having been proven guilty of numerous fiendish murders and artfully contrived robberies, committed at different times in the Black Forest, paid the penalty of his crimes by letting fall his head before the executioner's axe, since when traveling through Schwatzwald has not been so perilous to life and purse, nor has there been seen any Ghostly Knight of the Road in that section of the world.

TAKING A NIP ON THE SLY; OR, SCENE AT A FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER'S.—Miss T.—"What shall your dress be?" Mrs. S.—"I'll take an alpaca with trimmings; what is yours, my dear?" Miss T.—"Give me a moire-antique, plain." Dressmaker produces samples of the above goods in a liquid form, and serves them out in glass thimbles. Ladies empty thimbles, and dressmaker enters it in bill as gimp and bugles. The business is carried on quite professionally. A rose, you know, would smell as sweet by any other name, and Bourbon is just as good if you call it gingham. The following explanation of terms may enable you to come to an understanding with your wife's dressmaker, if you should ever drop into that establishment by mistake:—Moire-antique, old rye; white satin, London gin; gingham, Bourbon whisky; alpaca, Santa Croix; delaine, Jamaica rum; tarleton, Scotch whisky; poplin, Irish whisky; silk, S. O. P.; barege, sherry; plain merino, XX Ale; all wool plaid, alf-an-alf. Mixed drinks are distinguished by the style of trimmings. A "gingham flounced" means Bourbon sour; spotted silk is a mint julep. A "poplin gored" is synonymous with hot whisky, &c.

THEREBY DON'T HANG A TAIL.—Becket, Mass., won't allow the Green Mountain State any credit for improvement in the stock of bobtail cats. Alfred Aiken, of that town, has a three year old feline which never had any tail, not even the smallest suggestion of one. She is perfectly white, has very long hind legs, and is a remarkable h

SPORTS ABROAD.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.

HARRY KELLEY AND JOSEPH SADLER FOR £300 A SIDE.

A FOUL, ROW OVER, AND KELLEY DECLARED WINNER.

The great match between the above scullers for £600 and the Championic honors of the Thames, was decided on Thursday, 28th ult., in a manner which furnishes a companion picture to the way in which other championship matches across the water have of late years terminated, and must exercise a baneful influence on the character of professional rowing in England. A foul occurred on the 27th ult., the day fixed for the race, and on the day following, when the referee ordered the men to row again, there was no race at all, as Kelley pulled over the course alone, by a questionable order of the referee, and was awarded the stakes.

When the engagement was entered into there was very fair promise indeed of a genuine close contest. Sadler had within a short time beaten Cooper, the Tyneside clipper, once, and Percy, the next best northerner, twice; and at the Paris Regatta defeated Kelley, over a two mile course, for the scullers' prize, though he was disqualified in consequence of having been accompanied by his brother in a cutter. The last performance took a great many by surprise, especially after the great form shown by the Champion when he defeated Bob Chambers a short time before. It is now well known that Kelley was not fit when he rowed at Paris; but this last performance of Sadler's made his friends very confident in his ability to tackle over the long course his former mentor, with whom he has been on bad terms ever since his race with Chambers last year. After a good deal of talk in the neighborhood of Putney, the men broke out into newspaper correspondence, Kelley challenging the world, and asking that would-be champions should take up the gauntlet before the end of this year, or leave him alone to retire on his laurels. Sadler was not slow to answer, but wished the match to be for £200 a side, and proposed also that Kelley should lay him a bet of £200 to £200. Harry adhered to his original terms of £300 a side, and ultimately the match was made for that amount. A glance at the previous career of each man will show how much reason the one had for pitting himself against the other.

Henry Kelley is now in his thirty-seventh year, having been born at Fulham in 1831. He took to the water at an early age, and was employed on one of the Citizen steamers as mate, when he made his first essay with the sculls and won the Leander Coat and Badge in 1852. In 1854 he beat Candlish, of Newcastle, and the two Mackinneys for the scullers' prize at the Thames National Regatta, and achieved two other victories over J. Mackinney in 1855 and the following year, Mackinney having been swamped in the first race. During this time he was also distinguishing himself in fours and pairs; he rowed two scullers' matches with Butler and was victorious in both; and his form was then considered good enough to warrant his trying for the Championship of the Thames, at that time held by J. Messenger. A match, for £200 a side, was made, and Kelley added another and an easy victory to the list of his achievements; but in 1859 the north-country folk sent up Bob Chambers, who, like Kelley, had hitherto carried everything before him in sculling; and on Sept. 29, of that year, the Fulham waterman had to yield to the Tynesider. He rowed at the Tyne Regatta in 1862, with Cooper and Chambers, when a foul occurred, which was decided in favor of the latter; he won the Championship of the Ouse in 1864; and in 1865 he once more brought the Championship to the Thames by beating Chambers easily for a stake of £200 a side and a bet of £300 to £200 on Chambers, who was backed for a deal of money. He subsequently beat both Chambers and Cooper in a sweepstakes at Lynn, and Hamill, the American champion, for £300 a side, on the Tyne last year. Chambers made another effort for the championship in May this year, but Kelley disposed of him more easily than before. His last appearance in a scullers' race was, as we have mentioned, at Paris this year, when he finished second to Sadler, but received the prize through the latter being disqualified. His height is 5ft. 9in., and his weight on Wednesday, 10st 5lb.

In point of age Joseph Henry Sadler had a great advantage over his opponent, as he is not yet twenty-eight, having been born at Putney on May 7, 1840. He made his first appearance as an oarsman at the Sons of the Thames Regatta, in 1861, as one of an unsuccessful four-oared crew; but at the same regatta in the following year won the four oared race with Wise, Biffen, and Conet. He rowed second to Kelly for the Sculls at the Thames National of 1864, beating Hoare and Eagers. In the same year, Royal was defeated by him in a match for £20 a side; he beat Drewitt next year for a stake of £50 a side; and his next match was with Tom Hoare, on May 14 of last year, the result of the contest being another victory for the rising Putney sculler. He was not good enough, however, to beat Chambers in a race for the Championship and £200 a side last November, the race being given against him by the referee on a foul. On June 2 of this year he beat James Percy, of Newcastle, on the Thames, for £200 a side; and on the 22d of the same month, Cooper, of Newcastle, also fell a prey to him in a match for a similar stake, over the same course. Both these affairs were decided on fouls, and Percy had another try with Sadler over the two-mile course at King's Lynn in the following September. The race was a good one for a mile, but then the Putney sculler took the lead, and ultimately won rather easily. Sadler's next important engagement was at the Paris Regatta this year, when he rowed against Kelley in the final heat for the sculls, with the result mentioned already. Besides these races, he has rowed a good deal in pairs and fours, at various regattas, with a fair amount of success.

The betting fluctuated at from 5 to 4 to 6 to 4 on Kelley, and a large amount of money was invested at the latter price up to the eve of the event, and on the morning of the race.

In point of weather the race could not possibly have been more highly favored than on Wednesday, and the attendance of spectators was large. As the match was not, on this occasion, between North and South—the first time for years that a championship race has not been so—the burr of the Tynesiders was less audible than usual; but there was enough of dialect in the southern camp to make a bit of a noise. At precisely half-past two, the time fixed by the articles, Kelley first, and Sadler immediately afterwards, put off in their racing craft, and were loudly cheered. Kelley rowed in the Charles Bush—the boat in which he beat Chambers—and Sadler in one belonging to his brother, both having been built by Jewitt, of Dunston, whose new boats, built expressly for the occasion, were not so much fancied. Kelley was accompanied by George Drewitt in a cutter, and George Hammerton was also in an eight in order to show Sadler the way. The referee, Mr. Biffin, with Mr. Bush, umpire for Kelley, and Mr. J. Messenger, umpire for Sadler, were on board the Citizen L. The toss for choice of stations was won by Mr. Bush for Kelley, and the champion chose the Middlesex side. There was not a moment's unnecessary delay. When the men doffed their guernseys and got ready for the start there was another cheer, and then all looked anxiously for

THE RACE,

which was begun at sixteen minutes to three o'clock, with a fair tide, little wind, and smooth water. After a couple of attempts the men got away together. Kelley taking the lead in the first few strokes. He gradually increased his lead, and at the Duke's Head was three-quarters of a length in front; but at this point, Sadler, rowing much the faster stroke, began gradually to draw forward, both going at a great pace, and Kelley preserving the same steady stroke, notwithstanding the advance of the other man. A little past Simmons' they were level, and opposite the London Boat-house Sadler led by nearly a quarter of a length. He continued gradually to creep up, and passing Finch's Field had three-quarters of a length the best of it, whilst at Craven Point he had improved upon that to the extent of a foot or so. Kelley never flagged, and all that Joe could do he could not get clear, though so very near it. Making the shoot, the men kept dangerously close, but Kelley was now gaining, though there was no diminution in the rapidity of Sadler's stroke, and every inch of advantage gained was attained by downright hard work. Making the shoot, Sadler went rather wide, and Kelly, quickening his stroke, continued to gain, so that at Rosebank Sadler had a lead of a quarter of a length only. A few yards further, Kelley drew level, and passed him; but the Champion bored his man towards the Surrey shore, and they were so close that a foul was expected a considerable time before it actually occurred. As it was with Sadler before, so it was with Kelley now. The latter, with nearly a length the lead, was kept at that for a dozen strokes or so after obtaining it, and the struggle became more exciting still when, at the Soap-works, Sadler, who had very little room for rowing, spurted just at the time that Kelley was getting clear, and caught up half a length with amazing rapidity. As everybody had seen, a foul was the consequence, Sadler's boat going over Kelley's right scull. Both stopped, the boats were quickly disentangled, and the race was recommenced, Sadler starting first. He was almost immediately passed by Kelley, who led by three-quarters of a length at Hammersmith Bridge, reached in 9 min. 50 sec. From this point Kelley increased his lead, and finished three lengths ahead at Mortlake. The referee, being then appealed to, decided that for the foul both men were equally to blame, and that they must row over again on the following day. The announcement of the decision seemed somewhat of a surprise to a great many, who had noticed how closely Sadler was kept in to the Surrey shore during the last hundred yards or so below the point where the foul occurred; but we are glad to say that it was acquiesced in pretty quietly by both parties, and there was none of the uproar which too often attends the judgment of a referee called upon to decide in a case of foul. Had the race been rowed out without any foul none could have grumbled at losing their money, for a grander contest was never seen than that from Putney to the Soap Works. Both Kelley and Sadler were in their best form, and a rattling pace was kept up all the way to Mortlake, Benson's chronograph giving the time as 23 min. 39½ sec.

Three o'clock in the afternoon was the time mentioned by the referee for the men to be in their boats on the 28th, and they embarked punctually, as on the day before, taking the same station. The betting was now 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Kelley, who again had Drewitt to steer him, Hammerton attending on Sadler as before. The weather was quite as fine as on Wednesday, and a fair and decisive race was anticipated by the thousands that again occupied every good point of view. Looking at them from the referee's boat, which had drifted a long way up, the men appeared a great deal too close, and speculations as to a foul were once more rife. After several false starts, in which Sadler generally went off with a slight advantage, it was suggested, on board the referee's boat, that Sadler did not mean starting at all, and some of Kelley's friends called to him to row over. He, in fact, started to row up, and Sadler almost immediately rowed away from the starting-place, and put on his guernsey. Upon this, the referee was understood to call both men to the steamer, but Sadler remained paddling about a little above the Aqueduct, and only Kelley responded by coming alongside. Here it was again urged on the referee that every opportunity for starting had been given to Sadler, whilst Sadler's umpire contended that the articles had not been complied with in regard to having the steamers behind the men. Mr. Biffin, however, ordered Kelley to row over the course if Sadler did not come to the post, and as the latter gave no sign of doing so, the former paddled down to his post and rowed off on his journey to Mortlake (nearly forty minutes after first entering his boat), followed by most of the steamers, and once or twice almost swamped by some of them. On arriving at Mortlake the referee formally awarded the race to Kelly. Sadler also rowed up to Mortlake about ten minutes afterwards, and was much chagrined at learning the decision of the referee, protesting that he had from the referee no special orders to start, and was not aware that he had been called to the steamer. On the 29th ult., Sadler and his principal backers attended at the office of the stakeholder, and entered a formal protest against his handing over the stakes to Kelley, but it was thought that they would be awarded in accordance with the decision of the referee.

THE REFEREE'S DECISION.

The following is a copy of a letter sent by Mr. Biffin to the stakeholders:—

Dear Sir,—In reply to general inquiries—firstly, for my written decision, and secondly, for my answer whether I ordered Kelley to row over—I have to say:—My decision is that Kelley is entitled to the stakes, and that I did order him to row over. By way of explanation, and to give the public my reasons for coming to the above decision, I beg to add that after the accidental foul on the first day I ordered the race to be rowed again at three o'clock the next day, and I chose that hour because there would then be a good tide and plenty of daylight. Accordingly, within a few minutes of the appointed time, both Kelly and Sadler were at their stations, and their cutters took up the proper positions, Kelley also taking his proper position. Not so, however, Sadler, for he deliberately left the side of his cutter, and drew close to Kelley, not leaving sufficient room for a free working of the sculls of both boats without their coming into contact, indeed, so near that, had they started so, there can be no doubt that a foul would have taken place almost immediately afterwards. Matters remained thus for a long time, and then Sadler partly dressed himself, and thereby showed an unwillingness to start—indeed, conveying to my mind that he did not intend to start unless allowed to do so from the position just mentioned. Kelley then rosed to the umpires' boat, and appealed to me for instructions; and as I considered it Sadler's fault that the time had been so long wasted, and the start delayed; that the tide was fast reaching its highest point and that dusk would shortly, perhaps, suddenly, set in, when, if a foul took place, I might not be able to distinguish who was in the wrong, I told him if Sadler still refused to start, to row over without him; and this he did. I have only to add that I have performed my unpleasant office to the best of my ability and judgment, and in strict conformity with the dictates of my conscience. Yours, etc., WILLIAM BIFFIN.

HAMMERSMITH, Nov. 29th, 1867.

LETTER FROM SADLER.

SIR.—As erroneous reports of the attempted race between Kelley and myself have been published, I hope you will allow me to say a few words on the matter. I beg to deny that I was in any way unwilling to start. Twice, at least, I started, the course being quite clear, and Kelley and I both well placed for a fair start. Kelley, however, would not go. I was always ready and willing to get away on anything like fair terms. When Kelley started to row over it was entirely without my knowledge, and I had received no caution whatever from the referee. My backers, I am authorized to say, are perfectly satisfied with my conduct, and have to-day lodged protests with the stakeholders, and intend to carry the matter to a conclusion by law.

PUTNEY, Nov. 29. Yours, &c., J. H. SADLER.

REMARKS.

Bell's Life makes the following remarks concerning the affair, which may be taken as an echo of public opinion:—

"We are bound to say that there were no unseemly demonstrations of discontent on the one hand, nor any riotous rejoicings on the other—facts which must be taken for what they are worth, and which will be construed diff-rently according to the shade of bias in men's minds. But there was a most unmistakable feeling evident among the gentlemen and amateurs present that the river Thames had been wofully disgraced by the proceedings. If all was done in good faith the bounders committed were numerous, and no one entirely escapes blame. The captain of the steamboat was wrong in not keeping the umpires and referee handy to the starting place. Kelley was wrong in not making a start, when, for a long space of time, there was apparently every opportunity. Sadler was wrong in withdrawing to a distance and putting on his clothes, and the referee was wrong in assuming this act to be a formal relinquishment of the race. Bets on the second day's race hold good."

BATTLE FOR A TENNER A SIDE.

An off-land encounter took place on the 23d ult., near Micklefield, between J. Iles and Teddy Curly, at catch-weight, for £10 a side. The start was 6:35 A. M., from Marsh Lane station. After a journey of 10 miles, and a sharp walk of a couple more, a suitable place was found, and the stakes pitched. No impediment presented itself excepting the appointment of a referee, and after several had been objected to by both parties, a right person was found. About 200 persons were present, and the fight was brought off without any (Blues) party objectionable putting in appearance. Iles, who is 22 years of age, weighed about 11st. This was his first appearance in the roped arena. Curly, whose fights will be found duly chronicled in Fistiana, has fought several battles, generally with success, was conceding one stone in weight to his opponent. They had for seconds two well known members of the P. R. Exactly at 8:30 A. M., they stood up for round 1. Cautious sparring. Teddy let go his left at the head, but was neatly stopped; they then closed, and fibbed away at the ropes until Teddy got down. 2. After a little sparring Iles landed on Teddy's right eye, and in return caught a nasty one on the ribs; they then closed, and fought at half-arm until Teddy got down. 3. Teddy feinted, and landed his right on the ogle, then closed, and threw Iles heavily. 5. From this time, although so early, it became evident it was only a question of time, Teddy repeatedly landing, and was out of harm's way when Iles let go. 6 to 15 were scrambling rounds, giving and taking being the order, but the elastic step of Teddy enabled him to plant on the ribs of his adversary, which made the ring resound, when they closed, Teddy generally uppermost. 16 to 19. This was a good round; Iles planted four times on the face of Teddy, but the blows lacked steam, as they seemed to make no impression. 20. More sparring, when Teddy lauded his right on the nose, and caught a nasty one on the eye; they then got to in-fighting, when Iles was fought down. 21 to 28. Iles seemed evidently puzzled with his undertaking, Teddy having the best at all points. Iles going down very suspiciously, an appeal was made to the referee, who cautioned Iles, and told them to fight on. 29 to 31. Iles stood up to be the receiver-general, he going down without a blow. The referee being again appealed to, decided in favor of Curly, after fighting 1h 5min. The punishment was not severe, with the exception of Curly's right lamp being badly cut, and Iles' right goggle closed and disfigured nose.

HALEY VS. NAPPER AND MILLIARD VS. FOWLER—MORE DISAPPOINTMENTS.—Of late years disappointment to the public, through the trickery of the principals and their backers, has been the order in regard to boxing matches in Britain. Two more instances of this have come to our knowledge this week, as below: The first was the match between Sam Haley, of Birmingham, and Ed Napper, of London, for £100 a side, at 9st. 8lb., which has been regarded with much interest since the ratification of articles, on August 9th. Tuesday, Nov. 26th, was the fixture, and Chaddington Junction the spot chosen, but ere the arrival of Haley, a posse of police showed up, which rendered a move imperative, even had not Haley objected to the *locale*. An offer to try back was refused by the Brums, unless a guarantee was given that they would not be compelled to fight in the metropolitan district, in case of disturbance, which the stakeholder would not do, and so a return home was in order, the men to meet again the following morning at Holme. They did so, but here a strong force of police appeared upon the scene, and for a second time spoiled sport. At a meeting of the men and their backers, held on the 29th ult., the men were unable to come to an agreement, and the Haley division, who refused to fight anywhere but halfway between home and home, and not then without a guarantee not to be forced to do battle in London, returned to Birmingham, and the men were ordered to keep in training.

The second fizzle was between Peter Milliard, of Bristol, and James Fowler, of Winterbourne, at catch weight, for £100. It was fixed to take place on the 25th ult., and the fixture was Castle Comfort Inn, on the Mendip Hills, Somersetshire. An early start was made, and Milliard reached the battle ground about 9 o'clock A. M. Shortly after a couple of blues arrived, and Peter was obliged to cut and run. Fowler and his "uncle" came up about 10 o'clock, but as there was now no chance of bringing the battle off here, owing to the vigilance of the "Charlies," the return journey was commenced. On arriving at the Live and Let Live Inn, the police with the "uncle" had been left behind, Fowler having been brought on, and an effort was made to arrange matters for a fight, but Fowler wouldn't consent to do anything until his uncle was present. The latter, on his arrival, refused to allow his nephew to fight at all that day, which, coupled with the fact that Fowler had taken no care of himself, showed that he didn't mean business from the start, and caused much indignation. At the Waterloo Inn, Wintord, a ring was pitched and Milliard entered, but Fowler refused to follow suit, and said he would go to Knowle, where his friends were, and do whatever they said. The Bristol man went there, but here Jim backed down again, although Peter offered to tie his right hand behind him. The party then returned to town, and no arrangement was afterward come to. The next day Fowler reported about that Peter had offered him £25 to lose, which riled the latter, and seeking him out, he gave him one or two for his nob, without the latter offering to defend himself, and would have administered a sound drubbing had not bystanders interfered.

WILSON AND ANDERSON HAVE ANOTHER BRUSH.—These Brummagem bruisers, who have oft met before, had an off-hand encounter on the 28th ult., for a "tenner." Wilson (better known as Caggy) has beaten Boxer, Bradley, and several others, and in his turn had to succumb to Bradley and his present opponent. Anderson (known as Milky) has several battles to his credit, including a victory over Hammer Davis and Caggy Wilson. The meeting on Thursday was near Bromford, an old and favorite resort, where they met at half past ten, and at eleven faced each other for hostilities. Caggy was in very fair nick, and from frequent practice with the gloves showed good form for an old-un. Milky, on the other hand, gave evidence of want of stamina and slowness in the use of his weapons. The first bout was more a display of sparring than hitting, no effective blows being struck. They eventually closed, and Caggy had the best of the throw. In the second round, Anderson shot out his left and cut Caggy's right eye, the latter retaliating on Milky's right eye, and cutting the same. After a few exchanges at long range they again closed, and rolled over side by side. The third meeting was all in favor of Caggy, who invested on the nose and floored his man. The fourth and fifth bouts were characterized by some sharp exchanges, in which Caggy put more steam in his blows, Milky falling off weak. In the sixth Caggy again planted a thick-un on the chest; from the effects of which Milky slipped to earth. In the seventh Milky attempted some of his old form, and got on the mouth and chest, Caggy returning on the damaged ogle, and they joined issue in a tight embrace, both rolling over. The eighth round was contended pretty evenly, blow for blow being given with great precision, but from this point Anderson fell away and became receiver-general, Caggy getting home on the right eye, which showed symptoms of closing, the left also coming in for a fair share of attention. At the 11th round poor Old Milky was settled, and after contending 38 minutes the sponge was thrown up for him, thus making "trick and tie."

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match between Joe Goss and Joe Wormald, which was considered fairly under way, by advices received up to the hour of going to press last week had at latest accounts scarcely progressed, no articles having been ratified. The men met at the office of *Bell's Life*, during the week ending Nov. 30th, when Joe Goss, who was ready with the possibles, and anxious to draw up articles, expressed his willingness to agree to any terms of Wormald's. The latter, however, stated that he should require another week to get his money together for £200 a side and the Belt, but proffered to draw up articles to fight for £100 a side in two months, or was willing to fight off-hand for £10 a side. Joe stuck to his bargain, and refused to fight Wormald or any one else for less than £200; but stated, should Joe Wormald back out, he would fight any one in the world on similar terms. The business of the afternoon, as regards the Championship, concluded by Goss betting Wormald £1 that a match would not be ratified the following week, which was duly accepted. The general impression is that they mean nothing but business, and if so, a match may be reasonably expected.

ANOTHER OLD TIME BOXER GONE.—Our latest files from abroad bring us intelligence of the demise of the once celebrated Champion of the Middle Weights in England, Jack Grant, which melancholy event took place at Wandsworth Asylum, London, on November 23, aged 44 years. In his prime Jack was rated, and proved himself to be, the equal of the best of them at his weight, and was only once defeated—by the famed Tom Sayers, June 29, 1852, at Mildenhall, Suffolk, after one of the hardest battles on record, occupying 2 hours 30 minutes, during which 64 rounds were fought. His other engagements were with James Haggerty, Mike Madden, Young Keene, Callahan, and Bill Hayes. The match with Madden ended in a draw on account of darkness, but not until 5h. 45min. had elapsed, and 140r. had been contested. He made a draw with Hayes, and his last appearance in the ring was with Hammer Lane, about two years ago, which also ended in a draw, both, of course, being veterans. It is sad to state that poor Jack's mind some time since gave way, but in the Asylum, where he was located, he had every comfort. Mr. Fred. Chandler, his ever staunch friend and backer, seeing his recovery hopeless, took care that Jack Grant was well cared for. He was to have been buried at Nunhead Cemetery on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 30th, starting from Jem Gallagher's, Friar street. He was in very destitute circumstances when he died.

A SAD SKATING CATASTROPHE.—A sad accident occurred at Binghamptom, Ct., on Saturday, the 7th inst. Quite a number of persons were out on the "Cove," skating and sliding, and among the number were two daughters of Mr. Elisha Tilden (formerly of Hartford), and a young man named Charles Ward. The two young ladies were skating in company with Mr. Ward, when they went too near a thin place in the ice, and all broke in. The youngest of the ladies in going down caught hold of Mr. Ward by the neck, and held on with deathly grasp. In going down the last time, Mr. Ward shouted for help, when a young man named Robert Bone came to the rescue and pulled them both out. Every effort was made by Mr. Ward to catch hold of Miss Luena Tilden, the eldest young lady, but without success, and she was drowned. She rose to the surface, laid her muff on the ice, and endeavored to hold on to the edge of the ice, saying, "Charlie, save me!" but soon sank. Her body was found directly under the muff, in about five feet of water. Those near seem to have been too much frightened to give an alarm.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

E. H. C.—Your compliment to G. E. C. for his criticism on "*L' Enfant Perdu*" is well merited. Of the correspondents who answered our call some months ago (which you may remember) for remarks and opinions on this very point, but a single one, and he very briefly, endorsed the rule. This strong negative decision is in accordance with the views we have always entertained on this subject; and we are satisfied that the attempted rule of the B. C. A. that a Pawn on reaching the royal rank may elect to remain a Pawn, while only partially countenanced even in England, will meet with no practical favor anywhere else. "*L' Enfant Perdu*" stands condemned already, and need not be sent before a committee.

Enigma No. 603.

Second Prize Problem.—"Schach."

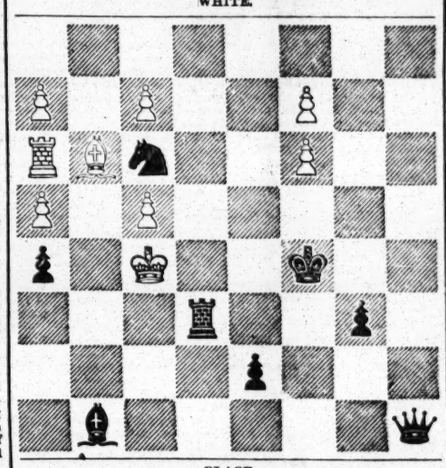
BY HERR J. KOHTZ.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 603.--Tourney No. II.

"In haste, truly yours."

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black compels suimate in six moves.

GAME NO. 603.

Between our contributor S. Boykin, of Macon, Ga., and Mr. R. D. Shropshire.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Boykin.	Defence, Shropshire.	Attack, Boykin.	Defence, Shropshire.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	22..P to K Kt 5	Kt P × Kt
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	23..Kt P × Kt	P-K Kt 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	24..Q P × P	K B-B 3
4..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	25..K R-K 3	P-Q 5
5..P-Q 4	K P × P	26..K R-K 5	K-his R sq
6..P-K 5	K Kt-his 5(a)	27..K Kt-B 3	Kt-K Kt sq
7..B P × P	K B-Kt 5+(b)	28..P-Q Kt 4	Kt × B P
8..Q B-Q 2	R P × B +	29..Q-her Kt 2	Q R-B 2
9..Q Kt-B	Castles	30..Kt × Q P	Q R-K 2
10..P-K R 3	K Kt-B 3	31..K R-K 3 (g)	Q B-Q 2
11..Castles (c)	P-Q 4	32..Kt × Q B P(h)	B × K Kt
12..K B-Q 3	P-K B 4	33..Q × K R +	K-Kt sq
13..P-Q B 3 (d)	Q P-K 3	34..Q R-Q sq	Q-her 4
14..Q Kt-his 3	Q R-B sq	35..K-his B sq	Q-Kt 7 +
15..K Kt-B 2 (e)	Q-K R 5	36..K-home	Q-Kt 8 +
16..P-K B 4	Q-home (f)	37..K-Q 2	Q-B 7 + (i)
17..Q-her B 2	Q Kt-K 2	38..K R-K 2	Q × B P +
18..K R-B 3	P-Q B 3	39..K-Q B 3	Q-her B 2
19..Q Kt-B 5	Q B-Q 2	40..B-Q B 4	B-K B 6
20..P-K 6	Q B-K sq	41..Q R-Q 7, and neatly wins the *partie*.	
21..P-K Kt 4	P-Q Kt 3		

(a) Much better had been 6..P to Q 4th, as the recent analyses in the *Tel-graph* show.

(b) Far inferior to retreating the B to Kt 3d. This course only assists the Attack to a superior development.

(c) If Mr. S. will take a thoughtful survey of the position as it now stands, he will agree with us and acknowledge the force of the previous notes.

(d) This seems both timid and meaningless, to us.

(e) This was a favorite method with Mr. Miller of advancing K B P.

(f) What a fruitless display.

(g) A move very well taken.

(h) Crowning the combination commenced at move 28, and virtually winning the game.

(i) The royal dame takes some fancy steps and entertains us with a showy jig; but it's too late for the champion belt.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

SAMUEL, New York.—We prefer Mr. Mercer's style.

R. M., Dayton, O.—The Elements will be re-issued soon.

Game No. 30.---Vol. XV.

Lately contested between Messrs. Millyard and Gallagher.

THE BROOKLYN.

Black. Mr. M.	White. Mr. G.	Black. Mr. M.	White. Mr. G.
1..10 to 14	23 to 19	12..4 to 11	31 to 27
2..11 16	19 15	13..6 15	27 18
3..16 19	24 17	14..9 14	18 9
4..14 18	17 14	15..5 14	22 17
5..12 16	24 20	16..2 7	17 10
6..7 11	27 24	17..7 14	32 27
7..18 23	14 10	18..15 18	30 25
8..11 18	24 15	19..1 6	27 24 (b)
9..16 19	25 22(a)	20 19 23	26 19
10..18 25	29 22	21..6 9	19 16
11..8 11	15 8	Drawn.	

(a) White has other sound moves, but we see no objection to this. (b) 26 to 22 will also draw.

Solution of Position No. 57.--Vol. XV.

BY "UNCLE NED."

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..18 to 22	27 to 24	5..15 to 24	28 to 19
2..22 26	23 19	6..31 27	16 12
3..26 31	19 16	7..27 24	19 16
4..11 15	24 19	8..24 19	16 11
		Black wins.	

Solution of Position No. 58.--Vol. XV.

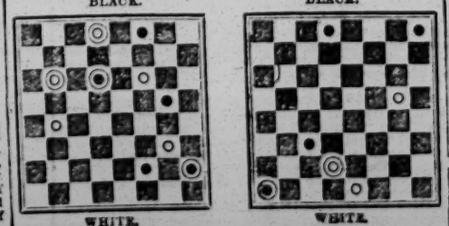
BY W. LEWIS.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..18 to 15	20 to 24(a)	3..15 to 11	27 to 23
2..22 17	31 27	4..11	16, and wins.
(a) If 19 to 23 Black also loses; thus:			
1..	19 23	3..19	24 27 32
2..15 19	23 27	4..22	18, and wins.

Position No. 59, Vol. XV. Position No. 60, Vol. XV.

BY J. FRY. SELECTED.

BLACK. BLACK.



WHITE. WHITE.

White to move and win Black to move and win.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

The following is a fearful translation into "stately rhyme" from the vulgate of "Mother Goose." It is old, but good:

Behold the mansion reared by Greeda' Jack,
See the Malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac,
Mark how the Rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.
Anon with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent!
Lo! now the deep mouthed Canine Foe's assault
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall,
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.
Here stalks the impetuous Cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughtered beast, that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
Which lay in Han's inviolate domain.
Here walks forlorn the Damsel crowned with rue,
Lustiferous spoils from vaccine drugs who drew,
Of that corniculate beast, whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds in fierce vindictive scorn,
That harrying bound whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the bithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of the Puss, that with carminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw,
Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chrono's iron tooth.
Behold the than whose amorous lips incline
Full with young Eros' osculative sigh,
To the lorn maiden whose lact-albic hands
Drew alba-lacic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to realms ethereal was born
The beast catu'ean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old moriacious Rat that dared devour
Antececaneous Ale in John's domestic bower.
Lo! here, with hirsute honors hoffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn untrilt,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
E'en as he kissed the Virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied
That dared to vex the insiduous muricide,
Who let auroral effience through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace that Jack built.
The loud cantankerous Shanghae comes at last,
Whose shouts arouse the aborn ecclesiast
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lacrymose,
The emugator of that horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog that worried the cat, that hilt
The rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

A Funny Marriage.

In the semi-rural districts of Winona, on the Minnesota side of the Mississippi river, lives, among several people, a jolly good fellow of a justice of the peace, whose ideas of matters are much like the waters of a deep river. Once started, it is hard to turn them. On a fair day, recently, after the ten by-twelve law dispensary had been swept, after chairs had been set in a row against the side of the office, and sundry whipped quids of tobacco and mutilated cigar-stumps had been kicked under the stove, there was a wooden step on the stairs, and a vigorous rap at the door.

"Come in," said the justice, as he settled into a legal look so befitting a man of law.

A handsome, black eyed, Spanish-looking woman entered. It was a clear case of a senorita, of the New Mexican brand. She had on a short woolen dress, wooden-soled shoes, spotted red cheeks, black hair, and eyes that snapped like the lock of a shotgun. In a Spanish accent, and in the worst possible English, she said:

"You make *justicia aqui*? You law man?"

"Yes, madam; be seated—"

"Want paper. Want paper to take man!"

Just then a stout French half-breed entered the room. He was unable to speak half a dozen words, and looked either scared or bashful. The judge saw at once that there was some marriage to come off, and said to the woman, who stood with compressed lips watching the justice and the door—

"Want paper to take this man?"

"Yes; want paper. Me teach him." (Nice woman thought the justice). "He no good man; me take him so quick as can."

"All right, my covies; fix you in the jerk of a lamb's tail," said the justice, as he turned to the man and said: "You know this woman; can you take her?"

The man shook his head and muttered unintelligible words.

"Ah! I see. Can't talk English. Well, never mind."

He ran into the street, invited a few friends up-stairs, and on returning with them said to the woman:

"You want to take this man for better or for worse?"

"Yes; me want to take him; me pay!"

"All right!"

Then turning to the man, who stood trembling:

"You take this woman for better or for worse, and promise to keep her," etc., etc.

"Umph!" and several nods of the head.

Then in the name of the law and by virtue of the authority forward before the woman could say a word, and kissed her red lips.

"Stop" came her hand in his face, and she clutched his hair. The new husband jumped in to take the woman away, and to protect her, as the man supposed, when in self-preservation the justice gave him a rap on the nose. The woman pitched into the new husband, who in turn pitched into her, and for about five minutes there was a general hustling and display of legs, garters and things in general.

At last the parties were separated, when the man and woman took another turn at each other, the blood and hair flying in all directions. Down came the stove, over went the table, clatter went the chairs, and into the street like mad went the justice, with a black eye, and the bosom of his shirt looking like a warranty deed covered with red seals!

A crowd rushed up stairs and found the man and woman lying on the floor hugging each other like young bruins, their arms and legs mixed up worse than tomato-vines, the woman on top and pommeling the newly made husband with a hearty will.

The newly married couple were separated, when, through the aid of two interpreters, it was discovered that the night before, the parties, occupying adjoining shanties in the lower part of the town, had got into a dispute over some stove pipe, which was claimed by both, and from words they had come to blows. Each party had hastened to the justice's office in the morning for a warrant for the other, with the result as stated above.

The last news from there was that the parties had gone in search of another justice to unmarry them, while the genial cause of their terrible squabble was "setting up the boys" and bathing his bunged eye in camphor and whisky. For an actual fact it is the richest within our knowledge.

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DERE VAS ONCE A FIRE IN PITT STREET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GUS. PHILLIPS.

It vas midnight, und der psebles all
Vas shnoring in deir beds;
Der firemens, too, dey vash ashleep
Mit deir fire-shirts under deir heads;
It vas a loafly moonlight night,
Und dere vas no noises at a l,
Oxcept it vas der kitten-cats
Dot squeakin in der hall.

Der Dutchmans dat vork der midnight vagons,
Mit der big numbers on der side,
Could neider been seen or shmelled or heard,
Cause dey vas not oud dis night—
Hans Breitman, he vas a tailor feller,
Und he did vork ver sheap,
Und he built dot corduroy suits of close
By his shop, dots in Pitt shtreet.

Now Hans dot day vas vorking hard,
He vas tired and his arms vas sore;
Und so quick he laid him mit der bed,
He didn't know someding more.
He dream such a kind of bully dream,
So quick dot he got ashleep;
He dream his name it "Norfull" vas,
Und he feed dot pigs and sheep.

Hans dreamed he vas up mit der top of a hill,
Mit Harrows and Axes and Ploughs,
By a place vere dere vasen't some Councilmens,
Und der vasen't some Swill-milk Cows.
He dreamed dere vas such a man comed along
Dot looked so almighty queer,
Un he asked dot Hans of he can't drink
Such a glass of Lager Bier.

Yust den Hans git a awful punch,
Dot most made him lose his breath,
Und he shouted ond "Vat der duyvil is dot!"
Dot afraided him most to death.
He put ond his hands und feel his vife,
Und she holler mit all her might:
"Hans someding bites me by der back!
Git up und made a light!"

Hans he git up right off der bed,
Makin' grumballs like a bear,
Und he says "Vy couldn't you let me went
Till after I got my beer."
Hans he vas mad, und he shwear und curse,
Und he calls his vife a "Vitches;"
He shtick oud his hands und hurt his head
In tryin' to find der matches.

After a vile he git dot dings,
Und he made der candle lighted,
Und his vife she maked her stickpickles on
To find der dings vot bited—
She find by her back a big Pea-roach,
Of she didn't I'm been a liar—
She gived one jump und der candle fell down
Und made der bed a fire.

Katrina she scream und holler un l dings—
Hans says "Shut up you mouder—
Go get some vater so quick like you can
Und help made der fire played outer."
Der Policemens vas fast ashleep
So shnug like pigs mit clofer,
But ven dey hear Katrina scream
Dey jump up und run all ofer.

Dey rub deir eyes und blew dot visiles
So quick dot dey hear dot scream,
Und ven dey look up und see dot blaze
Dey run for der Fire-machine—
Hans find der place vas gettin' too hot,
Und he made up his mind dot he quit it,
So he shtick somedings in a old Band-box
Und run down shtairs und forgit it.

Dot Hooks und Ladders dot seon comed along.
Und der feller vats got der Rudder
He didn't shteer der Ladders straight
Und he knocked Hans in der gutter—
Hans he vas hurded, und up he springed
Und hese nose dot comes oud blood,
Und he says you do "a dam wrong ding,
Ven you knocked me by der mud."

Der firemens voorks und holler und shout,
Und der Vater vas awful shtream,
Und der only Fire-vagon dot vas'nt by vork,
Vas der von dot don't vork mit shteam;
Der fellers dey laugh und shout oud loud:
"Dot ding you gots played ouder—
You better took dot by Uncle Simpson,
Und jab it up der spouder."

"PRINCE JOHN;"

OR,

DIARY OF A NEW YORK "FANCY MAN."

HISTORICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ST. GEORGE METCALF, ESQ.

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER MAN'S BOOTS.

Life is a risk! Men and women run a great many serious risks, the married ones in particular, when, bird-like, they are caught and caged. In other words, when found where they ought not to be—anything but being all in the family. The thief, in his vocation, is bad enough, but the seducer runs chances of life to-day and death to-morrow. There are thousands of persons, be it said boldly, who throughout all the diversified channels of society, take it upon themselves—married and single—to run dashing risks of assignation, feigned love, and high-bought pleasures. The object is bad—the will is vicious—the deed wicked. Passion is a mighty swayer of enticements.

"Underwood," said the Prince, jocosely, "our young friend here, Billy Okie, has got it into his head that, to me, a New York expression, it's a h—— of a thing to be one of the boys, and to live fast. I tell him that, as he is young, has a good reputation, has money, he had better keep the choice selection together, and dethrone at once all these energies, desires of fast proclivities, and so on. What say you, as a pilgrim traveler?"

"Do it, by all means," rejoined the senior fancy man of the two. "Do it, by all means, for only one out of eighty can ever see themselves through. I had the same big idea of city sporting life when I jumped into the arena—but put me back in my boots five and twenty years ago, yes more, and I would lead another vocation."

"Oh, that's very fine to say now," interrupted Okie.

"And I would make a man of myself," continued Underwood.

"So would I," added Sam.

"No wonder, for you, too, have been through the mill; but I haven't. Why, I've hardly seen the elephant, tusks and all. It's in me, and it has got to come out, that's the all about it! You two gents might talk till the wind hangs northeast for forty successive days and for forty successive nights, but I'm bound to see high life—go it while I can—and there's a big thing in my favor—I've got the money to do it with, too. The Prince says to me— Go into some kind of first class business, have something to take my time up, and that I can have all the fun I want.'"

"Your friend gives you a good piece of advice. Pray, how old are you, Mr. Okie?"

"I'm twenty-one," was the dry reply: "old enough to carry my points as far as you two gents can; and, although I'm quite a novice there seems to be ample room for improvement."

Billy shook his curly head significantly.

"And why not invest your money in some safe business?"

"That's what I intend to do, and I intend to speculate heavy on a small amount of money—mostly invested in two articles—for the next year to come, and while I'm sure of one, I shall take advantage of the other—until I play myself out of society, if not out of money."

"What the d—l can it be?" asked the Prince, smilingly.

"Yes, name the all important topic," added Underwood.

"WINE AND WOMEN!" Okie brought the words out with bold effrontery—with an air of triumph. "Gentlemen, you may smile and wink, and bite your lips—but it's in me. I'm all life, excitement, passion, full of imaginary wishes, a fond devotee of charming women, particularly those who sway beauty and voluptuousness, and swirg pretty, well made ankles. That's my style."

"You will get sick of all such vanity, such nonsense in a year's time. With you, petticoats and dimity, and crinoline will be at a discount."

"Then, Sam, so much the better, for it will either kill, cure, or break me."

"Perhaps the whole three," interposed Underwood, with a grin.

"That's got to be found out yet, gentlemen. Both of you have tested it for years and years, and I can't see but what each of you look about as fair and healthy as the generality of good looking men—even your juniors."

"Perhaps we are exceptions to the general rule, Mr. Okie? What preserved us might kill you, young man," said Underwood, seriously, placing his hand upon the shoulders of Billy—"banish from your mind all these wine and women thoughts, for its no honor in these days to a man, or a woman, to be called fast. This being one of the boys is done away with—in fact, Mr. Okie, it's a played out thing in cities—and in New York, particularly! Things, customs, usages, have changed. Go into some legitimate business, and, well located, look about you, select some precious little flower, and take it home to your bosom."

"Pah! Never, Mr. Underwood, while milk is so cheap; never!"

Both fancy men laughed heartily.

"Your ideas are good, your advice honorable, but I can't see it just in your light. I've got only one life to live—can't die until my time comes—so I'm bound to go it, to see life in my way of thinking—whole hog or none! That's me."

"Okie, if it's a fair question, how much money can you command?"

"Sam, it's a fair question, and I'll answer it right up to the handle, like an honest man. Sixty thousand dollars, easy."

"In your own right and title?"

"Yes, sir-ree! Well invested, and will average 8 per cent. interest. Oh, I'm no *slouch*, if I am full of h——l."

"Then you can live on the interest in fair, handsome style; can't he, Underwood?"

"Should think so. Let me see—eight per cent. Why it's as good as four thousand eight hundred dollars interest money, per year! Well, well, and can't go in business and have your *fun* included?"

"Can't see it—wouldn't care a d—— if the interest amounted to twenty thousand dollars. I'm *going* on a traveling expedition, have my own circus, performers and all. This money, you see, was left me by an old maid aunt. Privateering in the War of 1812 hauled the money into the family coffers. My other aunt is feeble, very feeble; in fact, pills and strong green tea are the two main requirements that keep her up. You see she is the only relation on earth that I have living. I'm the only chicken left, and

Oh, won't I go it,
O yes, I will.

But gentlemen, I never intend to gamble at cards, I hate, yes, detest the sight of a pack of cards—have from a child up—and that's one feather in my cap. Then, I never intend to get drunk—I never was, and the Prince, at this early day, pronounces me a capital good drinker. So, it my head is well enough balanced, there will be feather No. 2 in my cap. Nobody shall *beat* me out of my money, not if I have my eyes opened."

"If you intend to speculate in those two articles you spoke of, you'll find it very expensive."

"Yes, sir; that's true as preaching, for we know it to be a fact. Why, Okie, *wine and women* have been the means of ruining more persons, rich and poor together; more good characters; sacrificing more lives and getting more men of all classes, ages and conditions into serious trouble than any other two articles in the civilized world. History has an account of it, the world knows it, and it's a history that don't *lie!* It is a terrible thought when investigated, and we know what old heads do know, don't we, Sam?"

"Too true, too true," Sam sighed.

"Well, I can but try, if I *haven't* got either of your precious good looks. I have got the money to back me—that's more than half the battle any how. I confess I'm green, but you know civilization is a mighty big word—so's enlightenment."

"I can't help laughing," remarked Underwood, "for you talk so *earnest*."

"Don't be," spoke forth the Prince.

"And I mean just what I say. I was born to live just here in this little town—*I know I was*, and I'm bound to see through it thoroughly by daylight and by gaslight."

"Then, if you won't listen to us, and if you intend to put on a full head of steam, don't run away with yourself."

"And our friend Okie must never jump out of a third-story window and break an ankle, for the sake of saving himself from being discovered, eh?"

"No, that's so; especially when the husband's well-known footsteps are heard coming up the stairs."

"And he mustn't take a wrong pair of boots and leave his own, when hard pressed for time in making his escape down the back stairs."

"Just so! Oh, how many times I've thought of it! Say, Okie, and then after you felt safe—after you had reached a vacant lot—you set down to put on *your* boots, and you find them big enough to take your younger brother right along in 'em."

"Yes, Okie and on the following Sunday, when the *husband* goes to put on his Sabbath boots, so as to correspond with his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, he finds at the foot of his bed a nice little high-heeled, delicate, fashionable pair of gentlemen's patent leathers—too small even to think of admitting even five toes— but wouldn't you have smelt a very big rat had you, unfortunately, been the husband?"

"Yes, but I don't care how many hair-breadth escapes you two *sinners* have run—I shall be more cautious."

"Above all things, Okie, never leave your overcoat in a gentleman's parlor, with love-letters in the side pocket from his own wife, as he comes *in* one door and you go *out* of another."

"And, Okie, never get locked up in a seven by nine closet, as you hear the absent husband putting his key, very unexpectedly, in its proper place so as to admit him to his own premises."

"No; and Billy Okie, good, clever soul, don't get shot at as you are running down a circular spiral stairway in one of their nineteen and-a-half story tenement houses, as an injured husband sees you (from three stories above), making love to his wife on the stairs."

"But, Okie," interrupted Underwood, hurriedly, "if you *should* ever happen to take fashionable board in one house, and there are a couple of pretty girls residing next door, don't get caught near daybreak walking from one roof to the other, with nothing but your shirt and drawers on, coming up one pair of stairs and going down the next door skylight."

"Oh, what do I care for your devilish frolics? Neither one of you ought to die a natural death."

"Above all things Okie, if you do intend to be a brick, never repose on one of those patent alarm bedsteads, when, at an hour desired, it wakes you up by throwing you out of bed."

"I've heard of 'em, and those with an alarm clock attached."

"Never mind about the alarm clock arrangement, for there's alarm enough in arousing up a whole house full of people, and you overhear the women talking, then pouncing at the door. 'Pray, what's the matter, madam?' 'Oh, why *don't* she open the door? Something must have happened to the lovely widow!' 'Poor soul—and all *alone*, too.'"

"There, there, if you two will just let up," ejaculated Okie, "I'll take you forthwith to Delmonico's, stand dinner, champagne and cigars."

CHAPTER X.

THE FINAL WIND-UP.

Five years have come and gone! The reader may think it is a long time, between Time and the parties, since they met and discussed the merits and demerits of fast life in our last and memorable chapter. But it was willed so to be. Soon after the trio parted, circumstances placed Bob Underwood in such a juxtaposition as to deprive him of choice female society in this country. Revelations had taken place wherein his head would be worth more in some foreign clime than in his own America. And woman had done it all! Jealous of rivals, she betrayed him, and the husband, thirsting for blood, made New York too hot a place for the body and soul of the handsome seducer. Hence his hasty return to Europe.

Soon after Underwood's sudden disappearance from the circle of fast men and fast women, the Prince himself sought the German spring waters on account of failing in health. Not only was this excuse used in smoothing and paving the way, but Madam Rumor declared also that Sam was *forced* to seek other quarters where a less display of daggers and revolvers would ensue. Even Bond street had gone back on him, but not until he had unwarrantably disgraced the household in such a manner as to call down vengeance upon his reckless head. He had been too bold in his assignations—too careless in his triumphs too thoughtless in his perquisitions. Some of his grand moves upon the chess-board of seduction had been terrible, and those connected with him had been wofully deceived.

During these long five years Billy Okie had led a changeful life. After the retirement of his two companions, he went forth on his half wild, rampant way, seeing what he could see, hearing what he could hear, doing what he could do, to aid his cause along as the proud *devotee* at woman's shrine. To-day, he was well: to-morrow, he was sick. Yesterday, he was a miser at heart, while on the following day, a foolish spendthrift. Sober one day, drunk the next. His companions made him *the banker*. Smart men led him into unprofitable speculations, and during a run of eight short months, the managers of a regular system of black mail fleeced him out of as many thousands of dollars! Yes, he was *frightened* into the snare. Dissipation had her powerful clutches upon the *victim*—he knew it, realized it, but had not moral courage to shun the wrath to come. He fell, addicted to the gambler's passion, thereby overruling all his early propensities when he swore never to yield to such a transaction! Enticements had led him away, and within the first three years' time, after the departure of the Prince, Billy Okie had changed greatly. Wine, women, endorsements, giving bonds in behalf of other loose parties, gambling, policy and lottery tickets, together with late suppers, had almost ruined him socially and financially. He had no real, honest friend, to warn him of the coming danger—for his companions were friends of his pocket. He promised to marry this girl, that woman and such a certain young widow, and went back upon his assertions, and the three were of *loose* character. Yet, to keep himself out of the raw clutches of the law, he had to pony over a goodly amount of his world's goods. Next, arrested for seduction—then for conspiracy—together with minor assignations—Okie soon found, without any friend telling him of it, that a fast life cost money, and to be a fancy man of the first dip demanded a strong constitution as well as a strong vault of money. He possessed the latter, but not the former.

"I'm about satisfied—ought to be—must be," said Okie to a friend of ours, as he gradually became reduced. "I have been ruined by my professed friends! I thought I was smart, but no, I'm a fool! My money has gone fast, and my character can't be more than two days behind! I've been in some great speculations."

"Mammoth would be a better word."

"Just so, my friend—you're right there. I set a gal of mine up in the millinery business, big as life, and right on Broadway, too! I paid four thousand dollars, all in one bill, for ribbons, straws and silks—and one day I went to call on her, when lo, I found the place vacant, and no one visible save an ancient nig, who was whitewashing away like a good fellow. No one knew anything, or anybody—so I says to myself, as I whistled myself out, taken in and done for—nobly!" Well, I had another institution—one of these tasty, gaudy segar stores, kept by another gal of mine, No. 2, and she had under her jurisdiction some six or eight ladies of easy virtue—what you might style companions in arms! So I goes over to the *ranche*, when, lo, and behold, it had been all cleared out, and the old gal and chickens had been sent up on Blackwell's Island for six months. I left the quarters in disgust, and did not desire to ask any more questions concerning the subject. In short, my friend, I was satisfied!"

"I should think so," was the response.

"But you haven't heard all. I had an interest in No. 3, an investment a d——l sight poorer than the other two! I bought a farm, in trade, situated in Michigan—a farm purporting to contain 1,000 acres, more or less. I went out to look after it, took a young East Broadway widow along, and what do you think I found? One mammoth space of water—as the Irishman said, *four-thirds* covered with water! This satisfied me that No. 3 beat No 1 and No. 2, and that real estate agents were swindlers of the very first water. Then a *friend* of mine got into serious trouble, and as woman was at the bottom of it, of course, in accordance with my religious belief, I was bound to help a fellow colaborer in the vineyard out of it. Bail was required—two sureties, each eight thousand dollars. I volunteered to go one if the party had a friend to go the other. The friend was found. Mine was good bail—his proved to be straw bail. Therefore, your uncle was the victim. Next, I went into a copper mine speculation, and that waxed me. It was the heaviest beat of the season—beat all the rest on the catalogue. It brought me from the St. Nicholas Hotel away down to anybody's. A clique of half decayed paupers wanted me to go in with them on an immense thing—buy a charter of a bank, a Rhode Island bank—be the President of it—head director—high-cock-o-lo-rum of the thing itself. At that time they believed I was wealthy. *I didn't!* Had I touched the swindle I should have been forced to remove myself still lower down. But let me go on," said Okie, "and see what has brought me almost to the common level of, of—well, I will leave that for you to guess. To-day I'm a broken down sport, with a delicate constitution, with a blotched face and a rum blossom on the tip end of my nose, and not a second suit of clothes to my back. And this is Billy Okie, hail fellow well met, as long as his money held out. My aunt, knowing of my rash dissipations and my reckless expenditure of money, changed her will, laid down one afternoon, with a pinch of yellow snuff between thumb and forefinger, and gently died! The Baptist church took the pile, to a dollar! Supposing we go into this Dutch grocery and take a nice little private drink 'mong ourselves!"

"Agreed—certainly," was the response from a party looking about as seedy as himself.

"You have traveled pretty fast I should judge, from what I have seen and heard of you! But my respects."

"Drink hearty, old boy, and let's feel thankful that we are able to drink—poor as Hance's gin is."

"When I commenced," said Okie, after he had seated himself on the top of a potato barrel, "I had two famous companions—rich, handsome men. Money was no object to either of us."

"And where are they now?"

"The Lord only knows—somewhere in Europe—had to leave—got into trouble, and I hear that neither of them will ever *dare* to put foot in the United States again."

"Bad business, that."

"Oh, yes, rough, rough—but I didn't think they would carry things so far into the heart of transgression! But so it is, so it is!" Okie sighed, [illegible]

"Do you ever go up in the country, up home, now-a-days?"

"No—not in three years. Never expect, never intend, and never want to go either. I shall see it out here, in New York City! Physicians say I am consumptive—but I *don't!* My disease is *Gin*—the petroleum of the soul! When I get tight, I am intellectually drunk—that's all. Take another drink, old fellow—don't be coaxed."

Months have passed! Okie still lives, but his purse has gone—so has his health. He has heard from Sam, the Prince, who was then, at the time of writing, in a hospital in London, striving to regain his health. Having had two bullets—one in his shoulder, the other in his ankle—introduced in his person by an infuriated husband, as the Prince was escaping from a lady's chamber! He writes:—"I run a narrow chance," &c. Okie has also heard from Bob Underwood, who was in Spain, having eloped with a rich dowager of Paris. He writes:—"Good-by to America forever!"

"No wonder," says Okie, "the d——d fool *dare* not show his face here. Why didn't both of 'em stay and fight it out like brave Okie, instead of shunking out of the country? Why, I get any quantity of letters from any quantity of wives, and have for years. One says—'Bubby boy wants fifteen dollars for a drum.' Another writes—'Your child needs clothes.' A third parly hints—'Send me fifty dollars to dress the twins up with;" while No. 4 delicately informs Mr. Okie that 'Lawful proceedings have been already commenced against you.' Say, mister, do you know that this getting into law is d——d poor business? I've made up my mind to keep out of it. But let's have a respectable drink—a social smile together—before Billy Okie leaves you—perhaps for good."

"What! do you intend to leave the country, too, for your country's good?" asked an old pet bummer.

"Yes, and I want to get the right kind of fellow bummer to write my *obit*—in other parlance, obituary. I think I shall take a shower bath before long—get on to the cow-catcher of some locomotive, dive into some leather vat, climb Trinity church steeple, and jump off with an open umorella—emigrate to the Dead Sea."

"Don't talk so randomish, strange, Okie, for you make my blood run cold."

"You know what it says in the Book of Job—'And the gin shall take him by the heels!' Well," says Okie, smilingly, "and it's got me—*sure!*"

Twenty-one days after this grocery controversy, Billy Okie was conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum and straight-jacketed! In his delirious scenes his mind seems bent upon one subject only. On an average of sixty times per day, at the last accounts, he lifts his glass in his hand, and, bowing, gives the same stereotyped toast:—

"HERE'S TO WINE AND WOMEN!"

THE END.

A ROBBER'S GRATITUDE.

Louis Dominique Cartouche, one of the most celebrated of robbers, was born in Paris in 1695. His parents, who were honest citizens, were in good circumstances, and sent him to the College of Clermont. Cartouche was one of those who prefer the great men of Plutarch to their historian. He had more taste for action and intrigue than for the quiet and monotony of study.

He early showed a passion for thieving, which was rapidly developed at Clermont. He stole his companions' pens, rulers, knives and books, which he sold to buy marbles and other playthings. At one time he made a sweep of all the cotton nightcaps in the dormitory. He was suspected; and, as he had left his own, probably from fear of taking cold without it, the omission was strong proof against him. His comrades punished him by tossing him in a blanket, and then beating him with their fists.

One of the boys, named Ernestde Lusbert, instead of taking pleasure in tormenting him, tried to calm the rage of the others; and his zeal in defending Cartouche excited in him the most lively gratitude.

Long years after, when he had become the captain of a formidable band of robbers, while making his escape from a house where he had been surprised, flying from roof to roof, he saw, through an open window, a man sitting by a table loaded with papers which he was reading with great attention. By his side was a bag of Spanish leather, the mouth of which was open, showing a large amount of gold. He quickly scaled the window, entered the chamber without arousing its occupant, and was preparing to spring upon him, knife in hand, when, at a turn of the head, he saw before him his old and beloved schoolmate, Ernest de Lusbert.

At sight of a man armed with a poinard, De Lusbert sprang to his feet, and grasped his sword.

"Ah, Lusbert!" exclaimed Cartouche, lowering his knife, "do you not know poor Dominique Cartouche? He remembers you most surely."

Lusbert had lost sight of Cartouche on leaving school. He had left Paris for a military life, and the identity of the famous robber with his schoolmate never presented itself to him. But the remembrance of his early trickery and his present strange appearance before him made him receive Cartouche with coldness. Cartouche, ashamed to disclose himself a robber, or fearing the prejudices of his old comrade, pretended that he had been engaged in another adventure than that of robbery, and as he knew that the street was guarded, demanded hospitality for the remainder of the night.

They conversed together; the old freedom returned, notwithstanding all scruples; the memories of school companionship soon stirred the soul of Lusbert. Besides, he was suffering from an event too recent not to bless a circumstance which gave him an opportunity to pour out his heart into that of another. One is not diffident about excuses at such a time. The noble young man believing Cartouche worthy of his friendship, confessed to him that he was so unhappy that even this very night he was going to destroy himself.

The uncle of a young lady whom he loved and was about to marry had that morning commissioned him to receive in his name two thousand dollars. He received, and was conveying it to him, when one of his friends, having met him, had wished to relieve him of one of the two bags. On their way, this friend, under pretext of speaking to an attorney on business had gone into a house of bad appearance, carrying the pistoles with him; and, an hour afterward, at the moment when Lusbert, losing patience, began to have suspicions that all was not right, a servant brought him a letter from his missing friend, in which he told him that, having betrayed his friendship by risking at the gaming-table the sum of which he was only the depository, he was, at the very moment, on his way to throw himself into the Seine.

"I was reading this letter for the third time," said De Lusbert, "when I felt some one touch me on the shoulder. I turned, and met another uncle of my beloved, who, laughing, said to me, 'Ah, ah, my good fellow! do you frequent this robber's den of Madame de Livray? I never shall trust you with my strong box, and I doubt whether my brother will do well to trust you with the pretty dowry of his daughter. You will waste her patrimony on a turn of cards.'

"I declared that I had not set foot in the house of this miserable creature. The uncle shook his head and went away without wishing to be undeceived. I went everywhere to procure the thousand pistoles that had been taken from me. I found my friends absent, or without money. If I cannot return the sum lost before ten o'clock to-morrow, my marriage will be broken off: for the uncle who saw me at the door of the Countess de Livray will be sure to say that I lost it in that pit, and my word of honor will avail nothing. When you entered, I was writing to my betrothed, her father, and my own, what I have told you; and that duty done, this pistol would have ended my life."

As Lusbert finished these words, he showed a pistol that had lain hidden under some papers.

"Indeed!" replied Cartouche. "Well, I thank the fortune which has procured me the happiness of serving the only one of my schoolmates to whom I owe any gratitude. It is, then, a thousand pistoles that you want?"

"Yes, and if you will lend them to me you will preserve my life."

"Listen; take this ring and be careful not to lose it. At seven o'clock in the morning, go to the Rue Beaubourg; take the passage along the river; count nine doors; at the tenth, enter into the alley; ascend the staircase to the fifth floor; a deer's hoof will there indicate to you where you shall knock; a portress will demand your business; ask for M. Loiseau, and show the ring. The old portress will question you, not failing to examine the ring with extreme care. She will then introduce you to a rich Jew, with whom I have deposited my funds. Give him a line which I will write for you. When he has read it, he will give you a thousand pistoles to meet your present need, and a set of diamonds valued at sixty thousand livres. I obtained it in England at so good a bargain, that I can give it to you for ten thousand. Take it; it will win you favor with your lady. It is, as I have told you, worth six times the amount I ask, and as to the payment, you can make it at your pleasure and convenience."

The old friend, delighted by this unexpected aid, refused to accept so much.

Cartouche then said to him—

"This night I owe you my life. I have been closely pursued, and even now they are waiting in ambuscade for me. I can leave here only on your return. Would you not do as much for me if I had rendered to you the service you have rendered me? Friends are rare on whom we can count in all circumstances. Leave me free to express my thanks."

Having, at last, concluded to owe everything to Cartouche, DeLusbert obeyed his directions, and received the thousand pistoles and diamonds.

On his return, he found Cartouche gone. A suit of his best clothing had also disappeared. The robber had judged it for his safety to change his dress before appearing upon the street.

"Friend," he had written, "what I have taken will serve as payment for what will be given you this morning in my name. If I die before you, you will have a thousand masses said for my soul, and all will be settled between us."

Lusbert never saw Cartouche again, and it was many years after his death, that, returning from Martinique, where he had gone to receive an inheritance, he learned the history and fate of his benefactor. He gave to the poor a sum of money equal to that he had received from him, and had as many masses said for his soul as he had desired. The chronicler of this story remarks: "It is certain that knaves are extraordinary men in the matter of friendship. It ought to be their special virtue, for how could they hold up their heads without it?"

ASTLEY THE EQUESTRIAN.—Astley was a tall, strong man, and loud of voice, who gave up cabinetmaking to enlist in the Fifteenth, or Elliott's Own Light Horse. He served seven years, was made rough-rider, teacher and horse-breaker to the regiment, and when, after seeing service in Germany, he obtained his discharge, he made his living out of horses. General Elliott gave him a charger as a mark of esteem, and with this and a horse bought in Smithfield, he began to exhibit to all comers in an open field near the Half-penny Hatch at Lambeth, for whatever he could get when he sent the hat round. Then he engaged part of a large timber yard which stood where the theatre now stands. Here he boarded in a circus, charged sixpence for admission, placed a pent house roof over the seats, and performed of mornings to the music of a drum and two fifes, within a rope ring open to the sky. In the evening he had Chinese shadows, a learned horse and tricks of sleight-of-hand, in a large room at No. 22 Piccadilly. The owner of the timber yard was in difficulties, and Astley saved money enough to lend him two hundred pounds, on a mortgage of the yard, with all the timber in it. With the two hundred pounds the timber merchant went abroad, and was no more heard of. Astley thus got in due time lawful possession of the place. He sold the timber, and with the produce of it, and sixty pounds, the value of a large diamond ring which he picked up at the foot of Westminster Bridge, and found no owner for, he built in the timber yard what he then called "The Amphitheatre Riding House." This building he enlarged as he got means, until the whole ground was roofed in. Astley's wife was a good horsewoman. His son also rode well as a boy. When the Royal Circus, the late Surrey Theatre, was being built, Astley, to compete with it, added a stage and scenery to his Riding Circle, which he then called, first the "Royal Grove"—from the painting, grove fashioned, of the house before the curtain—and afterwards "The Amphitheatre of Arts."

THE GHOST ROBBER.

On a fine evening in the spring of 1830, a stranger, mounted on a noble-looking horse, passed slowly over the snow white limestone road leading through the Black Forrest.

Just as the sun was going to rest for the day, when gloomy shadows were beginning to stalk, he drew rein as he said—

"This must be near the spot, surely. I'll stop here, anyhow, for awhile and see what I can learn."

He thereupon dismounted and entered the parlor of the inn, where he sat down before a small table.

"See to my horse, outside," replied the guest, carelessly, but at the same time eying the landlord from head to foot; "and let me have some wine—Rhine wild do."

The landlord was turning to withdraw from the stranger's presence, when he stopped and said—

"Which way, meinheer, do you travel?"

"To Naustadt," replied his guest.

"You will rest here to-night, I suppose?" continued the landlord.

"I will stay here for two or three hours, but I must then be off, so as to reach my destination in the morning. I am going there to purchase lumber for the market."

"And you have considerable money with you, no doubt?" asked the landlord, innocently.

"Yes, considerable," replied the guest, sipping at his wine disinterestedly.

"Then, if you'll take my advice," said the landlord, "you'll stay here till morning."

"Why?" queried the stranger, looking up curiously.

"Because," whispered the landlord, looking around as if he were disclosing a great secret, and was afraid of being heard by somebody else, "every man who has passed over the road between this and Naustadt at night, for the last ten years, has been robbed or murdered under very singular circumstances."

"What were the singular circumstances?" asked the stranger, putting down his glass empty, and preparing to fill it again.

"Why, you see," the landlord went on, while he approached his guest's table and took a seat, "I have spoken with several who have been robbed, and all I could learn from them is that they remember meeting, in the lonesomest part of the wood, a something that looked white and ghastly, and frightened their horses so that they either ran away or threw their riders; after that all was confusion with them; they felt a choking sensation and a sort of smothering and finally died, as they thought, but awoke in an hour or so to find themselves lying by the roadside, robbed of everything."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the stranger, looking abstractedly at the rafters in the ceiling, as though he were more intent upon counting them than he was interested in the landlord's story.

The inkeeper looked at him in amazement. Such perfect coolness he had not witnessed in a long time.

"You will remain, then?" suggested the landlord, after waiting some time for his guest to speak.

"I?" cried the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction as though he were not sure that he was the person addressed. "Oh, most certainly not; I'm going straight ahead, ghost or no ghost, to-night."

Half an hour later the stranger and a guide, called Wilhelm, were out on the road, going at a pretty round pace toward Naustadt.

During a flash of lightning, the stranger observed that his guide looked very uneasy about something, and was slackening his horse's pace as though he intended to drop behind.

"Lead on," cried the stranger, "don't be afraid."

"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the person addressed, continuing to hold back his horse, until he was now at least a length behind his companion. "My horse is cowardly, and becomes unmanageable in a thunder storm. If you will go on, though, I think I can make him follow close enough to point out the road."

The stranger pulled up instantly. A strange light gleamed in his eyes, while his hand sought his breast pocket, from which he drew something. The guide saw the movement, and stopped also.

"Guides should lead, not follow," said the stranger, quietly, but with a firmness which seemed to be exceedingly unpleasant to the person addressed.

"But," faltered the guide, "my horse won't go."

"Won't he?" queried the stranger, with mock simplicity in his tone.

The guide heard a sharp click, and saw something gleam in his companion's right hand. He seemed to understand what it meant perfectly, for he immediately drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and shot ahead of his companion without another word.

He no sooner reached his old position, however, than the stranger saw him give a sharp turn to the right, and then disappear, as though he had vanished through the thick foliage of their firs skirting the road.

The stranger dashed up to the spot, and saw that his guide had turned down a narrow lane leading from the road into the heart of the wood.

He heard the clatter of his horse as he gallopped off. Without waiting another instant he touched his horse lightly with the rein, gave him a prick with the rowels, and off the noble animal started like the wind in the wake of the flying guide.

The stranger's horse being much superior to the other's, the race was a short one, and terminated by the guide being nearly thrown from his saddle by a heavy hand which was laid upon his bridle, stopping him.

He turned in his seat, beheld the stranger's face, dark and frowning, and trembled violently as he felt the smooth, cold barrel of a pistol pressed against his cheek.

"This cursed beast almost ran away with me," cried the guide, composing himself as well as he could under the circumstances.

"Yes, I know," said his companion, dryly; "but mark my words, young man, if your horse plays such tricks again, he'll be the means of seriously injuring his master's health."

They both turned and cantered back to the road. When they reached it again, and turned the heads of their animals in the right direction, the stranger said to his guide, in a tone which must have convinced his hearer as to his earnestness—

"Now, friend Wilhelm, I hope we understand each other for the rest of the journey. You are to continue on ahead of me, in the right road, without swerving either to the right or to the left. If I see you do anything suspicious, I will drive a brace of bullets through you without another word of notice. Now push on."

The guide started on as directed, but it was evident from his movements and his mutterings that he was alarmed at something else beside the action of his follower.

In the meantime the thunder had increased in its violence, and the flashes of the lightning had become more frequent and more blinding.

For about a mile the two horsemen rode on in silence; the guide keeping up to his directions to the letter, while his follower watched his every movement as a cat would watch a mouse.

Suddenly the guide stopped and looked behind. Again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol and saw his uplifted arm.

"Have mercy, meinheer," he groaned; "I dare not go on."

"I give you three seconds to go on," replied the stranger, sternly—"One!"

"In heaven's name, spare," implored the guide, almost overpowered with fear; "look before me in the road and you will not blame me."

The stranger looked. At first he saw something white standing motionless in the centre of the road, but presently a flash of lightning lit up the scene, and he saw that the white figure was, indeed, ghastly and frightful enough looking to chill the blood in the veins of even the bravest man. If his blood chilled for a moment, therefore, it was not through any fear that he felt for his ghostly interceptor, for the next instant he set his teeth hard, while he whispered between them, just loud enough to be heard by his terror-stricken guide—

"Be it man or devil—ride it down—I'll follow. Two"

With a cry of despair upon his lips, the guide urged his horse forward at the top of his speed, quickly followed by the stranger, who held his pistol ready in his hand.

In another moment the guide would have swept by the dreaded spot, but at that instant the report of a pistol rang through the forest, and the stranger heard a horse gallop off through the wood riderless.

Finding himself alone, the stranger raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at the ghostly murderer, and pressed his finger upon the trigger.

The apparition approached quickly, but in no hostile attitude. The stranger stayed his hand. At length the ghost addressed him in a voice that was anything but sepulchral—

"Here, Wilhelm, je mope out of your perch this minute and give a helping hand. I've hit the game while on the wing, haven't I?"

The stranger was nonplussed for a moment, but recovering himself, he grumbled something unintelligible and leaped to the ground. One word to his horse, and the brave animal stood perfectly still. By the snow-white trappings on the would be ghost, he was next enabled to grope his way in the dark toward that individual, whom he found bending over a black mass about the size of a man on the road.

As the tiger pounces upon his prey, the stranger leaped upon the stooping figure before him, and bore him to the ground.

"I arrest you in the king's name," cried the stranger, grasping his prisoner by the throat and holding him tight. "Stir hand or foot until I have you properly secured, and I'll send your soul to eternity."

This was such an unexpected turn of affairs that the would-be ghost could not believe his senses, and was handcuffed and stripped of his dagger and pistol before he found breath to speak.

"And you are not my Wilhelm?" he gasped.

"No, landlord," replied the individual addressed, "I'm not. But I'm an officer of the king, at your service, on special duty to do what I have to-night accomplished. Your precious son, Wilhelm, who thought he was leading a sheep to the slaughter, lies there in the road, killed by his father's hand."

Two weeks later, at Bruchsale prison, in Baden, the landlord of the Sign of the Deer, and the Ghost Robber of the Black Forest, who was the same identical person, having been proven guilty of numerous fiendish murders and artfully contrived robberies, committed at different times in the Black Forest, paid the penalty of his crimes by letting fall his head before the executioner's axe, since when traveling through Schwatzwald has not been so perilous to life and purse, nor has there been seen any Ghostly Knight of the Road in that section of the world.

TAKING A NIP ON THE SLY; OR, SCENE AT A FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER'S.—Miss T.—"What shall your dress be?" Mrs. S.—"I'll take an alpaca with trimmings; what is yours, my dear?" Miss T.—"Give me a moire-antique, plain." Dressmaker produces samples of the above goods in a liquid form, and serves them out in glass thimbles. Ladies empty thimbles, and dressmaker enters it in bill as gimp and bugles. The business is carried on quite professionally. A rose, you know, would smell as sweet by any other name, and Bourbon is just as good if you call it gingham. The following explanation of terms may enable you to come to an understanding with your wife's dressmaker, if you should ever drop into that establishment by mistake:—Moire-antique, old rye; white satin, London gin; gingham, Bourbon whisky; alpaca, Santa Cruz; delaine, Jamaica rum; tarleton, Scotch whisky; poplin, Irish whisky; silk, S. O. P.; barege, sherry; plain merino, XX Ale; all wool plaid, alf-an-alf. Mixed drinks are distinguished by the style of trimmings. A "gingham flounced" means Bourbon sour; spotted silk is a mint julep. A "poplin gored" is synonymous with hot whisky, &c.

THEREBY DON'T HANG A TAIL.—Becket, Mass., won't allow the Green Mountain State any credit for improvement

SPORTS ABROAD.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.

HARRY KELLEY AND JOSEPH SADLER FOR £300 A SIDE.

A FOUL, ROW OVER, AND KELLEY DECLARED WINNER.

The great match between the above scullers for £600 and the Championic honors of the Thames, was decided on Thursday, 28th ult., in a manner which furnishes a companion picture to the way in which other championship matches across the water have of late years terminated, and must exercise a baneful influence on the character of professional rowing in England. A foul occurred on the 27th ult., the day fixed for the race, and on the day following, when the referee ordered the men to row again, there was no race at all, as Kelley pulled over the course alone, by a questionable order of the referee, and was awarded the stakes.

When the engagement was entered into there was very fair promise indeed of a genuine close contest. Sadler had within a short time beaten Cooper, the Tyneside clipper, once, and Percy, the next best northerner, twice; and at the Paris Regatta defeated Kelley, over a two mile course, for the scullers' prize, though he was disqualified in consequence of having been accompanied by his brother in a cutter. The last performance took a great many by surprise, especially after the great form shown by the Champion when he defeated Bob Chambers a short time before. It is now well known that Kelley was not fit when he rowed at Paris; but this last performance of Sadler's made his friends very confident in his ability to tackle over the long course his former mentor, with whom he has been on bad terms ever since his race with Chambers last year. After a good deal of talk in the neighborhood of Putney, the men broke out into newspaper correspondence, Kelley challenging the world, and asking that would-be champions should take up the gauntlet before the end of this year, or leave him alone to retire on his laurels. Sadler was not slow to answer, but wished the match to be for £200 a side, and proposed also that Kelley should lay him a bet of £200 to £200. Harry adhered to his original terms of £300 a side, and ultimately the match was made for that amount. A glance at the previous career of each man will show how much reason the one had for pitting himself against the other.

Henry Kelley is now in his thirty-seventh year, having been born at Fulham in 1831. He took to the water at an early age, and was employed on one of the Citizen steamers as mate, when he made his first essay with the sculls and won the Leander Coat and Badge in 1852. In 1854 he beat Candlish, of Newcastle, and the two Mackinneys for the scullers' prize at the Thames National Regatta, and achieved two other victories over J. Mackinney in 1855 and the following year, Mackinney having been swamped in the first race. During this time he was also distinguishing himself in fours and pairs; he rowed two scullers' matches with Butler and was victorious in both; and his form was then considered good enough to warrant his trying for the Championship of the Thames, at that time held by J. Messenger. A match, for £200 a side, was made, and Kelley added another and an easy victory to the list of his achievements; but in 1859 the north-country folk sent up Bob Chambers, who, like Kelley, had hitherto carried everything before him in sculling; and on Sept. 29, of that year, the Fulham waterman had to yield to the Tynesider. He rowed at the Tyne Regatta in 1862, with Cooper and Chambers, when a foul occurred, which was decided in favor of the latter; he won the Championship of the Ouse in 1864; and in 1865 he once more brought the Championship to the Thames by leating Chambers easily for a stake of £200 a side and a bet of £300 to £200 on Chambers, who was backed for a deal of money. He subsequently beat both Chambers and Cooper in a sweepstakes at Lynn, and Hamill, the American champion, for £300 a side, on the Tyne last year. Chambers made another effort for the championship in May this year, but Kelley disposed of him more easily than before. His last appearance in a sculler's race was, as we have mentioned, at Paris this year, when he finished second to Sadler, but received the prize though the latter being disqualified. His height is 5ft. 9in., and his weight on Wednesday, 10st 5lb.

In point of age Joseph Henry Sadler had a great advantage over his opponent, as he is not yet twenty-eight, having been born at Putney on May 7, 1840. He made his first appearance as an oarsman at the Sons of the Thames Regatta, in 1861, as one of an unsuccessful four-oared crew; but at the same regatta in the following year won the four oared race with Wise, Biffen, and Conet. He rowed second to Kelly for the Sculls at the Thames National of 1864, beating Hoare and Eagers. In the same year, Royal was defeated by him in a match for £20 a side; he beat Drewitt next year for a stake of £50 a side; and his next match was with Tom Hoare, on May 14 of last year, the result of the contest being another victory for the rising Putney sculler. He was not good enough, however, to beat Chambers in a race for the Championship and £200 a side last November, the race being given against him by the referee on a foul. On June 2 of this year he beat James Percy, of Newcastle, on the Thames, for £200 a side; and on the 22d of the same month, Cooper, of Newcastle, also fell a prey to him in a match for a similar stake, over the same course. Both these affairs were decided on fouls, and Percy had another try with Sadler over the two-mile course at King's Lynn in the following September. The race was a good one for a mile, but then the Putney sculler took the lead, and ultimately won rather easily. Sadler's next important engagement was at the Paris Regatta this year, when he rowed against Kelley in the final heat for the sculls, with the result mentioned already. Besides these races, he has rowed a good deal in pairs and fours, at various regattas, with a fair amount of success.

The betting fluctuated at from 5 to 4 to 6 to 4 on Kelley, and a large amount of money was invested at the latter price up to the eve of the event, and on the morning of the race.

In point of weather the race could not possibly have been more highly favored than on Wednesday, and the attendance of spectators was large. As the match was not, on this occasion, between North and South—the first time for years that a championship race has not been so—the burr of the Tynesiders was less audible than usual; but there was enough of diffrence in the southern camp to make a bit of a noise. At precisely half-past two, the time fixed by the articles, Kelley first, and Sadler immediately afterwards, put off in their racing craft, and were loudly cheered. Kelley rowed in the Charles Bush—the boat in which he beat Chambers—and Sadler in one belonging to his brother, both having been built by Jewitt, of Dunston, whose new boats, built expressly for the occasion, were not so much fancied. Kelley was accompanied by George Drewitt in a cutter, and George Hammerton was also in an eight in order to show Sadler the way. The referee, Mr. Biffin, with Mr. Bush, umpire for Kelley, and Mr. J. Messenger, umpire for Sadler, were on board the Citizen L. The toss for choice of stations was won by Mr. Bush for Kelley, and the champion chose the Middlesex side. There was not a moment's unnecessary delay. When the men doffed their guernseys and got ready for the start there was another cheer, and then all looked anxiously for

THE RACE,

which was begun at sixteen minutes to three o'clock, with a fair tide, little wind, and smooth water. After a couple of attempts the men got away together, Kelley taking the lead in the first few strokes. He gradually increased his lead, and at the Duke's Head was three-quarters of a length in front; but at this point, Sadler, rowing much the faster stroke, began gradually to draw forward, both going at a great pace, and Kelley preserving the same steady stroke, notwithstanding the advance of the other man. A little past Simmons' they were level, and opposite the London Boat-house Sadler led by nearly a quarter of a length. He continued gradually to creep up, and passing Finch's Field had three-quarters of a length the best of it, whilst at Craven Point he had improved upon that to the extent of a foot or so. Kelley never flagged, and all that Joe could do he could not get clear, though so very near it. Making the boot, the men kept dangerously close, but Kelley was now gaining, though there was no diminution in the rapidity of Sadler's stroke, and every inch of advantage gained was attained by downright hard work. Making the shoot, Sadler went rather wide, and Kelly, quickening his stroke, continued to gain, so that at Rosebank Sadler had a lead of a quarter of a length only. A few yards further, Kelley drew level, and passed him; but the Champion bored his man towards the Surrey shore, and they were so close that a foul was expected a considerable time before it actually occurred. As it was with Sadler before, so it was with Kelley now. The latter, with nearly a length the lead, was kept at that for a dozen strokes or so after obtaining it, and the struggle became more exciting still when, at the Soap-works, Sadler, who had very little room for rowing, spurted just at the time that Kelley was getting clear, and caught up half a length with amazing rapidity. As everybody had seen, a foul was the consequence, Sadler's boat going over Kelley's right scull. Both stopped, the boats were quickly disentangled, and the race was recommenced, Sadler starting first. He was almost immediately passed by Kelley, who led by three-quarters of a length at Hammersmith Bridge, reached in 9 min. 50 sec. From this point Kelley increased his lead, and finished three lengths ahead at Mortlake. The referee, being then appealed to, decided that for the foul both men were equally to blame, and that they must row over again on the following day. The announcement of the decision seemed somewhat of a surprise to a great many, who had noticed how closely Sadler was kept in to the Surrey shore during the last hundred yards or so below the point where the foul occurred; but we are glad to say that it was acquiesced in pretty quietly by both parties, and there was none of the uproar which too often attends the judgment of a referee called upon to decide in a case of foul. Had the race been rowed out without any foul none could have grumbled at losing their money, for a grander contest was never seen than that from Putney to the Soap Works. Both Kelley and Sadler were in their best form, and a rattling pace was kept up all the way to Mortlake, Benson's chronograph giving the time as 23 min. 39½ sec.

Three o'clock in the afternoon was the time mentioned by the referee for the men to be in their boats on the 28th, and they embarked punctually, as on the day before, taking the same station. The betting was now 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Kelley, who again had Drewitt to steer him, Hammerton attending on Sadler as before. The weather was quite as fine as on Wednesday, and a fair and decisive race was anticipated by the thousands that again occupied every good point of view. Looking at them from the referee's boat, which had drifted a long way up, the men appeared a great deal too close, and speculations as to a foul were once more rife. After several false starts, in which Sadler generally went off with a slight advantage, it was suggested, on board the referee's boat, that Sadler did not mean starting at all, and some of Kelley's friends called to him to row over. He, in fact, started to row up, and Sadler almost immediately rowed away from the starting-place, and put on his guernsey. Upon this, the referee was understood to call both men to the steamer, but Sadler remained paddling about a little above the Aqueduct, and only Kelley responded by coming alongside. Here it was again urged on the referee that every opportunity for starting had been given to Sadler, whilst Sadler's umpire contended that the articles had not been complied with in regard to having the steamers behind the men. Mr. Biffin, however, ordered Kelley to row over the course if Sadler did not come to the post, and as the latter gave no sign of doing so, the former paddled down to his post and rowed off on his journey to Mortlake (nearly forty minutes after first entering his boat), followed by most of the steamers, and once or twice almost swamped by some of them. On arriving at Mortlake the referee formally awarded the race to Kelly. Sadler also rowed up to Mortlake about ten minutes afterwards, and was much chagrined at learning the decision of the referee, protesting that he had from the referee no special orders to start, and was not aware that he had been called to the steamer. On the 29th ult., Sadler and his principal backers attended at the office of the stakeholder, and entered a formal protest against his handing over the stakes to Kelley, but it was thought that they would be awarded in accordance with the decision of the referee.

THE REFEREE'S DECISION.

The following is a copy of a letter sent by Mr. Biffin to the stakeholders:—

Dear Sir,—In reply to general inquiries—firstly, for my written decision, and secondly, for my answer whether I ordered Kelley to row over—I have to say:—My decision is that Kelley is entitled to the stakes, and that I did order him to row over. By way of explanation, and to give the public my reasons for coming to the above decision, I beg to add that after the accidental foul on the first day I ordered the race to be rowed again at three o'clock the next day, and I chose that hour because there would then be a good tide and plenty of daylight. Accordingly, within a few minutes of the appointed time, both Kelly and Sadler were at their stations, and their cutters took up the proper positions, Kelley also taking his proper position. Not so, however, Sadler, for he deliberately left the side of his cutter, and drew close to Kelley, not leaving sufficient room for a free working of the sculls of both boats without their coming into contact, indeed, so near that, had they started so, there can be no doubt that a foul would have taken place almost immediately afterwards. Matters remained thus for a long time, and then Sadler partly dressed himself, and thereby showed an unwillingness to start—indeed, conveying to my mind that he did not intend to start unless allowed to do so from the position just mentioned. Kelley then rowed to the umpires' boat, and appealed to me for instructions; and as I considered it Sadler's fault that the time had been so long wasted, and the start delayed; that the tide was fast reaching its highest point and that dusk would shortly, perhaps, suddenly, set in, when, if a foul took place, I might not be able to distinguish who was in the wrong, I told him if Sadler still refused to start, to row over without him; and this he did. I have only to add that I have performed my unpleasant office to the best of my ability and judgment, and in strict conformity with the dictates of my conscience. Yours, etc., WILLIAM BIFFIN.

HAMMERSMITH, Nov. 29th, 1867.

LETTER FROM SADLER.

SIR.—As erroneous reports of the attempted race between Kelley and myself have been published, I hope you will allow me to say a few words on the matter. I beg to deny that I was in any way unwilling to start. Twice, at least, I started, the course being quite clear, and Kelley and I both well placed for a fair start. Kelley, however, would not go. I was always ready and willing to get away on anything like fair terms. When Kelley started to row over it was entirely without my knowledge, and I had received no caution whatever from the referee. My backers, I am authorized to say, are perfectly satisfied with my conduct, and have to-day lodged protests with the stakeholders, and intend to carry the matter to a conclusion by law.

PUTNEY, Nov. 29. Yours, &c., J. H. SADLER.

REMARKS.

Bell's Life makes the following remarks concerning the affair, which may be taken as an echo of public opinion:—

"We are bound to say that there were no unseemly demonstrations of discontent on the one hand, nor any riotous rejoicings on the other—facts which must be taken for what they are worth, and which will be construed diff-rently according to the shade of bias in men's minds. But there was a most unmistakable feeling evident among the gentlemen and amateurs present that the river Thames had been wofully disgraced by the proceedings. If all was done in good faith the b'unders committed were numerous, and no one entirely escapes blame. The captain of the steamboat was wrong in not keeping the umpires and referee handy to the starting place. Kelley was wrong in not making a start, when, for a long space of time, there was apparently every opportunity. Sadler was wrong in withdrawing to a distance and putting on his clothes, and the referee was wrong in assuming this act to be a formal relinquishment of the race. Bets on the second day's race hold good."

BATTLE FOR A TENNER A SIDE.

An off-land encounter took place on the 23d ult., near Micklefield, between J. Iles and Teddy Curly, at catch-weight, for £10 a side. The start was 6:35 A. M., from Marsh Lane station. After a journey of 10 miles, and a sharp walk of a couple more, a suitable place was found, and the stakes pitched. No impediment presented itself excepting the appointment of a referee, and after several had been objected to by both parties a right person was found. About 200 persons were present, and the fight was brought off without any (Blues) party object onable putting in appearance. Iles, who is 22 years of age, weighed about 11st. This was his first appearance in the roped arena. Curly, whose fights will be found duly chronicled in Fistiana, has fought several battles, generally with success, was conceding one stone in weight to his opponent. They had for seconds two well known members of the P. R. Exactly at 8:59 A. M., they stood up for round 1. Cautious sparring. Teddy let go his left at the head, but was neatly stopped; they then closed, and fibbed away at the ropes until Teddy got down. 2. After a little sparring Iles landed on Teddy's right eye, and in return caught a nasty one on the ribs; they then closed, and fought at half-arm until Teddy got down. 3. Teddy feinted, and landed his right on the ogle, then closed, and threw Iles heavily. 5. From this time, although so early, it became evident it was only a question of time, Teddy repeatedly landing, and was out of harm's way when Iles let go. 6 to 15 were scrambling rounds, giving and taking being the order, but the elastic step of Teddy enabled him to plant on the ribs of his adversary, which made the ring resound, when they closed, Teddy generally uppermost. 16 to 19. This was a good round; Iles planted four times on the face of Teddy, but the blows lacked steam, as they seemed to make no impression. 20. More sparring, when Teddy landed his right on the ribs, and caught a nasty one on the eye; they then got to in-fighting, when Iles was fought down. 21 to 28. Iles seemed evidently puzzled with his undertaking, Teddy having the best at all points. Iles going down very suspiciously, an appeal was made to the referee, who cautioned Iles, and told them to fight on. 29 to 31. Iles stood up to be the receiver-general, he going down without a blow. The referee being again appealed to, decided in favor of Curly, after fighting 1h 5min. The punishment was not severe, with the exception of Curly's right lamp being badly cut, and Iles' right goggle closed and disfigured nose.

HALEY VS. NAPPER AND MILLIARD VS. FOWLER—MORE DISAPPOINTMENTS.—Of late years disappointment to the public, either through the vacillation of the police, or countenance of the principals and their backers, has been the order in regard to boxing matches in Britain. Two more instances of this have come to our knowledge this week, as below: The first was the match between Sam Haley, of Birmingham, and Ed Napper, of London, for $100 a side, at 9st. 8lb., which has been regarded with much interest since the ratification of articles, on August 9th. Tuesday, Nov. 26th, was the fixture, and Chaddington Junction the spot chosen, but ere the arrival of Haley, a posse of police showed up, which rendered a move imperative, even had not Haley objected to the *locale*. An offer to try back was refused by the Brums, unless a guarantee was given that they would not be compelled to fight in the metropolitan district, in case of disturbance, which the stakeholder would not do, and so a return home was in order, the men to meet again the following morning at Holme. They did so, but here a strong force of police appeared upon the scene, and for a second time spoiled sport. At a meeting of the men and their backers, held on the 29th ult., the men were unable to come to an agreement, and the Haley division, who refused to fight anywhere but halfway between home and home, and not then without a guarantee not to be forced to do battle in London, returned to Birmingham, and the men were ordered to keep in training.

The second fizzle was between Peter Milliard, of Bristol, and James Fowler, of Winterbourne, at catch weight, for £100. It was fixed to take place on the 25th ult., and the fixture was Castle Comfort Inn, on the Mendip Hills, Somersetshire. An early start was made, and Milliard reached the battle ground about 9 o'clock A. M. Shortly after a couple of blues arrived, and Peter was obliged to cut and run. Fowler and his "uncle" came up about 10 o'clock, but as there was now no chance of bringing the battle off here, owing to the vigilance of the "Charlies," the return journey was commenced. On arriving at the Live and Let Live Inn, the police with the "uncle" had been left behind, Fowler having been brought on, and an effort was made to arrange matters for a fight, but Fowler wouldn't consent to do anything until his uncle was present. The latter, on his arrival, refused to allow his nephew to fight at all that day, which, coupled with the fact that Fowler had taken no care of himself, showed that he didn't mean business from the start, and caused much indignation. At the Waterloo Inn, Winford, a ring was pitched and Milliard entered, but Fowler refused to follow suit, and said he would go to Knowle, where his friends were, and do whatever they said. The Bristol man went there, but here Jim backed down again, although Peter offered to tie his right hand behind him. The party then returned to town, and no arrangement was afterward come to. The next day Fowler reported about that Peter had offered him £25 to lose, which riled the latter, and seeking him out, he gave him one or two for his nob, without the latter offering to defend himself, and would have administered a sound drubbing had not bystanders interfered.

WILSON AND ANDERSON HAVE ANOTHER BRUSH.—These Brummagem bruisers, who have oft met before, had an off-hand encounter on the 28th ult., for a "tenner." Wilson (better known as Caggy) has beaten Boxer, Bradley, and several others, and in his turn had to succumb to Bradley and his present opponent. Anderson (known as Milky) has several battles to his credit, including a victory over Hammer Davis and Caggy Wilson. The meeting on Thursday was near Bromford, an old and favorite resort, where they met at half past ten, and at eleven faced each other for hostilities. Caggy was in very fair nick, and from frequent practice with the gloves showed good form for an old-un. Milky, on the other hand, gave evidence of want of stamina and slowness in the use of his weapons. The first bout was more a display of sparring than hitting, no effective blows being struck. They eventually closed, and Caggy had the best of the throw. In the second round, Anderson on Milky's right eye, and cutting the same. After a few exchanges at long range they again closed, and rolled over side by side. The third meeting was all in favor of Caggy, who invested on the nose and floored his man. The fourth and fifth bouts were characterized by some sharp exchanges, in which Caggy put more steam in his blows, Milky falling off weak. In the sixth Caggy again planted a thick-un on the chest; from the effects of which Milky slipped to earth. In the seventh Milky attempted some of his old form, and got on the mouth and chest, Caggy returning on the damaged ogle, and they joined issue in a tight embrace, both rolling over. The eighth round was contended pretty evenly, blow for blow being given with great precision, but from this point Anderson fell away and became receiver-general, Caggy getting home on the right eye, which showed symptoms of closing, the left also coming in for a fair share of attention. At the 11th round poor Old Milky was settled, and after contending 38 minutes the sponge was thrown up for him, thus making "brick and tile."

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match between Joe Goss and Joe Wormald, which was considered fairly under way, by advices received up to the hour of going to press last week had at latest accounts scarcely progressed, no articles having been ratified. The men met at the office of *Bell's Life*, during the week ending Nov. 30th, when Joe Goss, who was ready with the possibles, and anxious to draw up articles, expressed his willingness to agree to any terms of Wormald's. The latter, however, stated that he should require another week to get his money together for £200 a side and the Belt, but proffered to draw up articles to fight for £100 a side in two months, or was willing to fight off-handed for £10 a side. Joe stuck to his bargain, and refused to fight Wormald or any one else for less than £200; but stated, should Joe Wormald back out, he would fight any one in the world on similar terms. The business of the afternoon, as regards the Championship, concluded by Goss betting Wormald £1 that a match would not be ratified the following week, which was duly accepted. The general impression is that they mean nothing but business, and if so, a match may be reasonably expected.

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ANOTHER OLD TIME BOXER GONE.—Our latest files from abroad bring us intelligence of the demise of the once celebrated Champion of the Middle Weights in England, Jack Grant, which melancholy event took place at Wandsworth Asylum, London, on November 23, aged 44 years. In his prime Jack was rated, and proved himself to be, the equal of the best of them at his weight, and was only once defeated—by the famed Tom Sayers, June 29, 1852, at Mildenhall, Suffolk, after one of the hardest battles on record, occupying 2 hours 30 minutes, during which 64 rounds were fought. His other engagements were with James Haggerty, Mike Madden, Young Keene, Callahan, and Bill Hayes. The match with Madden ended in a draw on account of darkness, but not until 5h. 45min. had elapsed, and 140r. had been contested. He made a draw with Hayes, and his last appearance in the ring was with Hammer Lane, about two years ago, which also ended in a draw, both, of course, being veterans. It is sad to state that poor Jack's mind some time since gave way, but in the Asylum, where he was located, he had every comfort. Mr. Fred. Chandler, his ever staunch friend and backer, seeing his recovery hopeless, took care that Jack Grant was well cared for. He was to have been buried at Nunhead Cemetery on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 30th, starting from Jem Gallagher's, Friar street. He was in very destitute circumstances when he died.

A SAD SKATING CATASTROPHE.—A sad accident occurred at Binghamptom, Or., on Saturday, the 7th inst. Quite a number of persons were out on the "Cove," skating and sliding, and among the number were two daughters of Mr. Elisha Tilden (formerly of Hartford), and a young man named Charles Ward. The two young ladies were skating in company with Mr. Ward, when they went too near a thin place in the ice, and all broke in. The youngest of the ladies in going down caught hold of Mr. Ward by the neck, and held on with deathly grasp. In going down the last time, Mr. Ward shouted for help, when a young man named Robert Bone came to the rescue and pulled them both out. Every effort was made by Mr. Ward to catch hold of Miss Luena Tilden, the oldest young lady, but without success, and she was drowned. She rose to the surface, laid her muff on the ice, and endeavored to hold on to the edge of the ice, saying, "Charlie, save me!" but soon sank. Her body was found directly under the muff, in about five feet of water. Those near seem to have been too much frightened to give an alarm.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

E. H. C.—Your compliment to G. E. C. for his criticism on "*L' Enfant Perdu*" is well merited. Of the correspondents who answered our call some months ago (which you may remember) for remarks and opinions on this very point, but a single one, and he very briefly, endorsed the rule. This strong negative decision is in accordance with the views we have always entertained on this subject; and we are satisfied that the attempted rule of the B. C. A. that a Pawn on reaching the royal rank may elect to remain a Pawn, while only partially countenanced even in England, will meet with no practical favor anywhere else. "*L' Enfant Perdu*" stands condemned already, and need not be sent before a committee.

Enigma No. 603.

Second Prize Problem.—"Schach."

BY HERR J. KOHTZ.

at KR 6, QR 8, KB 3, KB 4, Q 8, KR 4, and 5, Q 2d.

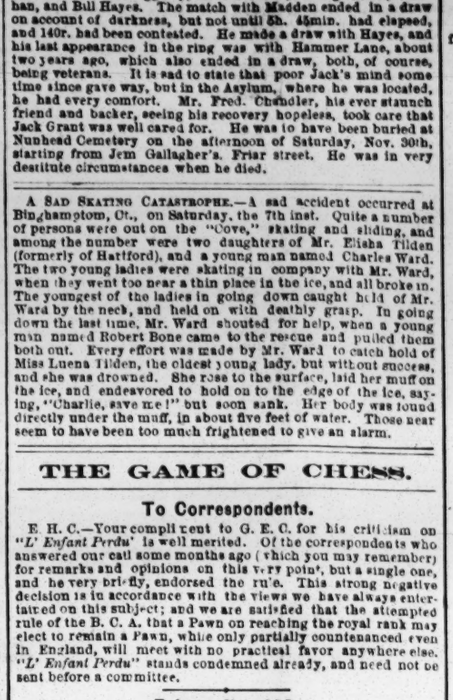
at KB 3, QR 7, QB 7, QR 5, Q 2, KB sq. K 2, K 3d, and Black Pawns at Q Kt 4, Q B 5, and 6, and K B 4th.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 603.--Tourney No. II.

"In haste, truly yours."

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black compels suimate in six moves.

Game No. 600.

Between our contributor S. Boykin, of Macon, Ga., and Mr. R. D. Shropshire.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Boykin.	Defence, Shropshire.	Attack, Boykin.	Defence, Shropshire.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	22..P to K Kt 5	Kt P × Kt
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	23..Kt P × Kt	P-K Kt 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	24..Q-P × P	K R-B 3
4..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	25..K R-K 3	P-Q 5
5..P-Q 4	K P × P	26..K R-K 5	K-his R sq
6..P-K 5	K Kt-his 5(*a*)	27..K Kt-B 3	Kt-K Kt sq
7..B P × P	K B-Kt 5+(*b*)	28..P-Q Kt 4	Kt × R P
8..Q B-Q 2	K B × B +	29..Q-her Kt 2	Q R-B 2
9..Q Kt × B	Castles	30..Kt × Q P	Q R-K 2
10..P-K R 3	K Kt-R 3	31..K R-K 3 (*g*)	Q B-Q 2
11..Castles (*c*)	P-Q 4	32..Kt × Q B P(*h*)	B × K Kt
12..K B-Q 3	P-K B 4	33..Q × K R +	K-Kt sq
13..P-Q R 3 (*d*)	Q E-K 3	34..Q R-Q sq	Q-her 4
14..Q Kt-his 3	Q R-B sq	35..K-his B sq	Q-Kt 7 +
15..K Kt-B 2 (*e*)	Q-K R 5	36..K-home	Q-Kt 8 +
16..P-K B 4	Q-home (*f*)	37..K-Q 2	Q-B 7 + (*i*)
17..Q-her B 2	Q Kt-K 2	38..K R-K 2	Q × B P +
18..K B-B 3	P-Q B 3	39..K-Q B 3	Q-her B 2
19..Q Kt-B 5	Q B-B 2	40..B-Q B 4	B-K B 6
20..P-K 6	Q B-K sq	41..Q R-Q 7, and neatly wins the *partie*.	
21..P-K Kt 4	P-Q Kt 3		

(*a*) Much better had been 6..P to Q 4th, as the recent analyses in the *Telegraph* show.

(*b*) Far inferior to retreating the B to Kt 3d. This course only assists the Attack to a superior development.

(*c*) If Mr. S. will take a thoughtful survey of the position as it now stands, he will agree with us and acknowledge the force of the previous notes.

(*d*) This seems both timid and meaningless, to us.

(*e*) This was a favorite method with Mr. Miller of advancing K B P.

(*f*) What a fruitless display.

(*g*) A move very well taken.

(*h*) Crowning the combination commenced at move 28, and virtually winning the game.

(*i*) The royal dame takes some fancy steps and entertains us with a showy jig; but it's too late for the champion belt.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

SAMUEL, New York.—We prefer Mr. Mercer's style.

R. M., Dayton, O.—The Elements will be re-issued soon.

Game No. 30.---Vol. XV.

Lately contested between Messrs. Millyard and Gallagher.

THE BROOKLYN.

Black. Mr. M.	White. Mr. G.	Black. Mr. M.	White. Mr. G.
1..10 to 14	23 to 19	12..4 to 11	31 to 27
2..11 16	19 15	13..6 15	27 18
3..16 19	24 17	14..9 14	18 9
4..14 18	17 14	15..5 14	22 17
5..12 16	24 20	16..2 7	17 10
6..7 11	27 24	17..7 14	32 27
7..18 23	14 10	18..15 18	30 25
8..11 18	24 15	19..1 6	27 24 (*b*)
9..16 19	25 22(*a*)	20 19 23	26 19
10..18 25	29 22	21..6 9	19 16
11..8 11	15 8	Drawn.	

(*a*) White has other sound moves, but we see no objection to this. (*b*) 26 to 22 will also draw.

Solution of Position No. 57.--Vol. XV.

BY "UNCLE NED."

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..18 to 22	27 to 24	5..15 to 24	28 to 19
2..22 26	23 19	6..31 27	16 12
3..26 31	19 16	7..27 24	19 16
4..11 15	24 19	8..24 19	16 11
	Black wins.		

Solution of Position No. 58.--Vol. XV.

BY W. LEWIS.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..18 to 15	20 to 24(*a*)	3..15 to 11	27 to 23
2..22 17	31 27	4..11 16, and wins.	

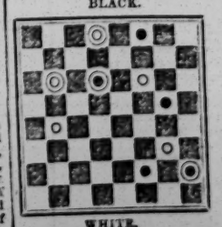
(*a*) If 19 to 23 Black also loses; thus:

1..	19 23	3..19 24	27 32
2..15 19	23 27	4..22 18, and wins.	

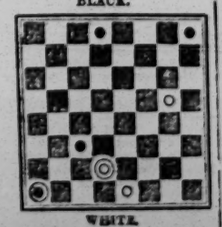
Position No. 59, Vol. XV. Position No. 60, Vol. XV.

BY J. FEY. SELECTED.

BLACK. BLACK.



WHITE. White to move and win



WHITE. Black to move and win.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

The following is a fearful translation into "stately rhyme" from the vulgate of "Mother Goose." It is old, but good:

Behold the mansion reared by dæda' Jack,
See the Malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.
Mark how the Rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.
Anon with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodes /
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent!
Lo! now the deep mouthed Canine Foe's assault
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall,
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.
Here stalks the impetuous Cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughtered beast, that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
Which lay in Han's inviolate domain.
Here walks forlorn the Damsel crowned with rue,
Lustiferous spoils from vaccine drugs who drew,
Of that corniculate beast, whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds in fierce vindictive scorn,
That harrying hound whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the bisthe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of the Puss, that with cerninicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw,
Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chrono's iron tooth.
Behold the than whose amorous lips incline
Full with young Eros' osculative sigh,
To the lorn maiden whose lact-albic hands
Drew albu-lacic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to ev'ms ethereal was born
The beast catu'ean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mortacious Rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous Ale in John's domestic bower.
Lo! here, with hirsute honors hoff'd, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn untrett,
Whose means extraneous stared from many a rift,
E'en as he kissed the Virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer slaid
That dared to vex the insidnous muricide,
Who let auroral effience through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace that Jack built.
The loud cantankerous Shanghae comes at last,
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lacrymose,
The conjugator of that horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog that worried the cat, that kilt
The rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

A Funny Marriage.

In the semi-rural districts of Winona, on the Minnesota side of the Mississippi river, lives, among several people, a jolly good fellow of a justice of the peace, whose ideas of matters are much like the waters of a deep river. Once started, it is hard to turn them. On a fair day, recently, after the ten by-twelve law dispensary had been swept, after chairs had been set in a row against the side of the office, and sundry whipped quids of tobacco and mutilated cigar-stumps had been kicked under the stove, there was a wooden step on the stairs, and a vigorous rap at the door.

"Come in," said the justice, as he settled into a legal look so befitting a man of law.

A handsome, black eyed, Spanish-looking woman entered. It was a clear case of a senorita, of the New Mexican brand. She had on a short woolen dress, wooden-soled shoes, spotted red cheeks, black hair, and eyes that snapped like the lock of a shot-gun. In a Spanish accent, and in the worst possible English, she said:

"You make *justicia aqui?* You law man?"

"Yes, madam; be seated—"

"Want paper. Want paper to take man!"

Just then a stout French half-breed entered the room. He was unable to speak half a dozen words, and looked either scared or bashful. The judge saw at once that there was some marriage to come off, and said to the woman, who stood with compressed lips watching the justice and the door—

"Want paper to take this man?"

"Yes; want paper. Me teach him." (Nice woman thought the justice). "He no good man; me take him so quick as can."

"All right, my covies; fix you in the jerk of a lamb's tail," said the justice, as he turned to the man and said: "You know this woman; can you take her?"

The man shook his head and muttered unintelligible words.

"Ah! I see. Can't talk English. Well, never mind."

He ran into the street, invited a few friends up-stairs, and on returning with them said to the woman:

"You want to take this man for better or for worse?"

"Yes; me want to take him; me pay!"

"All right!"

Then turning to the man, who stood trembling:

"You take this woman for better or for worse, and promise to keep her," etc., etc.

"Umph!" and several nods of the head.

"Then, in the name of the law, and by virtue of the authority in me vested, I pronounce you man and wife." And he stepped forward before the woman could say a word, and kissed her red lips.

"Slap" came her hand in his face, and she clutched his hair. The new husband jumped in to take the woman away, and to protect her, as the man supposed, when in self-preservation the justice gave him a rap on the nose. The woman pitched into the new husband, who in turn pitched into her, and for about five minutes there was a general hustling and display of legs, garters and things in general.

At last the parties were separated, when the man and woman took another turn at each other, the blood and hair flying in all directions. Down came the stove, over went the table, clatter went the chairs, and into the street like mad went the justice, with a black eye, and the bosom of his shirt looking like a warranty deed covered with red seals!

A crowd rushed up stairs and found the man and woman lying on the floor hugging each other like young

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue

City Summary.

MONDAY, December 16, 1867.

WE HAVE had an uncheerful week of it, and all owing—as Phœbe Storms used to tell us as we crunched her crisp crullers and drank her spruce beer—to the new moon having come up lop-sided. We have had some hail, much snow, a little rain, and a great deal of blow. We have had snow enough to warrant us in giving our swan-like cutter an airing, which we have had all primed and only waiting for the signal; our skating resorts have not been all our fancy painted them, and so our old-time rocker-dumps remain in their accustomed place in the corner cupboard. The theatres have not profited by this unwelcome change in our atmospherical phenomena; and where thronged the masses each fair night, many vacant chairs were seen when nights were foul. One night, after sitting through a dreary play at a Broadway theatre, we emerged to find ourself caught in a pitiless storm of a varied character, and as we yet had to fulfil a mission of charity, we may be excused for expressing ourself with some degree of *heat* concerning the severe degree of *cold* that prevailed. It was what old times people would call *falling* weather, owing, probably, to the many persons we saw falling around us, like leaves in wintry weather, as the ready rhymester might say. The hail fell with remarkable malignity, and we have heard it said that the frozen particles were *many cornered*, and we presume it is correct, for we know that there were *many cornered* by them; and ancient travelers, while watching the nymphs, who *tripped* up so lightly on their lonely rounds, found themselves *tripped* up in more ways than one. While performing feats of ground and lofty tumbling equal to those of the best acrobats that ever ate a sirloin steak, off went our *tile*, and a *tile* of another color from a hostile chimney up aloft came tumbling down upon our devoted head, and we gave the war-whoop of the pen-and-ink tribe like as one bereft; while lying upon the cold, cold ground, the storm *beat* fiercely upon us; in fact, it *beat* all previous storms. We began to think that we should never survive the pitiless peltings of this midnight gale, and we naturally tried to think of our prayers, but could not; all we *could* think of was the "grace" which our dead and gone dad used to utter at every meal, so we said that, which was: "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful." Just then a friend on the other side *hailed* us, but it was entirely uncalled for, as we had been sufficiently *hailed* already; he endeavored to explain the cause of the downfall, although his explanation was as far-fetched as the subject of it. "You see," said he, "the moisture with which the air was loaded was held by contrary currents, until the chilly winds from the north converted it into hail, which, growing too heavy to stay up, of course had to come down." "*I see, I see,*" was our cool response, which closes this deeply interesting chapter. [To aid the reader in seeing a nice point, we have italicised those words which are supposed to possess a funny bearing.].....It's dangerous to be supes sometimes. We remember once a party of us were engaged at 25 cents a head to do promiscuous duty in "Putnam," in which a fiery steed performs a prominent part. Some of us had been killed, according to the directions of the prompter, and we were lying about the stage like so many cold corpuses up at the Morgue. Suddenly, old Put's horse came bounding on the stage, down among the dead men, cavorting and snorting like he hadn't had any oats all day. The deceased persons felt very uneasy at the near proximity of the vicious beast, but as reliable dead supes they were bound to face the danger. The untamed steed grew more untamed every minute, despite the gentlemanly *grooms*-men and others who made up the *bridle* party, and all at once he made a dash right in amongst us fellers. You never saw a livelier *corps* of dead men in all your born days than us fellers; every boy of us was *on* his feet in an instant, making tracks for the *off* side with remarkable unanimity and speed. We have never played a dead supe since. P. S.—We were all fined one week's wages for coming to life without authority.....The following lines to an absent actress we take from our unconstrained poetic machine, which is still, as the far-seeing reader will observe, seriously indisposed:

COME BACK

Come back, oh thou, which has so long been away,
Come back to thine own native land, dear *lady*,
Come back, and to thy pending list
Of honors, add a free man's, dear miss.
Fair Columbia her arms she will open the most widest,
Rejoiced thy fuisomest form to embrace you—
Proud that across the wide billowy ocean
Monarchs sue at thy feet, for a few days grace you;
That thou, one of Zurich's fair daughters,
Has crossed the Atlantic, or leastwise its waters.
With a spirit of love, like a hen o'er his chickens,
And a talent most rare, as also quite surprisin',
How strange that them monarchs which rule'd by a smile,
Are all thine own slaves, like the Fenians in Ireland,
They rowest their heads, like as no man e'er bow'd'st,
They cry out thy praises, the best man the loudest;
Come back then, me idol, to thy own priceless shores,
And we'll greet thee, and keep thee, always for evermore.

FINIS.

.....Sensible of the plentiful lack of those sensational dramas which are now so popular, and so sought after by managers; appreciating the demand for extraordinary novelties; we have—after many a sleepless night and lunchless day, wasting barrels of light fresh from Oil City, and bringing destruction to our landlady's steel pen—composed "an entirely new and original drama, founded on actual incidents which have transpired within the wide scope of our own near-sighted observation. This drama is destined to be the great sensation of the age, and to create such a vacuum among the old dry-gripes of the legitimate school as to cause the suicide of at least three-fourths of them, and to make the rest of them shake in their dilapidated boots with fear and trembling. We give it to the profession, free, for we write not for filthy lucre, but to aid the cause of virtue, and to counteract the destructive effects of those effusions of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, etc., which have too long held the dramatic world in subjection. Our classical, although somewhat emotional, play is called—

MAZEP'S CROOKED DEVIL'S AUCTION BY GASLIGHT;
or,
THE GOOD FAIRY AND THE VILLAINOUS DEMON.

Dramatis Personæ:

Lovereo—a nice young man, in love with Suitereo.
Villenario—A villain, in love with Suitereo.
Daddio—Suitereo's Father.
Moralio—the Good Fairy.
Suitereo—A nice young woman, in love with Lovereo.
Impio—A Villainous Demon.
Horses, railroad trains, balloons, fairies, demons, policemen, and various other properties.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Woods and Blacksmith Shop in the Forest of Boudy. Enter Daddio and Suitereo, with Water Nymphs disporting in their native element.

Daddio.—You must marry Villenario to-morrow.
Su tereo.—Never!
Dad.—You *shall*—I have sworn it—ha! ha! (*Exit*).
Suit.—Where is Lovereo? Where, oh where, can he be? He is my only love, and I will marry but he! I have *sworn* it. (*Enter Lovereo.*)
Lovereo.—What agitates my own sweet love? Why so pale, light of my soul?
Suitereo.—They would marry me to another—to the perfidious Villenario!
Lovereo.—What? Do I hear aright? Malediction; but they shall *not*. I have sworn it. (*Enter Impio through a trap*).
Impio.—They shall not if you will promise me your soul. (*Blue lights*).
Lovereo.—Avaunt! Begone thou sulphurous spectre.
Impio.—See, I would entice thee—(*Speaking off.*) What ho! without there—a dance! a dance!
(*Enter three hundred ballet girls in short-legged skirts and low necked waists; they dance and exeunt.*)
Impio.—Now will you give your soul to defeat the machinations of your treacherous rival?
Lovereo, (*about to accept the terms*), I——. (*Enter Moralio*).
Moralio.—Forbear! *I* will help you, (*Exeunt Mor., Lov. and Suit.*)
Impio.—He *shall* be mine—I have sworn it! (*Enter Villenario and Daddio.*)
Vil.—Before the sun hath set once more she shall be mi-ine, you say? Mi-ine? Ha! ha!
Daddio.—She shall—and so I'll tell her now. Where is she?
Impio.—With Lovereo, and he is now in converse sweet with her, to which she listens with a ready ear.
Dad.—What, ho! without there! Where are my guards? Go scour the plain and forest, till with them as prisoners you do return to me. Away! (*The guards away, and return with Lovereo and Suitereo as prisoners.*)
Vil. (to Lov.)—And thou, thou base-born catiff, what say'st thou in extenuation of thy conduct all so vi-ile? Speak! Ha! ha!
Lov. (not noticing Vil.) to Dad.—The veriest worm that ever crawled the earth might spurn the man to whom thou wouldst now wed thy daughter. Give her to me, and I will be a good provider, and love and cherish her till I do perish.
Dad.—Never, thou pale-face madman, never! (*To Suit.*) And thou, go change thy dress, as I have changed my mind. Thou shalt marry Villenario this very eve! (*Flourish trumpets.*)
Suit.—Never!—this dagger first shall be sheathed in this fair body, and my heart's be-lud shall drink, ere I consent to nuptials basely planned as er those.
Vil.—Then, foolish girl you must accept your *fate*! We'll give your lover and yourself as much of company of the other as you shall choose. Ho, there! (*Speaking off*) Bring forth the usual fiery, untamed steeds. (*Two Knickerbocker horses are brought in*) Now bind these recreant ingrates on their untameable backs!
(*Lovereo and Suitereo are divested of their superfluous clothes, and bound on separate chargers. The horses quietly walk up to the footlights, and Lovereo and Suitereo sing a duet, chorus by the whole troupe, at the close of which the horses start off on their wild career, and*

End of Act I.

ACT II.

Scene I.—Sitka, in Russian America—at the Railroad Station.
Enter Moralio—My proteges should soon be here; I've guided both the horses to this region *wild;* and, while I wait, methinks I'll have some music and a dance. Fairy Sisters, *approach! approach! (about three hundred fairy sisters approach and sing)*

FAIRIES' CHORUS.
We are fairies, tra, la, la;
Tra, la, la, we are fairies,
(*Ea capo ad lib.*)

Moralio—And now, sweet sisters, dance the merry Tarantule (*They dance and exeunt.*) I hear the rumble of the railroad cars; I pray Lovereo and Suitereo may not be late, and miss the New York train. (*The train is just heard, and then seen approaching. It appears just as Lovereo and Suitereo, still on their steeds, arrive on the track—the locomotive runs into them, cuts the cords that bind them, and Lovereo goes off riding on the smoke stack; Suitereo clings to the bell, while a transparency appears with*

"SILVER PALACE CARS—THROUGH TO NEW YORK"
Written on it. Blue and red fire, and chorus of Sitka hackmen:
"*See how they run.*"
End of Act II.

ACT III.

Scene I.—Central Park, New York City. (Enter Villenareo and Daddio.)

Vil.—Where can those wild steeds have borne your rebellious che-ild? *Speak!*
Dad—I cannot tell, nor do I care; but to p'ease thee I'll see. Impio, ap proach, appe-ar! (*Impio appears and approaches.*)
Imp.—Noble master, what wouldst thou?
Dad.—*Ou est, ma fille?*
Imp.—She will be here anon.
Dad. and Vil.—Here? He ah?
Imp.—Yes, guarded by the Fairy Moralio, curse her. (*Exit Imp.*)
Vil.—We'll wait and frustrate all their plans.
Dad.—Frustrate? First rate. We will—ha! ha!
Vil.—We will—I have *sworn* it. Ha! ha! But look, they come! they come! Let us conceal ourselves behind yon tree. But hold! Do thou go unto the Tombs, and gather the reserve force in council there.
Dad.—I will. (*Vil hides. Exit Dad.*)
(*Enter Lovereo and Suitereo.*)
Lovereo.—And now, dear love, our misery is o'er, and we will be happy yet.
Suitereo.—We will. We will, or perish in the attempt.
Vil.—You lie—you lie, base born ingrates! Seize 'em, men! Seize the vile dastards, and give them to their doom. Ha! ha! (*About three hundred policemen appear, and are about to arrest Lovereo and Suitereo, when—*)
(*Enter Moralio.*)—Quick, Lovereo, the balloon! the balloon!
(*As she speaks, a ball on appears with a Brooklyn minister in it. Lovereo and Suitereo step in. It ascends to slow music, and they are married before the eyes of the helpless multitude.*)
Chorus of Policemen—Ever be happy and light as thou art,
Pride of our Captain's heart.
Come back to see us some bright afternoon,
Pride of the big balloon. (*repeat.*)

The scene opens, disclosing the realms of celestial delight, with angels perched on golden pedestals—nymphs gliding from flower to flower, the whole closing with the Grand Hallelujah Chorus by angels, seraphs, nymphs and policemen.
(*Calcium and Bengola Lights.*)
CURTAIN.

.....Owing to the great length of this sketch, we are unable to give you any funny reading this week, and must beg the reader's indulgence for this once.

H. S. SARGENT is at present in this city, engaged in organizing a dramatic company, with which he purposes furnishing amusement during the long winter evenings to the residents of Newbern, Wilmington and Raleigh in the Old North State.

THOS. BAKER'S ORCHESTRA MUSIC, confessedly as good as any ever composed, may be procured of Messrs. W. A. Pond & Co., of this city. A list of the same, with other particulars, will be found in our advertising columns.

YE BURLESQUE of "Ye Grand Queen Bess," written by Falconer expressly for the Fifth Avenue Opera House, was produced on the 9th to a good house, and a fair attendance witnessed its performance each evening during the week. As a burlesque on Ristori's version of "Queen Elizabeth" it is a capital one, although it does not contain so many laughable bits as we have witnessed in many other burlesques. The author has followed the play very closely, and has retained much of its business. At times it contains a sprinkling of wit and humor, and then again it is rather monotonously dull and talky. The music is that of the "Duchess of Geroldstein," and is not only very well introduced but appropriately so. It was very well sung by the different members of the company, the chorus being well drilled and excellent. The song of "The Sabre" was decidedly the most enjoyable part of the whole performance, and was loudly applauded. Leffingwell's make-up for the *role* of Lizzie (Queen Bess) was the best take off of Ristori or any other character we ever saw. The part was a very long one for a burlesque, and a trying one, but Mr. Leffingwell performed it in his usually careful and happy style. So far it is his best performance in burlesque. Mrs. Charles Howard Watkins looked well as Lord Essex, dressing the character with consummate taste, singing it very carefully, and making a host of fresh admirers by its performance. Sol Smith, Jr., as the Spanish Ambassador, looked fierce enough for one of Mosby's guerillas that we used to read about during the late rebellion. His make-up was excellent and his huge trick mou-taches about two feet long, which, by a string worked all over his face, caused considerable fun. Ban he Chapman, Millie Sacchi, M. B. Pike, Mrs. Leffingwell, Mr. Eberle and Mr. McCloskey, did justice to their respective *roles*, and the burlesque passed off to the satisfaction of all present, and is announced for production the present week.

J. HOLMES GROVER, Irish comedian, made his first appearance in this city on the afternoon of the 11th inst., at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, as Handy Andy and the Irish Tutor, supported by a company of volunteer talent, and the least said of their dramatic ability the best. With such poor support no actor, no matter how talented, could expect to make a favorable impression, and under these circumstances we must make every allowance, as well as its being an afternoon performance, which is seldom satisfactory to the most interested. Taking all these things into consideration, Mr. Grover got along remarkably well, and made a most favorable impression, and had he received the support of those who knew what they were acting his success would have been greater. Not only did he have this drawback to contend with from the company, but others who knew better threw obstacles in his way. Mr Grover rented the theatre from the management and paid just what was asked, and it was natural to suppose that those regularly employed on the stage as stage hands and the property man had their services paid for by the management from the money received from Mr. Grover, but just before the performance commenced twenty do lars were demanded from him by the stage carpenter for the services of himself and assistants. The property man also demanded to be paid, and these men would not do a thing until paid. To this imposition Mr. Grover had to succumb. Can he be blamed for any little short-comings under these circumstances? Mr. Grover possesses a good stage presence, knows exactly how to dress an Irish character, and his brogue equals that of any Irish comedian on the stage. His songs and jigs were enthusiastically *encored*, and he was called before the curtain at the close of the first act in "Handy Andy," and at the termination of the piece.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" is attracting crowded houses every night to the Olympic Theatre. This evening witnesses its fifty-second performance, and it bids fair to run a month longer. Fanny Stockton relinquishes the *rol* of Oberon this evening and Rosa Cook makes her *debut* in the character. Rosa made a favorable impression in this city in the burlesque of "Arrah-Na-Pogue" some time since, as a vocalist, and will, no doubt, appear to advantage as Oberon. Notwithstanding the heavy storm on the 12th inst., the Olympic had the best house of any theatre in the city.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" continues to attract crowded houses to the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, and is certainly the most successful local piece produced in this city for years. The pier and railroad scenes are the most effective ever seen on the stage, and elicit great applause. Mortimer's Snorkey and Parsiow's Bootblack are excellent performances, and assist in making the piece as popular as it is. The *rol*e of Laura, first played on its revival by Irene Worrell, was personated all last week by Mrs. Skerrett, the former lady having retired from the stage for the present. It is very seldom that any piece proves a success on a revival, but "Under the Gaslight" is an exception to the rule, for it is as popular now as when first produced.

MORRIS SIMMONDS AND B. F. LOWELL, two gentlemen well and favorably known by the profession, bought out on the 11th inst., the International Agency from Harry Wall, and removed the business to 609 Broadway, where they have fitted up in good style an office for the transaction of the dramatic and musical agency business. Mr. Wall retires from the business altogether. Messrs. Simmonds and Lowell have retained the services of Samuel Simons, formerly with Mr. Wall, and who is thoroughly acquainted with the business as well as with the profession at large.

THE LATE SNOW STORM operated considerably to the detriment of the managers of places of amusement, as there was a terrible falling off in the receipts. At neither Niblo's, the Olympic or Wallack's on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings was the house one-third full, and the ladies were like angels' visits, few and far between. The walking was very bad, and this, combined with very few of the city cars running, kept people from going to the theatre. Sleighing was also very good, and this always makes show business bad, and as the present prospects are that sleighing will continue for a little while longer we shall expect to see a few more slim audiences at the different places of amusement.

THE PRESENT WEEK is announced by [illegible] New York Circus, as the last for the present, of Pfau, one of the most daring and graceful athletes ever seen in this country. The manager announces that there will be produced on Monday next, a new and original pantomime, which will be brought out with new and handsome costumes, novel tricks and transformations, and comic incidents. The *matinees* which are given every Wednesday and Saturday have been so largely attended as to induce the management to announce a performance every afternoon of the present week.

NO PERFORMANCE of the "Devil's Auction" took place at the Academy of Music on the 14th inst., as was announced. Very few bidders have been found for the attractions offered by the auctioneer the past two weeks. Manager De Pol has sunk considerable money by his first attempt at American theatrical management, and we hope the next time he tries to cater for the public that he will produce a piece possessed of some little literary merit. His *ballet* is the best ever seen in this country, but his dramatic company is very weak.

EVEN THE "BLACK CROOK" failed to attract more than half an audience any evening last week after Tuesday night, the bad weather overhead, combined with the slippery walking, deterring many from coming out even to see the "Naked Drama"—as it has been called—exposed on a cold night. This evening Auguste Sohike, the *dans seuse* who created so much enthusiasm by her dancing of the "Hungarian Polka" in the "Devil's Auction," puts in a first appearance. The rehearsals for the new piece are progressing very satisfactorily, and it is thought that the piece will be ready for production early in January.

"THE GAMBLER'S FATE," a sensation drama, which is carded as being replete with startling situations, novel effects and comic incidents, and one which is no doubt just the kind liked by the lovers of amusement on the east side of the town, is offered the patrons of Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening and during the week. Crissie Morrell, a vocalist, who has made a host of friends in New Orleans, where she has been for some time, commences an engagement this evening. The latest London song of "Not for Joseph," as sung by Tony Pastor, has been as favorably received as any Tony has in his extensive *repertoire*, and is nightly *encored*.

THE SPECULATORS in Dickens' tickets got terribly nipped last week, equally as bad as did many who exposed themselves to the weather without an overcoat or a pair of gloves. At eight o'clock, on two different evenings, tickets were offered outside the door of the hall, by these speculators, for twenty-five cents each, and no sale even at that price. Judging by the looks of their countenances, we thought that they imagined something else to pay except the Dickens. But like every one else in the show business, they must take the sour as well as the sweet.

"THE DUTCH CHEESE OPERA" is one of the acts offered by the San Francisco Minstrels; also another one called "The Dickens to Pay; or, Little Nell," in which Birch and Backus will play the dickens with things in general. The burlesque of "The Haunted House," which generally provokes considerable laughter, is also announced. As this Company was the only regular Minstrel entertainment that was open during the latter part of the week, they had a fair run of houses.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE under the management of Robert Butler, with the stage department under the charge of the popular La Thorne, was about the only place of amusement in the city last week that did not exhibit any great falling off in the attendance. The patrons of this horse old not appear to mind the bad weather, for the hall was well attended every evening except Wednesday, when there was a slight diminution in the attendance. The principal attractions at present are Vivian, the comic vocalist; Johnny Thompson and Charley Pettingill, song and dance business; Bob Hart, Geo. Coes, Frank Kerns and James Wamsold, general performers.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE offers its patrons this week a carefully made out programme containing not only the first appearance of three new faces to its patrons, but some of the most successful bits of the season in the way of Ethiopian sketches and various other acts. W. Carleton, the very popular Irish vocalist and jiggist; Mlle. Helene, a very pleasing *danseuse*, and J. Kelly, balladist, commence an engagement this evening. A burlesque circus will be performed by all the company, the minstrels appearing in a regular first part. Charley White, Ben Cotton, Little Mack and Dick Ralph appear in Ethiopian eccentricities, and Dave Hanley gymnasticates.

THE PERFORMANCES of Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, which were brought to an abrupt termination after Wednesday evening of last week, owing to the sad calamity, will be resumed on Tuesday evening, the 17th inst. As Mr. Kelly is not able to re-appear for some time, and as Leon has quit the profession for a while, other artists have been secured. Mr. G. W. Griffen, the popular interlocutor, Rollin Howard, *prima donna*, and George Percival, balladist, have been added to the company.

JOHN BRIDGMAN, for several years an actor at Barnum's Museum, died in this city on the 11th inst. His funeral took place on the 13th.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE opens on January 6th.

SEAVEY & Co. send out this week, from their paint rooms at Bunyan Hall, a set of scenery for the Caroline Hayes Dramatic Company, now traveling in the Western States. For their precise address see advertisements.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS have the repute of being *au fait* in the manufacture of musical apparatus. Their address will be found among our advertisements.

THE CARICATURAMA is the name of an exhibition given at Dodworth Hall last week by Mr. Nast. The entertainment consists of a series of thirty-three paintings, nine by twelve feet in size, representing many of those who took active parts in the late rebellion on both sides of the question. A descriptive lecture is given by W. H. Norton, the actor, and the piano furnishes appropriate music for each scene.

ELIZA NEWTON received by the last steamer from England all her wardrobe, gotten up expressly for her to travel with and use in the production of her new burlesques.

PROFESSIONALS wishing shoes of every sort adapted to theatrical purposes will find where to procure them by addressing as instructed in J. O'Donnell's advertisement.

"THE HEART OF THE GREAT CITY," of which Thad. Glover is the author, has been successfully presented in this city at the [illegible] Theatre, Philadelphia, during the present month. By an advertisement in another column it will be seen that Mr. Johnston is anxious to make engagements.

IN OUR advertising columns this week will be found a number of cards from the firm of Rivers & Co., the dramatic agents, to which we refer the reader for full particulars.

Dramatic.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY known as the "Broadway Theatre" was at Morrisville, N. Y., up to the 14th, and opens in Auburn on the 16th, for two nights. W. D. Shields is in this company, also E. T. Stetson, Fred Brink, Alice and G. W. Harrison.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was produced at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., last week, by the Holman Opera Troupe, with Allan Halford as Bay Trafford, W. H. Crane as Snorky, J. R. Spackman as Byke, Wm. Davidge, Jr., as Bermudas, with banjo solo, & F. Farren as Sam, Sallie Holman as Laura, Miss Lyon as Pearl, Julia Holman as Peachblossom, Ella Palmer as Mrs. Van Dam, and Mr. Smith (his first appearance) in the *role* of Old Judas. Everything the management could do to make the piece a success has been done. It was admirably put upon the stage, and the full house showed that excellence was appreciated.

MACFARLAND'S DRAMATIC COMPANY was at Dubuque, Iowa, the week ending Dec. 7th, and was to go thence to Waterloo.

"THE STREET OF NEW YORK" was performed at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 9th and 10th inst.

SALLIE HINCKLEY, who had been confined to her bed with sickness for several days in San Francisco, Cal., was on Nov. 19 rapidly recovering. For a day or two her chance of life was narrowed to a very fine line.

NOT DEAD.—John Gregg, the favorite baritone, whom the papers have declared dead two or three times, returned to San Francisco from Oregon on Nov. 12. He left the city some months ago, under engagement to Signor Bianchi; but, much against his will, had, instead, to fill an engagement to the typhus fever, in Portland. John has managed to pull through, but lost a good deal of flesh in the effort. He is said to look thin enough now for a tenor, and to be cast for "first lover" in the distribution.

A. D. BRADLEY, whose specialties are first old man and character actor, etc., advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement.

PIERPONT THATER appeared at the Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 13th, as Appius Claudius, which performance was pretty severely criticized by the press, which called from Mr. Pierpont the following card:—'An actor is at all times the servant of the public, and the public have an acknowledged right either to censure or to praise him. I have unfortunately incurred the censure of both press and public by my performance of Appius Claudius, at the Opera House. I have been accused of ignorance, inability and inebriety. I would willingly remain silent on the first two charges, but I hold it an imperative duty I owe to myself and the occasion to refute the latter accusation, as false and unjust. I undertook to play it to the best I could with it, considering the time I had to study it—from rehearsal till night—about four hours. That best I admit was very bad. Every actor knows that three days at least are all owed to study Appius Claudius, a part of twelve lengths, and withal one of the most thankless and disagreeable in the whole range of the drama. As to *sobriety*, the best evidence is the testimony of my fellow performers. Had my record been clearer, I might have escaped. I have always endeavored to be conscientious in the discharge of my duties, and have determined that neither public nor manager should ever find me derelict; but feeling convinced that I stand in a false light before that public, I deem it but justice to myself that I should endeavor to correct a wrong impression. PIERPONT THAYER."

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, San Francisco, Cal., was opened on Nov. 23d, with Charles Wheatleigh as the star, and the following company:—Henry Edwards, J. H Vinson, F. M. Bates, Alexander Fitzgerald, Mrs. F. M. Bates, Mrs. C. R. Saunders the Howson Family, W. Hamilton, Buckley, Melville and others. "Under the Gaslight" was to be the opening piece. Messrs. Edwards, Vinson and Bates are the managers.

THE HIGHT-ROGERS PARTY was in Chicago last week, and will remain until after New Year. Efforts were made to secure Jennie Hight and John Dillon for "Undine," but Jennie couldn't see it.

JOHN DILLON is on his oars again, having severed his connection with the Museum company, Chicago.

JULIA DEAN opened at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 16th.

"NOBODY'S DAUGHTER" is a very appropriate play to produce at the Mormon Temple. On Dec. 31 it was given, with McKenzie as Black Museum, Dunbar as Dennis, Lindsay as Victor, Graham as Reginald, Miss Colebrook as Lydia, Andy and H. F. Stone as Jerry Milsom and Joyce Harker, Margetts as Sir Oswald and Miss Alexander as Pauline. It was repeated on the 4th and 5th.

F. S. CHANFRAU opened at the Louisville Theatre on the 9th inst., in "Sam" to a fair house. The piece is said to be very well cast and goes off very smoothly. Manager Fuller is preparing a new fairy spectacle, entitled "The Frolics of Puck," for the holidays.

THE LA GRANGE AND BRIGNOLI OPERA TROUPE opened in Lowell, Mass., on the 12th inst., in "Il Trovatore." "Martha" was the opera announced to be produced, but the sudden illness contracted by Sig. Brignoli prevented his appearance. "Il Trovatore," however, was given in good style.

C. P. CLARKE, of Philadelphia, is the agent for "Ours" and "The Great City." See advertisement.

JOHN E. OWENS continues at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, this week. Last week the theatre was packed each night. His specialties were "Solon Shingle" and the "Live Indian."

AT THE MOBILE, ALA., THEATRE, Edwin Booth opened with "Hamlet," on Dec 2d; 3d, "Shylock;" 4th, "Richelieu;" 5th "Hamlet;" 6th, "Romeo and Juliet," and 7th, "Richard III." Good houses but not crowded ones attended during the week, owing to the high prices of admission. He was supported by Miss Mary McVicker and the stock.

JAS. T. FANNIN, leading man, and Annie Fannin, soubrette, may be addressed as per advertisement.

THE HAMLIN BROTHERS—Thomas, Frederick and Edward—will leave England on Jan. 1st, for this country, under engagement to Morris Simmonds.

DAN BRYANT terminated his engagement at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., of nine weeks, on Nov. 9th. The *Morning Call* of that city says:—"Although it cannot be claimed for Mr. Bryant that he is an Irish comedian of positively dazzling genius, there is about him an unaffected ease, geniality and naturalness that is sure to win the favor of the appreciative and impartial wherever the light of his rosy face may shine and the rat-a-tat of his facile heel may fall." Mr. Bryant opened at the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento, on Nov. 12 in the "Irish Emigrant" and "Handy Andy" the following evening. He appeared at the Opera House, San Francisco, on Nov. 20th as Handy Andy for the benefit of Mrs. Judah. Mr. Bryant had received an offer of $500 a night for six performances in burnt cork, and when the steamship sailed was announced to appear at Platt's Music Hall, San Francisco, commencing on Nov. 23, supported by Joe Murphy and a first class party.

MRS. CHARLES POOLE made her first appearance on the stage at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 12 in the *role* of Massaniello, which was repeated two evenings. On the 15th she appeared as Medea, in which she achieved a marked success, and fully established her claims to critical consideration as a tragic actress of more than average ability. Her embodiment was perhaps somewhat wanting in artistic finish, but the power displayed was ample and judiciously used.

FRANK HOWSON took a benefit on Nov. 18 at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco

HELEN TRACY made her first appearance in San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 12th, at the Opera House, as Virginia, in "Virginius," supported by John E. McCullough as Virginius; Mrs. E. F. Stewart as Servia; Mr. Edwards as Icilius. On the 13th, she appeared as Julie to McCullough's "Richelieu." The "Huguenot Captain" was produced on the 15th; Mrs. Sophie Edwin's benefit, on the 14th, was largely attended. The "Child Stealer" was given. Helen Tracy received a benefit on Nov. 18th, appearing as Desdemona to McCullough's Othello.

KATE FISHER, of "Mazeppa" fame, was to have commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 16th inst. It is to be hoped that Kate will succeed in enticing the Buffaloes to hear and see her. "Buffalo boys, won't you come out to-night?"

MRS. JUDAH was up for a benefit at the Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 20th. The comedy of "Love Chase" was announced, with Mrs. Harry Jackson as Constance; Mrs. Judah as Widow Green; John McCullough as Wildrake. Dan Bryant was announced to appear as Handy Andy.

BIDWELL & LOCKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened at Temple Hall, Portsmouth, N. H., on the 11th inst., in Fulton and Maeder's version of "Nobody's Daughter." Our correspondent, "Casten," writing from there, says: "The audience was large and appreciative. The appearance of Dolly Bidwell was greeted with a general outburst of applause. Dollie is a great favorite here, and her acting of the triple *role* in the above play was a success. Great praise is also due R. S. Meldrum. Had the company remained longer, they would have been repaid by crowded houses. It is very seldom that a good theatrical troupe visits this place, as the stage of the hall is so small as not to admit of any great display of scenery."

J. H. HACKETT closed his six nights' engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, on the 7th instant, and Edwin Forrest succeeded him, opening on the 9th as Cardinal Richelieu. Mr. Forrest's delineation of the character, says our correspondent, "Novice," "is unquestionably one of the finest now presented by any actor. He was ably supported by Barton Hill, Miss Lillie and the augumented stock company. 'Jack Cade' was given on the 10th, to an audience large and enthusiastic. 'Virginius' was presented on the 11th, and on the following evening 'Othello' enjoyed a representation. This evening (13th) Mr. Forrest receives a benefit, appearing in the 'Gladiator.' To-morrow evening the stock do 'Tom and Jerry.' The attendance thus far during Mr. Forrest's engagement has been large, and the support given him by the company good. Mr Forrest has received much better support during his present engagement at the National Theatre, than during his late engagement at the Broadway in your city."

CHRISTINE ZAVISIOWSKI, the graceful *danseuse* and popular pantomimist, has met with a most flattering reception at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, where she has appeared in the spectacle of the "Fairie of Enchantment." The following notice is taken from the press of that city:—"ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The twelfth representation of the 'Tale of Enchantment' at this theatre drew another crowded house last night. The grand march in the third act, which, in our opinion, is the *chef d'œuvre* of the piece, was magnificently given last night, the brilliant manœuvering of the Amazons, under the skillful leadership of Emeline Zavistowski, calling forth unstinted applause from gallery, dress circle and parquet. The generous rivalry, we are charitable enough to suppose that it is nothing more, that seems to exist among the leading *danseuses*, affords the spectators an opportunity nightly of witnessing rare displays of graceful and artistic dancing. 'La Waltz Styrienne,' by Mons. and M'lle Christine Zavistowski, is a marvel of graceful and rapid dancing, and elicits round after round of applause, as is its just due."—*Picayune.*

T. E. MILLS' dramatic company is at present traveling through Wisconsin. They are at Beaver Dam this week, and next week at Janesville, and open in Milwaukee on the 31st inst., for five nights.

WILSON AND CLARKE'S dramatic company opened in St. John, N. B., on the 11th, for nine nights, and go through to Portland, Me., for a short season.

THE FATHER of John A. Ellsler, Jr., manager of the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, died on the 8th inst., aged 74 years. Mr. Ellsler took the remains to Philadelphia on the 13th inst., for interment. The theatre was closed on the 11th.

J. H. WILSON, whose specialties are stage machinist and advance agent, and who is at present with T. E. Mills' company, may be addressed as per advertisement.

A FIRST WALKING LADY, accomplished and of attractive appearance, is wanted for the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y. See advertisement.

"THE FLYING SCUD" was produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 9th inst., and save our correspondent "Arry" a splendid opportunity of displaying the great outlay incident upon its production, and the heavy advertising indulged in by Manager Olney, the attendance the past week was bad. On the 13th, Mr. Ashley took a benefit and the house was poor, owing partly to the cold weather which prevailed. Manager Olney engaged a fine *ballet* to give *eclat* to the performance. It is only an act of justice to the actors to say, that no matter how poor the house, they sustained the different *roles* assigned them with credit. J. L. Goss in was very good as Capt. Grindley Good

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS continue at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. The Runnells Family concluded their engagement last week. C. E. Collins, the "Cure," and the Weston Brothers remain with the company, and combined with the old favorites, Manning, Emmett, Fox, and Gulick, make an excellent entertainment which seldom fails to draw.

A VIOLIN of superior make is advertised for sale in another column by E. Isaacs.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS perform in Lowell, Mass., on the 14th inst.

CARNCROSS AND DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, are running their funny burlesque of "Surf."

J. H. BUDWORTH is the card at Tunison's Philadelphia Opera House. A burlesque on "Faust" is being rehearsed for the holidays.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS appeared at City Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 7th and 9th, to good houses. Our correspondent says: "This troupe gave an excellent show, their programme embracing many new acts. Gonsalvo Bishop, Warren Richards, L. E. Hicks and others, compose the vocal corps."

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS opened in Louisville on the 9th, and remain one week.

Circuses.

PALMYRA HOLLOWAY died in Kingston, Jamaica, Sept. 17, of yellow fever. This lady was with Cairini's Circus in this city in the summer of 1866, and, while here, was married to Robert Johnson, equestrian. They left here, and joined Orrin's Circus in the West Indies.

THE PHILADELPHIA CIRCUS, under the management of Dan Gardner, is said to be doing a pretty fair business, as they have a good and large company of artists. The company consists of Lewis Lipman, Geo. Batchelor, Dan. Gardner, Wm. La Rue, Wm. Morgan, Nicole Norton, Geo. Cuder, Harry King, George Brown, Fred Rivers, Geo. Derious, the Jerome Brothers, Charley Parker, Sanford, Hunting, Eddie Gardner, Eliza Gardner, Camilla Gardner, M'lle Johnson, Mrs. Bell, and Charles Kenyon, with his trick horse "Ingomar."

LAKE'S CIRCUS, says a correspondent writing from Henderson, Texas, on Nov. 28, has been over some very rough country, with very poor accommodations for man or beast at the hotels. "All through Arkansas we could get nothing to eat except sweet potatoes and hash! and corn coffee. If we asked for something else, they would say this is all we have down here, and they had the impudence to demand $2 50 per day for each man for such grub. But we have got to stand it, as we are here and can't help it. Through this State (Texas) business is good. The people don't want to have anything to do with greenback money—all specie. We were compelled to ship Shreveport, La., on account of yellow fever, and we hear that it has been in all the large sized towns in Texas. We are compelled to show in the small towns. The cry when we come into towns is, have any of you're boys got the yellow fever? But it aint struck us yet, although we are in its midst. Fred Renshaw joined our company here."

MEETING OF PROFESSIONALS.—Uncle Sam Miller's Hotel, in Philadelphia, is one of the most popular stopping places in this country, and is perhaps better known among showmen than any other hotel in the States. It is the resort of all showmen visiting the Quaker City, and at this time of the year is filled with those in every branch of the business. On the 9th inst., there was a regular gathering of the clans, there being present a large number of professionals, as well as managers of circuses who were engaging for the approaching season. The following are the names of those who were "on deck:"—Adam Forepaugh, C. H. Castle, Dan Rice, E. Derious, Frank Rosston, J. O. Brien, Dan Gardner, James Cooper, R. Hemmings, W. H. Gardner, Jas. Jahaway, C. Parker, Sam Lathrop, Pete and John Conklin, Geo. Derious, Geo. Batchelder, Wm. Morgan, Frank Kelcn, James and Sam Burt, Sanford and Brown, Chiriki, Lew. Lipman, Harry Enoch, Tom King, Sutton Brothers, C. Bristol, James Wadsworth, the facetious John T. Donnelly, Charles Munroe, Henry Burdeau, Chas. Tease, Geo. King, S. S. Sanford, the veteran minstrel manager, L. J. Donnelly, Fred Reniz, James Ward, James Flake, and last though not least, by two hundred odd pounds, the fat and genial Doctor Thayer.

ALEX. ROBINSON'S CIRCUS exhibits in Mobile, Ala., all this week.

HAIGHT AND CHAMBER'S CIRCUS performed at Galveston, Texas, on Nov. 27, remained six days, and did a good business. They left there on Dec. 3d for Houston, where they were to remain four days, and go thence on through Texas and back to Galveston, *en route* to New Orleans. They were joined on Nov. 18 by McVeigh and Pierce, double song and dance and clog dancers; also, on the 29th, by the Milsom Brothers. Hank Mason and W. J. Jacobs were also with the party, but quit them on Nov. 3d, and left for New Orleans on the 4th.

ORTON'S CIRCUS has been showing through Arkansas. On Nov. 22, the concern was at Boston, Ark. When the afterpiece was announced, a party of "bushwackers" came into the canvas a little drunk. Four of them drew their revolvers on Billy Andrews, but some of the company soon made them put up their firearms. They left, saying they would settle with them before they left town. In the evening a party of twenty of them made a raid on the show. The managers called on thirteen regulars who were in town, and prepared for battle. Arranging their forces behind an embankment they prepared for action. In a few minutes three men on horseback, led by Tom Duke, formerly a captain in the rebel army, rode into the ring, when the firing became general on both sides. Tom Duke was killed, also his horse, and a negro called Jeff. Twelve of the party were wounded, but escaped; two were taken prisoners. R. Z. Orton was the only one injured among the show boys. Three buckshots passed through the fleshy part of his body, and one lodged in his arm. He is recovering.

THE TOURAINE BROTHERS have an advertisement in this week's CLIPPER calling attention to the fact of others assuming their name.

CHARLEY PARKER is up for a benefit at the Philadelphia Circus on Dec. 18, on which occasion ten clowns are announced to appear in the ring at one time. A live pig is also to be let loose, to become the property of the party catching him.

THAYER AND NOYES' CIRCUS, at the Front Street Theatre, has become a fixed institution in Baltimore. The company is spoken of as an excellent one, and is well patronized. During the past week Sam Long, the clown, a great favorite with the Baltimoreans, has been the principal attraction. The company remains there for an indefinite period.

MR JAMES MAGUIRE, clown and comic vocalist, is laying off for the winter at his father's residence in Albany, N. Y.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS is billed for Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 16th, 17th and 18th., and pitches tent at Mobile, Ala., on Dec. 23d, remaining four days.

THE LOUISVILLE AMPHITHEATRE (late Academy of Music) was reopened on the 9th inst. with a circus company.

Music Halls.

ANNIE GIBBONS and Nellie Howard, double clog and song and dance performers, commenced at the Germania Concert Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., on the 9th inst., and were well received. The company at present engaged at this hall is as follows:—Fritz Knight, T. McIntyre, J. W. Berkley, Ella Parker, Master Johnny and Frank Parker.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, St. Louis, Mo., lately rebuilt and opened by Doctor Spalding and David Bidwell, is said to be one of the finest places of amusement of its kind in the country. There is a parquet, dress circle, family circle and gallery, painted and decorated in the highest style of art, and capable of seating fifteen hundred persons. Pantomimes, *ballets*, Ethiopian sketches, sensational gymnastics English opera, and occasionally selected equestrian performances, will be the characteristics of the new theatre. The proprietors and managers are Spalding and Bidwell; treasurer, C. A. Spalding; stage manager, W. B. Cavanagh; director of orchestra, B. Vogel; director of the *ballet*, Mons. Baptistine; stage carpenter, S. C. Gates; properties, W. H. Gunn.

METROPOLITAN HALL, Washington, D. C., is evidently a flourishing institution, for there they have a good company, with Sam Collyer, of P. R. fame, as a star, and their various performances are witnessed by large and appreciative audiences. Mons. Henze, the proprietor, cannot wish for a better attack of in flew Henze than that. More talent is wanted at this house, as will be seen by advertisement.

HANSON'S HALL, Galveston, Texas, of which Mr. H. Hanson is proprietor, returned to that city on Nov. 25th from New Orleans, where he had been to secure people. He succeeded in making an addition of three people, viz: Miss Lizzie DeWitt, *danseuse*; Chas. Morton, comic vocalist, and Johnny Smith, Ethiopian comedian; and three waiter girls. They were greeted by a crowded house on the reopening, Dec. 2d.

KITTY O'NEIL IN TROUBLE.—Since this Irish vocalist and dancer left this city for the golden shores of California, her pathway has not been one of roses, as she has had trouble with different parties on several occasions. The latest happened at Virginia City, N. T. It appears that during Kitty's engagement at the Music Hall in that city, she loaned one of the company a veil and a pair of ear-rings, and the ever-smiling Richard was despatched to the domicile of the lady to receive them, when both parties got in a quarrelsome mood, which resulted in the aforesaid lady being arrested for bestowing upon Richard sundry naughty names. When the case came before the courts, Kitty was called as witness, and is said to have been guilty of some very forcible language, which interrupted the proceedings. The transaction was immediately dramatized by Charley Rhoades, for representation the following evening, the part of Kitty O'Neil being played by Maggie Brewer, that of Jennie Morton by Nellie Vming, and that of Dick O'Neil by Charley Rhoades. The piece was called 'The Borrowed Ear-rings; or, The Mystic Veil," which put Kitty in high dudgeon, and, before it was performed, a very spicy debate took place, as follows: Miss O'Neil, with much emotion, informed the audience that she could not again appear at the house, because the stage manager had seen fit to prepare and rehearse, without her knowledge, a piece in which she was represented as using the vilest and most abusive language—such as she was not in the habit of using. Charley Rhoades then came forward, stated that Miss O'Neil's name was not mentioned in the play, and that the expressions in it did not come up to a portion of the original, but were just Irish back handed blarney. Miss O'Neil then read to the audience extracts from the language attributed to her, and appealed to them to know whether it was not indecent. Charley Rhoades also commenced to address the audience, but was hustled off in a friendly way by Tuers and Sprung, with stuffed clubs. Miss O'Neil then said:—'Gentlemen, I leave my apology with you. I cannot consent to appear again on a stage where I am held up to the public as a woman that uses the vilest language, and that by a brother professional. I cannot appear upon a stage where I am brought before the public in a manner in which this piece represents me. The piece is an outrage upon me." Miss O'Neil then retired, and Charley Rhoades came forward again and disclaimed, in gentlemanly language, any intention to insult Miss O'Neil, or to violate the customs of the stage. The audience decided, by an almost unanimous vote, that the play should be performed. There appears to be nothing in it which could justify so much exhibition of temper by Miss O'Neil, who, in fact, returned to business, and completed her engagement. Two days after Dick O'Neil was drugged with croton oil in a social glass with some friends, and was not only delirious for some hours, but was considered dangerously ill.

THE BARLOW BROTHERS, jiggists and singists, advertise for engagements in the CLIPPER.

LAWRENCE'S GERMANIA Music Hall, Harrisburg, continues to attract good audiences. Annie Gibbons and Nellie Howard put in appearance last week, and have proved a good card for Manager Lawrence. During last week, J. W. Berkley's original burlesque of "Cousin Mike's Visit," was produced.

THE COMPANY engaged at the Canterbury Hall, Omaha, under the management of Mr. Arthur Johnson, consists of Add. Weaver, Edwards, Hayes, Morrisy Little, Quinn; Rosa De Forrest, Laura Thompson, Clara Burnes and Maggie May.

THE OLYMPIC, Mobile, Ala., continues well attended, and the company has been increased by the addition of Ned Straight, Miss N. Straight, and La Petite Annetti. During the week ending the 7th inst., the burlesque of the "Sons of Malta" was produced. Madden, Benton, Cummings and Rivers, are said to deserve special mention for the creditable manner in which they rendered their respective roles. The performance is liberally sandwiched with songs and dances by the company.

"ZEZO," a new spectacular drama, is produced at Fox's American, Philadelphia, this week. It is intended as the holiday spectacle, and is placed on the stage in a handsome manner, closing with a grand transformation scene. A cascade of real water, mechanical effects, etc., are introduced. Fanny Forrest and Martin Chirlski are still at this house.

THOMPSON'S OPERA HOUSE, Louisville, Ky., is said to be doing a good business in spite of the hard times. Gus Gerbert has taken hold of the managing department. There was considerable change in the company the past week. It now consists of Billy Gray, Johnny Shay, Mr. Crouse, Emma Whiting, Bell and Alice Herd, Bell De Forrest and Minnie Clark.

THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, O., has received several additions to their company. The Marine Sisters and Frank Lumm put in an appearance on the 16th. Harry Lyman and the Clarke Brothers still remain with the party.

MISS MARIE BOEL, who commenced an engagement at the Thompson Opera House, Louisville, Ky., as a clog dancer, and also to do song and dance business some time since, has become a great favorite. On the 13th inst. she left for Washington.

THE VARIETIES, Memphis, Tenn., has been doing an improved business, especially since Willis Cobb and his trained dogs, goats and monkeys have been introduced. Johnny Weaver maintains his negro delineator and comedian. Fanny Williams has arranged a clever ballet called the "Sultan and his Harem," Johnny Weaver being the Grand Turk, and Fanny herself the favorite.

Miscellaneous.

BURTIS' OPERA HOUSE, Davenport, Iowa, a large, elegant, and well appointed structure, having a seating capacity of two thousand, may be rented for first class entertainments by addressing J. J. Burtis, as instructed in advertisement in the CLIPPER.

FOURTH STREET THEATRE, Cincinnati, O., the seating capacity of which is 800, and is reported to be in a good location and in good condition, may be rented by the week or month by addressing J. G. Gibbons, as per advertisement.

SAUL SEETREW has published a new song called "General Grant's the Man."

THE DOBSON BROTHERS.—Chas. E. and Frank P. Dobson entertained a large audience at Hopkins' Music Hall, Cincinnati, on the afternoon of Dec. 9th. The entertainment is said to have been highly appreciated. They introduced several novelties which they brought from Europe in the way of magic.

MR. AND MRS. LORD are giving their dramatic, burlesque, and serio comic entertainments through Iowa.

HORACE GREELEY lectured at Metzerott Hall, Washington, D.C., on the 11th inst., taking for his subject 'Abraham Lincoln."

PROF. HUTCHINS, the "Lightning Calculator," lectured at Metzerott Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 12th inst., on "New York City."

PROF. QUEEN, the fakir, was at East Saugus, Mass., Dec. 7 h and 8th, and will be at North Reading on the 17th.

GARDNER W. RAND, proprietor of Rand's Hall, Troy, N. Y., died in that city on the 9th inst.

JIG & CLOG DANCERS and banjoistic aspirants should read J. K. Buckley's advertisements elsewhere.

MARSHALL AND DOYLE'S JAPANESE are said to be doing finely in the South. A Savannah correspondent writes:—Our city has been enlivened for a week by the Mikado Japanese, who have drawn the largest houses ever assembled at our theatre. There was no falling off in their business, and I think they could have packed the theatre for another week; but as manager Templeton was under engagement with Jean Hosmer, who opened here on the 9th, the Japs were obliged to close. I hope their managers can visit Savannah again before they leave the South. They went from here to Augusta, where, I am told, they are doing finely. This company is billed to open in Charleston, S. C., for one week, commencing on the 16th.

GIBBES HALL, Columbia, S. C., was totally destroyed by fire on the night of December 8th. It was the first building erected in that place after its destruction by Gen. Sherman.

W. C. WEMYSS, the well-known publisher of the latest plays produced in England and this country, has just issued Daly's play of "Under the Gaslight," which he offers for fifteen cents a copy; also "Caste," and all the published plays of the day. The books are very well gotten up, and being the author's edition, they can be relied on as being all right. Mr. Wemyss has also on hand *cartes de visite* of all the actors and actresses of the day, as well as colored ones of the "Black Crook" and "Devil's Auction" ballet. Parties wishing anything in the way of books, etc., will find his address in another column.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS TROUPE vocalized at City Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 13th.

CELEBRATED PROFESSIONAL SKATERS may secure engagements by addressing S. H. Davis & Co., as per advertisement.

VANDENHOFF did well at the New Assembly Rooms, in Baltimore, on four nights of last week.

THE MENDELSSHON QUINTET CLUB, of Boston, gave two concerts in Baltimore on the 9th and 10th inst.

FRANK MELFORD was announced to give an entertainment, entitled "My Old Portfolio," at Providence, R. I., on the 10th. About two dozen persons were present, and Melford left town without performing.

GEORGE CLAIR, late of the Griswold Opera House Company, Troy, N. Y., is perfecting arrangements to give, during the winter months, a series of Saturday and Monday evening concerts.

THE REPORT that Jack Wyman, the well-known bill poster of Troy, had given up the ghost, is untrue. Jack is still in the land of the living, busy as ever with paste and brush.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE give two entertainments in Buffalo on the 20th and 21st inst. M. L. Townsend, his agent, has billed the town in fine style; having engaged the bill boards, he covered the "Flying Scud" bills, and had a wordy altercation with Mr. Henry Ashley on the 12th.

HARTZ remains at Sanderson's Opera House, Baltimore, three weeks longer. His success has been a most signal one, and his performances have greatly moved the people of Baltimore.

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR scattered "Injun Meal" at the Music Hall, Chicago, on the 11th.

ALF BURNETT and company appear at the Academy of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio, for two weeks, commencing on the 23d inst.

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME of Mother Goose, with all the fixings for a miniature theatre, just adapted for Xmas amusement, may be procured of Thomas Yates as per advertisement.

H. WALSH, violoncellist, advertises in another column for an engagement.

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, the pedestrian, appeared at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on the 13th. A concert was given in connection with his lecture.

E. S. SULLIVAN is the bill poster of Youngstown, Ohio. His address will be found in another column.

MRS. F. S. SULLIVAN gave a concert at Rimus' Hall, Youngstown, Ohio, on Dec. 3d. The hall was crowded.

THOS. CORWIN, formerly of the "Continentals," is located in business in Marshalltown, Iowa.

THE OLD FOLKS CONCERT PARTY were advertised at Marshalltown, Iowa, on the 10th inst.

ALBERT NORTON, with his panorama of New York, was at Clinton, Iowa, Dec. 4th and 5th.

COL. WARREN'S "Paradise Lost" is exhibiting through Illinois. Shows, concerts, &c., are said to be very poorly patronized in the Western States.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH HEINE, the blind vocalists, returned to San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 29, and were to sail immediately for Valparaiso *via* Panama.

W. H. FARNAM & Co. are the sole manufacturers of Wilson's banjos and tamborines. Their address will be found in our advertising columns.

SHOWMEN'S attention is hereby called to the advertisement of Charles A. Shaw in another column, in which it will be seen that they can secure a good hall and have the benefit of favorable notice in the *Daily Times*, of Biddeford, Me. These are advantages that should not be neglected.

THE TOM THUMB COMBINATION was at Pottsville, Pa., on the 12th, and Ashland 13th.

H. J. SARGENT, prestidigitateur and illusionist, wound up his seances for the present at the Newbern, N. C., Theatre with two performances on the 5th and 6th inst., the proceeds of which were devoted to the Benevolent Society and Ladies' Memorial Association. The entertainments are said to have been very successful.

PROF. CROUCH, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," is soon to be engaged in teaching music at New Orleans, La., we are informed.

ELLINGER AND FOOTE'S COMBINATION perform in Saratoga, N. Y., on the 20th and 21st.

MR. NED KENDALL, will please send his address to Geo. Frothingham, at 196 and 198 Chambers street, N. Y.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHENIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed for the benefit of G. L. Barclay on the 9th instant. The pieces selected were the "Post of Honor" and the 'Spectre Bridegroom." The former was cast as follows:—Cobus Yorke, G. L. Barclay; Burgomaster, Mr. Fenno; Vandalem, J. Buck; Toby Skipps, Mr. Bryan; Montolieu, Mr. St. Leger; Captain, W. Cullin; Sergeant, Mr. Stevens. Adela, Miss C. Graham; Trudchen, Miss A. Sheldon. The afterpiece was cast as before, with the exception of Miss Graham as Lavinia, and Miss Baker as Georgiana.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, on Dec. 5th, performed the drama of the 'Golden Farmer," and the farce of the "Loan of a Lover." A correspondent writes:—"Of the first play we cannot speak highly. It was miserably performed, but Miss Beeftort as Elizabeth has improved in this character since she last represented it. Mr. Fay as Harry Hammer, in place of Mr. Mortimer, acted tolerably well, notwithstanding the short notice of his appointment. In the farce, Mr. Loudenshlager as Amersfort, was out of place, and acted poorly. Mr. Hulfish as Peter Spykes, performed admirably. Mr. Calvert as Swyzel, and Mr. Jennings as Delves, sustained their parts well. Miss Devere as Gertrude acted with her usual spirit; her singing was well received. Miss Leanore as Ernestine was pretty good." On the 13th they gave another performance for the benefit of G. C. Germon.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

CHARLES MONTGOMERY, tenor vocalist, was married on Nov. 25, in London, Eng., to Rose Clarendon, soprano; both are well known in the Music Hall profession.

THE AMERICAN CIRCUS lately performing at the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, Paris, opened in London, Eng., on Nov. 25, at the Royal Amphitheatre, and made a very favorable impression. The London *Era* says: "So perfect a company has not been seen in London for some years, and those interested in the equestrian art will derive the greatest satisfaction from a visit to the Amphitheatre. The performances commence with a grand tumbling act by the entire company, and in this species of acrobatic work the American Champions are proficient. Much as this preliminary act may strike the spectator, all feelings of admiration will be eclipsed by the leaping act, far in the second part of the programme. It will hardly be credited that Mr. Kelly turns a somersault over the backs of ten horses. Mr. Stickney, who goes about his arduous work with perfect coolness and unconcern, takes a tremendous leap from the spring board, and turns two somersaults before he alights on the mattress. Mr. James Robinson may be pronounced one of the most daring and talented of the 'Champions.' Mr. Robinson does many truly wonderful things, and rides round the ring with a tiny Robinson, junior, standing on his head. A very obedient and handsome horse is ridden by Mlle. Chiarini, who, with the slightest apparent movement of the hand, guides the animal between four chairs, which he upsets with his hoof, and then raises them into their proper places in the same way. The Brothers Conrad give a performance on the horizontal bar, and show that great muscular strength can be combined with graceful action. The Hanlon Brothers, whose gymnastic talents rendered them so popular at the Oxford Music Hall, are enrolled among these Transatlantic champions. D. Herman is a prominent member of the company, and not only turns somersaults, but passes through 'balloons' that seem much too small for any one to attempt with the least chance of success. Mdlle. Virginie Troost, who has been for some little time at the Amphitheatre, introduces a very daring trick act. The comic business of the ring is admirably sustained by Messrs. Charlie Keith, Charles Abbott, Conrad, and North. The two last named put those obdurate mules, 'Pete' and 'Barney,' through their amusing evolutions. Mr. D. Bidwell occupies the post of director, Mr. J. Deacon that of ring master."

ACCIDENT TO AN ACTRESS.—About three weeks since, at Greenock, Eng., while Miss Ross was performing the part of Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," and towards the close of the last act, where the actress is supposed to stab herself, the weapon used upon the occasion being a very sharp-pointed one, Miss Ross actually caused the dagger to pierce her flesh immediately over the region of the heart. The curtain thereafter fell, when it was ascertained that blood was coming from the wound. Upon examination of the wound it was found that the weapon, having fortunately pierced the actress in an oblique direction, had escaped touching a vital part. Fortunately, the injury was not so severe as to prevent Miss Ross appearing on the following evening.

CHARLES DILLON commenced an engagement on the 2d inst., at Bradford, Eng., in "Valjean," founded on Victor Hugo's romance of "Reality."

THEATRICALS AT CAPE TOWN.—The company brought by Mr. Le Roy from England appeared at the Cape Town Theatre Royal on Sept. 25th. "Good for Nothing," "Delicate Ground," and "The Swiss Cottage" were performed on the opening night. The company comprises Messrs. Bannee, Paul, Reade and the Misses Fanny Raynor, Sidney and Clara (*danseuse*). On the following Monday "Our Wife" and "The Two Gregories" were announced.

T. H. GLENNY is at the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, Eng. He is about returning to this country.

H. C. COOPER, well known in this country as director of the Cooper English Opera Troupe, appeared at the Star Music Hall, Liverpool, Eng., on Nov. 24th.

MARCUS ETMORE is at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, Eng.

KATE FATEMAN CROW was playing "Leah" at Manchester, Eng., at last advices.

FRANK DREW took a farewell benefit on Nov. 28th at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, Ireland. He appeared as Mons. Jacques in the drama of that name, as Solon Shingle, and as Paddy Murphy in the "Irish Dragoon."

MR CHARLES ERNEST, the tenor of the Christy's Minstrels, was, on the 5th of November, married to Miss Sophia Cocks, of Chelsea, at St. George's Bloomsbury. The bride's father provided a sumptuous breakfast, there being thirty guests, among whom were present G. W. Moore, J. P. Crocker, F. Burgess and H. Templeton, Esqs. The happy couple left for Godalming, in Surrey, to spend the honeymoon. This may be said to be getting married in earnest.

"HAMLET" is to be immediately produced at the Gaite Theatre, Paris. The version is that of Alexander Dumas and Paul Meurice, in which, however, some alterations have been made. The *role* of Fortinbras will be introduced, and Hamlet will not, as he has hitherto done, recover in the last act. Madame Judith—the famous Judith—is to play Hamlet; M. Laroche will play the King; M. Alexandre, Polonius; M. Charles Lemaitre, Laertes; M. Charpentier, Horatio; M. Bremond, the Ghost; Madile Fanny Gemat, the Queen; and Madile. Juliette Clarence, Ophelia. Important musical and scenic accessories are provided.

JEAN PACINI, the veteran operatic composer, died at Florence on the 11th inst. He was born at Catania, Sicily, in 1796.

JOHN S. CLARKE, the popular American comedian, has made a most favorable impression in London, Eng., in the character of Bob Tyke, as will be seen by the following extracts from the press of that city:—

"It is for the sake of the American comedian, Mr. John S. Clarke, that the 'School of Reform' has been revived, and the very able manner in which the part is performed proves remarkable versatility in the actor.....An actor who in the course of one evening can play Tyke and Major de Boots, and produce a sensation in both, is an unquestionable acquisition to the London stage"—The Times, Nov. 24.

"Mr. Clarke has proved in this piece that his powers have a range beyond mere eccentricities. In the outburst of frenzied remembrance, at the end of the first act, there was a strange and striking physical force exactly suited to, and faithfully expressing, the sort of emotion which Tyke would be capable of experiencing."—Daily Star, Nov. 23d.

"There was in many points of his acting great intensity of feeling, and the embodiment was characterised by varying powers of genius. His agony of remorse in discovering that he had robbed his own father, whom he had brought to ruin, was very powerfully delineated, and in those scenes where he gives evidence of repentance for past misdeeds, he acted with consummate ability."—Daily Advertiser, Nov. 22d.

"As Major Wellington de Boots the new comedian produced a decided impression, but as Tyke he will achieve a great success. We recommend our readers to visit the St. James's without delay, and see both Tyke and the Major.—Globe, Nov. 21.

"He (Mr. Clark) has fairly mastered the country dialect of the part, and avails himself skilfully of the opportunities for dramatic display that the part (Tyke) affords."—Pall-Mall Gazette, Nov. 22.

"There are occasions when his acting excites the audience to the heartiest expressions of approval. Such, for instance, are the description of Tyke's anguish on leaving his native land; his interview with Ferment, when he mistakes the casual allusions of the latter for deliberate references to his own career; the scene where he recognizes his father, and in that where he restores Frederick to Lord Avondale—on these occasions Mr. Clarke was warmly applauded."—Morning Post, Nov. 21.

"After performing the eccentric, not to say extravagant part of Major Wellington de Boots, it might have been thought an act of presumption in Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American comedian, to assume for his second essay on the London stage the character of Tyke, in Mereton's comedy of 'The School of Reform.' That he has succeeded proves Mr. Clarke to be a performer of superior talent."—Standard, Nov. 26.

AMUSEMENTS.

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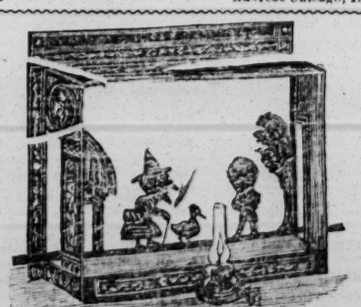

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Send your name and address, terms (lowest figure), line of business, etc.

Properties will receive an obligation by forwarding a file of bills weekly. Very respectfully yours,

37-1t LOWELL & SIMMONDS.

CARD TO MANAGERS, ACTORS & AUTHORS.
Having disposed of the entire business of the INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC AGENCY to Messrs. LOWELL & SIMMONDS, who are alone authorized to receive all moneys due me for the business from and after this date, I cheerfully commend my successors to my numerous patrons for a continuance of past favors.
HARRY WALL.
Dated New York, Jan. 1, 1868. 37-1t

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
The Business Office of the INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC AGENCY has been removed from 649 to
No. 609 BROADWAY,
one door south of Houston street.
37-1t LOWELL & SIMMONDS, Proprietors.

WILL SHORTLY ARRIVE FROM EUROPE,
THE HANLON EUROPEAN COMBINATION,
The world-famed Athletes and Champion Gymnasts of the world,
THE HANLON BROTHERS,
THOMAS, EDWARD AND FREDERICK,
having closed their highly successful engagements in London and Paris, will return to America early in January, 1868, and perform in the principal cities of the United States, in conjunction with their Star Combination Troupe, and the latest European novelties, full particulars of which will appear in future advertisements.
All communications relating to engagements must be addressed
LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
International Dramatic Agency,
37-1t 609 Broadway, New York.

TO SAIL IMMEDIATELY FOR HAVANA.
WANTED—Three Premier Danseuses for a season of 10 weeks in Havana, to sail on Thursday next, Dec. 20th. Full information can be obtained by applying to
LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
International Dramatic Agency,
37-1t 609 Broadway, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
Doors open at 7; begins at 7½.
In consequence of engagements entered into many months ago, the Manager, with regret, is compelled to announce
THE LAST NIGHTS OF THE BLACK CROOK.
This performance, the fame of which is now world-wide, must be withdrawn in the height of its popularity, after a triumphant career of sixteen consecutive months, a success unprecedented in the annals of the stage.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1867,
will be performed the celebrated spectacular drama, entitled
THE BLACK CROOK,
introducing Jarrett & Palmer's great Parisienne Ballet Troupe, as witnessed by over 1,500,000 persons. First appearance of the popular Premiere Danseuse, M'LLE AUGUSTE SOHLKE.
THE BEST AND ONLY BALLET IN AMERICA.
THE GUARDE IMPERIALE AND CHILD VIVANDIERE.
Splendid Tableaux, Costumes, Marches, Scenery, Premium Transformation, etc., every evening till further notice.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 1 O'CLOCK.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
JAMES E. HAYES.....Lessee
CLIFTON W. T

AMUSEMENTS.

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FOR THEATRICAL or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR MISCELLANEOUS Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*; the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

In our LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer *in advance*.

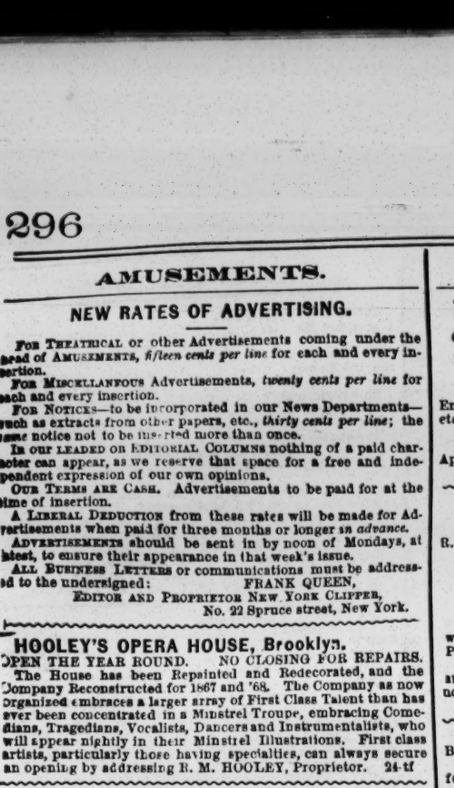
ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon of Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn.
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND. NO CLOSING FOR REPAIRS.
The House has been Repainted and Redecorated, and the Company Reconstructed for 1867 and '68. The Company as now Organized embraces a larger array of First Class Talent than has ever been concentrated in a Minstrel Troupe, embracing Comedians, Tragedians, Vocalists, Dancers and Instrumentalists, who will appear nightly in their Minstrel Illustrations. First class artists, particularly those having specialties, can always secure an opening by addressing R. M. HOOLEY, Proprietor. 24-tf

MISS KATE FISHER



Will commence Dec. 16th an engagement of TWO WEEKS at the METROPOLITAN THEATRE, BUFFALO.
All business communications addressed to
C. T. PARSLOE,
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METROPOLITAN HALL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
B. HENZE.....Proprietor
BILLY RICE.....Stage Manager
NOW IN THE FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS
WITH A
LARGE AND POWERFUL COMPANY.
Observe the brilliant constellation of talent:
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LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF AMERICA,
And his Talented Pupils,
EDDIE, DAN AND STEVIE.
BILLY PASTOR. GEORGE WARREN.
BILLY RICE, JOHNNY PRENDERGAST,
GEO. L. HALL, GEORGE WINSHIP,
VICTORIA HOWARD, HANNAH BIRCH,
MARIE ZOLE, NELLIE EDWARDS,
MAGGIE WESNER, MINNIE CLARK,
SALLIE WESNER.
Talent wanted at all times. NONE BUT FIRST CLASS NEED APPLY. Address as above. 37-1t*

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SPAULDING'S COMBINATION
OF
VOCALISTS, VIOLINISTS, HARPISTS, COMEDIANS
AND
SWISS BELL RINGERS,
Now returning from a three months' tour through the British Provinces, will visit the principal cities and towns in the
NEW ENGLAND STATES
on their way to the West, assisted by
GEORGIE DEAN SPAULDING,
THE GREATEST HARPIST IN THE WORLD,
and the Only Lady who performs three tunes at one time.
MISS KATE BREVOORT, Comedienne and Vocalist.
MR. JAMES HENRI, Solo Concertina Player.
MR. JULIAN BRABAN, Buffo Vocalist.
MR. W. P. SPAULDING, Harpist.
MR. HARRY EADES, the Great Eccentric Humorist and Comic Singer, from London, his first appearance in this country. Together with a complete corps of
SWISS BELL PLAYERS.
The most artistic and pleasing entertainment traveling, combining Harmony with Mirth, the Poetry of Music and the Comedy of Melody.
WM. P. SPAULDING, Manager and Proprietor.
SAMUEL N. WILDER, Business Agent. 37-3m

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(LATE A. RANKIN & CO.—ESTABLISHED 1823.)
No. 96 BOWERY, NEW YORK.
THEIR FACILITIES IN MANUFACTURING
are such that orders for any style and of any material can be furnished at very short notice.
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I have started the DAILY TIMES, in Biddeford, Me., A FIRST CLASS PAPER and the ONLY Daily in the county.
Read every day by 10,000 people. Biddeford and Saco (same as one place) 20,000 inhabitants, and tip top show towns.
City Hall, Biddeford, (best,) seats over 1,000; good stage and ante rooms; rent $25, warmed and lighted. I know what a Showman requires. Send me your programme, say what you want done, and I will write you up in good shape.
Advertisements $1.50 per inch for three insertions or less; 25c. per inch each days' continuance; PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Cut this out and keep it. Address
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ORCHESTRA PARTS of the following compositions, by THOS. BAKER, may be had of the undersigned on receipt of $1 for each sett. This is only one-fifth of the usual price.

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Black Crook,	Fireworks.	Black Crook.
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RENT FOR CONCERTS, LECTURES, MINSTRELS, &c.,
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Will seat 800, and is in good condition. Address
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37-26t J. J. BURTIS, Proprietor, Davenport, Iowa.

AMUSEMENTS.

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514 Broadway, opposit St. Nicholas Hotel.
CHARLEY WHITE, BEN COTTON AND SAM SHARPLEY,
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THE GREAT FAMILY RESORT.
THE COMIC THEATRE OF THE METROPOLIS.
A CHASTE AND RECHERCHE ENTERTAINMENT,
Embracing all the Gems of Minstrelsy, Burlesques, Pantomimes, etc.
THE THREE GREAT COMEDIANS,
WHITE, COTTON AND SHARPLEY,
Appear every evening.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 2½. 36-tf

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WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
THE ALHAMBRA PALACE OF AMERICA.
R. FOX.....PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.
OPEN FOR THE SEASON
WITH THE BEST STANDARD VARIETY COMPANY IN AMERICA.
PROFESSIONAL NOTICE.
FIRST CLASS ARTISTS IN ALL BRANCHES
wishing engagements can apply to Mr. R. FOX, Box 930, P. O., Philadelphia, as it is the Manager's intention to have a
MAMMOTH TROUPE OF THE BEST ARTISTS,
and present to the public a monster entertainment of special novelties.
JAMES PILGRIM,
20-tf Acting and Stage Manager.

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promptly and carefully done. Bill Boards in city owned by us.
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THE BRILLIANT
YOUNG COMEDIENNE,
MAY SAVILLE,
Supported by a
POWERFUL COMBINATION OF
DRAMATIC ARTISTS
AND THE
CHALLENGE BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA,
NOW ON AN EXTENDED WESTERN TOUR.
All communications for engagements, etc., address
J. G. SAVILLE, Manager, care Frank Queen,
First Class Artists Wanted. [35-3t*] Clipper office.

JOSEPH SOMERS,
THEATRICAL AND FANCY
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
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N. B.—Every description of work used by the Profession made in superior style in regard to
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and expressed to all parts of the country at REASONABLE PRICES. 35-13t*

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STAGE, SCENERY, DRESSING ROOMS, ETC.,
well lighted and ventilated. Seating capacity six hundred. Address
PECK & OLDS,
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Ready for Concerts, Lectures and Exhibitions.
IT WILL SEAT COMFORTABLY 1,200 PERSONS.
RATES REASONABLE.
Apply to WM. TOOHY,
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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS,
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ARTISTS of recognized Talent may apply at once, stating lowest terms and consider silence a negative. FIRST CLASS STARS can play one or two weeks in each Theatre. Address
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A Collection of CURIOSITIES sufficient to start a MUSEUM in a Western city.
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R. D. OGDEN, Director of
New Richmond Theatre.
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GEO. W. MURRAY.....Stage Manager
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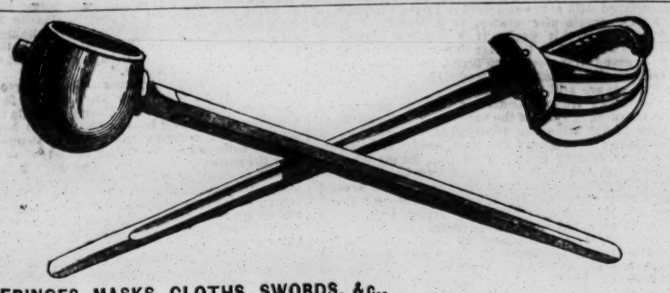
AMUSEMENTS.



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Artists of acknowledged ability in every department of the profession
WANTED AT ALL TIMES.
Address the Manager, stating line of business, salary, etc.
ALL LETTERS ANSWERED.
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Sole Proprietor and Manager.
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OF 24 ACKNOWLEDGED STARS.
The only Traveling Troupe recognized by the press and the people as the superiors of all other Bands in existence, amongst whom are prominent, in their large Corps of Popular Talent, THE GREAT LEWIS BENEDICT,
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THE FAMOUS CALIXA LAVALLEE,
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THE ARTISTIC L. E. HICKS,
And the Wonderful English Champion Double Cloggists,
FRANK PANKHURST AND LEW COLLINS.
All the above great Performers will positively appear each night with the above named Troupe.
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HENRY SPARKS,
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Favorable arrangements can be made on sharing receipts, or otherwise. E. F. COLERICK, Proprietor.
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NEW YORK THEATRE.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
A good Leading Lady; must be capable of playing the business and have a wardrobe suitable for the position. A good and permanent engagement the whole year round, to commence immediately. Address until Dec. 14,
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After Dec. 14, to Titusville, Pa. 36-2t*

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Owner of Bill Boards, and Agent for
36-3t* BLACK'S Music Hall, Zanesville, Ohio.

JONES' HALL,
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Is now ready with new and original scenery. Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements apply soon.
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Hamilton Hall is by far the most popular hall in the city.
N. B.—Hamilton Hall owns all the Bulletin Boards, and has leased all the desirable walls in the city for posting bills.
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The above Hall will seat over one thousand persons, is fitted with entirely new and elegant scenery (Flats).
The most centrally located building in the city, and every way adapted for FIRST CLASS EXHIBITIONS.
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References.—McKean Buchanan, Wood's Minstrels, Mr. Jakeway, H. C. Fox, of Aveline House, and C. D. Bond, of Fort Wayne Bank.
46-52t* H. N. WARD, Agent.

MIGRATORY ENTERTAINMENTS.
Managers visiting Baltimore wishing Halls secured, License, Printing, Posting and other work attended to, can be accommodated upon reasonable terms by addressing
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